













# THE TALISMAN

FOR MDCCCXXX,

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—There's magic in the web of it —  
Make it a darling like your precious eye  
To lose or give it away will such perdition  
As nothing else can match — *U'ello*

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ELAM BLISS, BROADWAY, NEW-YORK

MDCCCXXX

*Southern District of New York, ss*

BEFORE ME, FRANKLIN B. BATES, Clerk of the said District, do hereby certify that on the twenty first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine, in the fifth fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Elam Bliss of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit

"The Iliadman for modern use"

—There's magic in the web of it  
Make it a darning like your precious eye  
To lose or give it away were such perdition  
As nothing else can match —*Othello*"

"In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned' And also to an Act, entitled 'An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefit thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints'"

FRANK BATES,  
Clerk of the Southern District of New York

## PREFACE

I APPEAR again before the public in the same form in which I have already twice presented myself in the course of the two last years. As I did not promise a third volume of my miscellanies, some inquisitive readers may perhaps inquire the reason. My answer is, that the succession of years, bringing with them a change of some sort certainly though they may not bring wisdom, has made me more stationary during Hyperion's three last cycles, than I had been at any previous period of the same duration, in my independent life.

Indeed, for the last three years, if I except a jaunt made in the summer of 1828, to Cantonment Jessup, in Natchitoches, partly on business, and partly out of curiosity—a visit of friendship to my venerable and interesting acquaintance Major Johnson, at the Saut de Ste Marie—and a trip to Santa Cruz to get rid of a raw and uncomfortable March, and to attend the wedding of my niece—counting of course for nothing my regular annual journey

to Washington, Cincinnati, and my lands on the St. Lawrence—I may safely assert that I have not moved out of a district of two hundred miles in diameter. My home-keeping friends may smile at my exceptions, but those who have known me, and many of my enterprising countrymen who do not, will marvel at my having been fixed so long in one place.

In this quiescent condition I was, of course, occasionally in want of amusing occupation, and I naturally had recourse once more to my port folio and my reminiscences, selecting, when I could, from either, such matters as were rather pleasant than melancholy, and eschewing, when I might, 'the joy of grief.'

The most delightful source of entertainment I have discovered in the city whence I now salute the public, has been the converse which I have enjoyed with its rising artists. They may well compare, in point of talent, with those of any European metropolis, while they stand out decidedly in advantageous contrast with many of their immediate predecessors—most of whom were known to be illiterate folk—though some of them were fellows of good talents in their art, and of much humour in their social intercourse.

Having intercommuned freely with the members of the Sketch Club, when I was promised by an amateur friend that they would furnish me with a dozen or more illustrations for another *Talisman*, I proceeded forthwith to arrange my casual effusion for publication.

I have been much gratified with the manner in which this pledge has been redeemed by my ingenious young friend. I cannot avoid, however, expressing my regret on account of two omissions, which I must ascribe to his want of care. The first is that of a beautiful landscape, painted by Inman at my own request, to accompany and explain my story of the Indian Spring, in which were introduced authentic likenesses of myself and the well-known Little Turtle. Owing to some unprovided mischance, or misunderstanding with the engravers, my judicious friend Bliss has been compelled to publish the volume without this illustration. However, let my story be worth what it may, the picture cannot be a waste. It is from no selfish motive that I wish it was not treasured among my own household idols exclusively, and that the public might see an imitation of it for it is probably the best landscape drawn by this artist.

What I complain of still more, is, that no ornament has been procured for my pages, from the graceful penit of the painter of the White Plume—the President of that interesting and useful club which I have named. How this happened I confess I do not know.

I have now presented to my countrymen three little books, copied from such of my manuscripts of old or recent date as are of a lighter cast. As yet I have spared them my commentaries on La Place, my refutation of Ricardo, and my strictures on the commonly received notions of Time and Space.

Would that my trifles were worthier! But I can say as an honest man, that when I have attempted to describe what I have seen of foreign regions, and their manners and customs, I have done so with simple home-bred feeling, and that in delineating foreign objects, whether accurately or erroneously, I have still described them as they appeared to an American eye, expressing only those associated ideas naturally suggested to me as a native of this happy country.

Because I have adhered rigorously to what I knew to be fact, or to what had been related to me as such by persons worthy of confidence, the TALISMAN may perhaps have proved less attractive and lively than it might have done, had I let my invention fly at random, over regions which I have never explored. But, as I said when I began it, I consider this work as consecrated to pure and hallowed purposes. In these little volumes I have adhered pertinaciously to truth, with such slight and chaste embellishments as the most fastidious moralist cannot scruple to sanction, though I may now and then have altered a name or date to avoid giving offence to the feelings of the living, or seeming to treat ungraciously the memory of the departed.

I have in my escritoire two works—one, my secret history of the Court of Dahomy, and the other my memoirs of the great Ashantee conspiracy—which, my friends tell me, combine a greater variety of character, more astonishing series of unexpected events, more thrilling exhibitions of passion and touches

## PREFACE ?

of deeper pathos and bolder humour, and more profound views of the human heart, and of man in all his relations, social and moral, than are to be found in any work of history, poetry or romance, since the Greek ceased to be a living language. Of course I only give this as the opinion of good judges. I am too modest by nature to believe it myself, but I mention it, because in these narratives I have given loose reins to my imaginations, and those who wish to see Francis Herbert on his flying horse, must wait for the further operations of the press.

I have been somewhat profuse in quotations, and when any mistake has been or may be detected, it should be considered that I have generally written in the country, or while on my travels, and at a distance from my library. I have therefore depended altogether on memory, from which the instance I have doubtless been not only often incorrect, but more frequent in quotations than I should otherwise have been. On looking over some of the sheets of this volume, already printed, I have discovered one tremendous blunder, which I shall not point out, because the experienced reader will at once perceive it, and ascribe it to the true cause, while its detection will be a refreshing exercise for the youthful critic.

I have now transacted all the business part of a preface, for the sentimental, I have no room, and it only remains for me to make my obeisance. I have but one remark to make to my readers, which is, that as the pieces contained in this volume



were suggested or produced at different and remote periods of time, they may severally afford pleasure in particular moods of feeling, and are not intended to be read regularly on, like the chapters of the last new novel or my history of the Court of Dahomy, and memoirs of the great Ashantee conspiracy

FRANCIS HERBERT

*New York, 1820*

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## THE BEGINNING.

STRANGE and mysterious Beginning! Of thee, nothing is, and nothing can be known, save that thou wast, in all created things. The traditions of the human family, as we ascend by their dim light the steps down which the unnumbered generations of ancestry have trodden, show us no limit to the endless stair. We know only that it began when the heavens and the earth were made.

And, as we are ignorant of the beginning of matter and of time, so are we of that of the intellectual process in ourselves. The chain of memory does not extend beyond an uncertain period in infancy; a period as dimly defined as the outline of the mountains, in the dawn of an overclouded day.

Nor, if we know the beginning, or immediate cause, (which are here convertible terms,) of the bias given to the temperament of our ancestors, or of ourselves, pro-

ducing those idiosyncrasies, and tendencies good or bad, which affect our earthly welfare. Poor Ophelia might have added to her simple morality, that, 'we know not how we began to be such as we are !'

And again, as we have no knowledge of the origin of those elements which constitute our general temperament, so neither have we any of the beginning of our permanent loves and friendships. Poetry may paint the local and ideal circumstances of the supposed first hour of their formation ; and the metaphysician may spin out his fine theory of associations ; but no individual can truly tell, from the history of his own *feelings*, when they had their beginning. I speak of course of loves and friendships worthy of the name, and of individuals capable of entertaining them.

The beginning ! If that of animal and that of intellectual life is a mystery, which philosophy can never solve and revelation has not explained, that of their *passages*, of the end of one, and the great change of the other, are wrapt in equal obscurity. We know not when *madness* begins—we know not when sleep begins—we know not when death begins. For ourselves we can neither mark nor record the commencement of either state ; and our friends cannot do it for us. Yet our sane and waking existence has each its definite point of termination ; and so hath our being upon earth.

We know not when we began to think ; and so manifold are the perceptions, sensations and ideas, which we

acquire and combine, and which lie dormant until the memory is accidentally awakened, or some chord of association is touched, that we can never revert with certainty to the cause and manner by which the embryos of our thoughts were received, whether from observation or the suggestions of others. These we embody; out of these we invent, and call our work original. Mankind sanction the use of the term, and declare the 'clay-creator' immortal; if his memory should chance to survive his generation. But he, the Poet, the Maker, can no more ascertain from the chronology of his own mind, at what time his first impressions were received, than he can explain the Beginning of all things.

The old profane poets of various countries and ages may have felt this truth, when they began their work with an act of adoration to muse or deity, and then let the current of their inspiration, as it is called, in language, which, thus apphed, has no particular meaning among either gods or men, run on as it might. They knew not where the fountain head, the Beginning, was; but as the waters of thought rose up, they flowed out in language, fresh and noble, and whose every sound was an echo to the sense.

Thus we know no more when the Beginning was, than we can predict what the end will be. But while we had no power over the former, we have much over its consequences and issues that may affect the character of the latter.



When beginning to compose a volume, of which the material lies in chaos before us, we have a general idea of the form we wish it to assume; but know not what appendages or alterations the waywardness of fancy, the infinity of associations, or unforeseen effects may occasion; or whether the end will crown the work. But we have it in our power to prevent the intrusion of impurity, reject the instigations of malice, and avoid the appearance of evil; and though we may be neither wise nor brilliant, take care to write nothing which the truly virtuous must condemn.

And so in human life. While we had no control over the causes which produced our natural tendencies, or the impulses given in childhood, and can have but little over the accidents and contingencies to which our journey is liable, yet we may so encourage the former if good, or struggle with them if vicious, and so deal with the latter by prudence and self-respect, that, though every hope should be frustrated, and every desire ungratified, our life shall still not all run to waste, and its latter end be worse than its Beginning.

## TO THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day ;  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow—  
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Livelier at coming of the wind of night ;  
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight  
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
 Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse  
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest—  
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs,  
 The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast :  
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
 And twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;  
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,  
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
 And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change  
 That is the life of nature, shall restore  
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more ;  
 Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;  
 And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

## THE INDIAN SPRING.

ONE of the adventures of my life upon which I have since oftenest reflected, and concerning which my imagination is most inclined to dispute the dictates of my reason, happened many years ago, when, quite a young man, I made an excursion into the interior of the state of New-York, and passed a few days in the region whose waters flow into the east branch of the Susquehannah. My readers will easily judge for themselves whether what I am going to relate can be accounted for from natural causes. For my own part, however, so vivid is the impression it has left upon my mind, and so difficult is it with me to distinguish my recollection of it from that of the absolute realities of my life, that I find it the easier belief to ascribe it to a cause above nature.

I think I have elsewhere intimated that I have great sympathy with believers in the supernatural. Theoretically I am as much a philosopher, and have as little of what is commonly called superstition about me, as most persons of my acquaintance; but the luxury of a little superstition in practice, the strong and active play into

which it calls the imagination, the fine thrill it sends through the veins, the alternate gushes of fear and courage, that come over us when under its influence, are too agreeable a relief from the dull realities of the material world, to be readily given up. My own individual experience also makes me indulgent to those whose credulity in these matters exceeds my own. Is it to be wondered at that the dogmas of philosophy should not gain credit when they have the testimony of our own senses against them? You say that this evidence is often counterfeited by the tricks of fancy, the hallucinations of the nerves, and by our very dreams. You are right—but who shall in all cases distinguish the false experience from the true?

The part of the country of which I am speaking, had just been invaded by the footsteps of cultivation. Openings had been made here and there in the great natural forest, log houses had been built, the farmers were gathering in their first crops of tall grass, and the still taller harvests of wheat and rye stood up by the side of the woods in the clearings. It was then the month of June, and I sallied forth one morning from my lodgings at a paltry log tavern, to ramble in the woods with a friend of mine who had come with me from New-York. We set out amidst the warblings of the birds, scarce waiting for the dew to be dried up from the herbage. I carried a fowling piece on my shoulder, not that I meant to be the death of any living creature that fine morning when

every thing seemed so happy , but because such a visible pretext for a stroll in the woods and fields, satisfies at once the curiosity of those whom you meet, and saves you often a world of staring, and sometimes not a few impertinent questions I hold it right and fair to kill game late in the autumn, when the animal has had his feast of fruits and nuts, and is left with the prospect of a long, hard, uncomfortable winter before him, and the danger of being starved to death But to take his life in the spring or the beginning of summer, when he has so many fine sunny months of frolic and plenty before him—it is gratuitous cruelty, and I have ever religiously abstained from it

My companion was much more corpulent than I, and as slow a walker as I was a fast one However he good naturedly exerted himself to keep up with me, and I made more than one attempt to moderate my usual speed for his accommodation The effort worried us both At length he fairly gave out, and bringing the butt of his fowling piece smartly to the ground, stood still with both hands grasping the muzzle.

“I beg,” said he, “that you will go on at your own pace I promise faithfully not to stir from this spot till you are fairly out of sight ”

“But I am very willing to walk slower.”

“No,” rejoined my friend, “we did not set out together for the purpose of making each other uncomfortable, nor will we, if I can help it Here we have been

fretting and chafing each other for half an hour. Why, it is like yoking an ox with a race-horse. Go on, I beseech you, while I stop to recover my wind. I wish you a pleasant walk of it. I shall expect to see you back at our landlord's at one o'clock."

I took him at his word, and proceeded. I rambled through tall old groves, clear of underwood—beside rivulets, broken into little pools and cascades by rocks and fallen timber—along the edges of dark shrubby swamps, and across sunny clearings, until I was tired. At length I came to a pleasant natural glade on the slope of a hill, and sat down under the shade of a tree to rest myself. It was a narrow opening in the woods, extending for some distance up the hill, and terminating in that quarter at the base of a ridge of rocks, above which rose the forest. At the lower end, near which I was, a spring rose up in a little hollow, and formed a streamlet which ran off under the trees. A most still quiet nook it was, sheltered from all winds; the leaves were not waved nor the grass bent by a breath of air, and the sun came down between the inclosing trees with so strong a heat, that, except in the shade, I felt the warmth of the ground through the soles of my shoes.

As I lay with my head propped on my hand, and my elbow buried in a bed of moss and herbage, my thoughts turned involuntarily upon the ancient inhabitants of these woods. Here, said I to myself, in this very spot, some Indian doubtless fixed his cabin, or haply some

little neighborhood, the branch of a larger tribe, nestled in this sylvan inclosure. That circle of mouldering timber is probably the remains of the wigwam of the last inhabitant, and that great vine which sprawls over it, was probably once supported by its walls; and when they were abandoned and decaying, dragged them to the ground, as many a parasite has done by his credulous benefactor. Here the Indian woman planted her squashes and tended her maize; here the Indian father brought forth his boys to try their bows, and aim their little tomahawks at the trees; teaching—for even in the solemnity of my feelings I could not forbear the pun—teaching

“The young idea how to shoot.”

That spring, which gushes up so brightly and abundantly from the ground, yielded them when their exercise was over, a beverage never mingled with the liquid poisons of the civilized world, and gave its creases to season the simple repast. Gradually my imagination became both awed and kindled by these reflections. I felt rebuked by the wild genius of a place familiar for centuries only with the race of red men and hunters; and I almost expected to see some Indian with his tomahawk and bow, walk up to me and ask me what I did there.

My thoughts were diverted from this subject by my eyes falling upon an earth-newt as red as fire, crawling lazily and with an almost imperceptible motion over the



grass. I yawned by a sort of sympathy with the sluggish creature, and oppressed with fatigue and heat, for the sun was getting high, loosened my cravat and stretched out my legs to an easier position. All at once I found myself growing drowsy, my eyelids dropping involuntarily, my eyes rolling in their sockets with a laborious attempt to keep themselves open, and the landscape swimming and whirling before me, as if I saw it in a mirror suspended by a loose string and waving in the wind. Once or twice the scene was entirely lost for a moment to my vision, and I perceived that I had actually been asleep. It struck me that I might be better employed than in taking a nap at that time of day, and accordingly I rose and walked along the glade until I came to the foot of the rocks at the upper end of it, when I turned to take another look of the pleasant and quiet spot. Judge of my astonishment when I actually beheld, standing by the very circle of rubbish near which I had been reposing, and which I had taken for the remains of a wigwam, an Indian, a real Indian, the very incarnation of the images that had been floating in my fancy. I will not say that I did not spring from the ground when the figure met my eye—so sudden and startling was the shock it gave me. He was not one of that degenerate kind which I had seen in various parts of the country wearing hats, frock coats, pantaloons, and Dutch blankets, but was dressed in the original garb of his nation.

\* A covering of skins was wrapped about his loins, a

mantle of the same was flung loosely over his shoulders, and his legs were bare from the middle of the thigh down to his ornamented moccasins. A single tuft of stiff black hair on the top of his head, from which the rest was carefully plucked, was mingled with the gaudy plumage of different birds; a bow and a bundle of arrows preped over his shoulder; a necklace of bear's claws hung down upon his breast; his right hand carried a tomahawk, and the fingers of his left were firmly closed like those of one whose physical vigor and resoluteness of purpose suffered not the least muscle of his frame to relax for a moment. Notwithstanding the distance at which he stood, and which might be a hundred paces at least, I saw his whole figure, even to the minutest article of dress, with what seemed to me an unnatural distinctness. His countenance had that expression which has been so often remarked upon as peculiar to the aborigines of our country; a settled look of sullenness, sadness and suspicion, as if when moulded by nature it had been visibly stamped with the presentiment of the decline and disappearance of their race. The features were strongly marked, hard and stern; high cheek bones, a broad forehead, an aquiline nose garnished with an oblong piece of burnished copper, a mouth somewhat wide, between a parenthesis of furrows, and a bony and fleshless chin. But then his eyes—such eyes I have never seen—distant as they were from me, they seemed close to my own, and to ray out an unpleasant brightness from their depths like

twin stars of evil omen. Their influence unstrung all my sinews, and a gush of sudden and almost suffocating heat came over my whole frame. I averted my look instantly, and fixed it upon the feet of the savage, shod with their long moccasins, and standing motionless among the thick weeds; but I could not keep it there. Again my eyes returned upwards—again they encountered his, glittering in the midst of that calm sullen face; and again that oppressive stifling sensation came over me. It was natural that I should feel an impulse to remove from so unpleasant a neighborhood; I therefore shouldered my fowling piece, climbed the rock before me, and penetrated into the woods. As I proceeded, the idea took possession of me that I was followed by the Indian, and I walked pretty fast in order to shake it off; but I found this impossible. I had got into a state of fidgety nervous excitement, and it seemed to me that I felt the rays of those bright unnatural eyes on my shoulders, my back, my arms, and even my hands, as I flung them back in walking. At length I looked back, and notwithstanding I half expected to see him, I was scarcely less surprised than at first, when I beheld the same figure, just at the same distance, standing motionless as then, his bright eyes gleaming upon me between the trunks of the trees. A third time I felt that flush of dissolving heat, and a violent sweat broke out all over me. I have heard of the cold clammy sweat of fear; mine was not of that temperature; it was warm as the warmest summer rain,

warm and free and profuse as the current of brooks in the hottest and moistest season of dog-days. I walked on, keeping my sight fixed on the strange apparition. It did not seem to move, and as I proceeded, gradually diminished by the natural effect of distance, until I could scarcely distinguish it among the thick trunks and boughs of the forest. Happening to avert my eyes for a moment, I saw as I turned again to the spot, that the figure had swiftly and silently gained upon me, and was now at the same distance as when I first beheld it. A clearing lay before me; I saw the sunshine and the grass between the trunks of the trees, and rushing forward, found myself under the open sky, and felt relieved by a freer air. I looked back, and nothing was to be seen of my pursuer. A small log house stood in the open space with a well beside it, and a tall rude machine of the kind they call a *well screw* leaning over it, loaded with a bucket at one end and a heavy stone at the other. A boy of about twelve years of age was drawing water. The sight of a human habitation, and a habitation of white men, was a welcome one to me; and, tormented as I was with heat and thirst, I rejoiced at the prospect of refreshing myself with a draught of the cool pure element. Accordingly I made for the well, and arrived at it just as the boy was pouring the contents of the bucket into a large stone pitcher. "You will give me a taste of the water," said I to him.

"And welcome," replied the boy, "if you'll drink out

of the pitcher, for the mug is broke, and we hav'nt got any glasses."

I stooped, and raising the heavy vessel to my lips, took a copious draught from the brim, where the cold water was yet sparkling with the bubbles raised by pouring it from the bucket. "Your water is very fine," said I, when I had recovered my breath.

"Yes, but not so fine as you'll get at the Indian Spring," rejoined he. "That's the best water in all the country—the clearest, the coldest, and the sweetest. Father always sends me to the Indian Spring when he wants the best water, when uncle comes up from York, or the minister makes us a visit."

"What is it that you call the Indian Spring?" I inquired.

"Oh, I guess you must have passed it, by the way you came. Did'nt you see a spring of water, east of a ledge of rocks, in a pretty spot of ground, where there were no trees?"

"I believe I saw something of the kind," said I, recollecting the glade in which I had thrown myself to rest shortly before, and its fountain.

"That was the Indian Spring, and if you took notice, you must have seen some old logs and sticks lying in a heap, and a few stones that look as if there had been fire on them. It was thought that an Indian family lived there before the country was settled by our people."

"Are there any Indians in this neighborhood at present?" I inquired with some eagerness.

"Oh no, indeed, they are gone to the west'ard, so they say, though I am not big enough to know any thing about it; it was before father came into the country, long before. The only Indian I ever saw was Jemmy Sunkum, who came about last summer, selling brooms and begging cider."

"A tall, spare, strong looking man, was he?" asked I, "drest in skins, and carrying a bow?" my thoughts naturally recurring to the figure I had just seen.

The boy grinned. "Not much taller than I am, and as fat as a woodchuck; and as for the skins he wore, I never see any but his own through the holes of his trowsers, unless it be a squirrel skin that he carried his tobacco and loose change in. He wore an old hat with the crown torn out, and had lost one of his eyes—they say it was by drinking so much cider. Father swapped an old pair of pantaloons with him for a broom. But I must take this pitcher to father, who is at work in the cornfield yonder; so good morning to you, sir."

The lad tripped away, whistling, and I sat down on one of the broad flat stones by the well side, under the shade of a young tree, of the kind commonly called yellow willow, which in a year or two shoots up from a slip of the size of a man's finger, into a fine, shapely, overshadowing tree. I laid my hat and gun by my side, and wiped my hot and sweaty forehead, upon which the

wind, that swayed to and fro the long flexible depending branches, breathed with a luxurious coolness. The Indian I have seen cannot be the one that the boy means, said I to myself, nor probably any other of which the inhabitants know any thing. That fine majestic savage is a very different being from the fat one-eyed vagabond in the ragged trowsers, that the lad speaks of. It is probably some ancient inhabitant of the place, returned from the forests of the distant west, to visit the scenes of his childhood. But what could he mean by following me in this manner, and why should he keep his eye fixed on me so strangely? As I said this, I looked along the forest I had just quitted, examining it carefully and with an eye sharpened by the excited state of my imagination, to see if I could discover any thing of my late pursuer. All was quiet and motionless. I heard the bee as he flew by heavily from the cucumber flowers in the garden near me, and the hum of the busy wheel from the open windows of the cottage; but face or form of human being I saw not. I replaced my hat on my head, and my gun on my shoulder, crossed the clearing, and entered the opposite wood, intending to return home by a kind of circuit, for I did not care again to encounter the savage whose demeanor was so mysterious.

I had proceeded but a few rods, when a mingled sensation of uneasiness and curiosity inducing me to look over my shoulder, I started to behold the very figure whose sight I was endeavoring to avoid, just entering

the forest—the same brawny shoulders clad with skins, the same sad, stern, suspicious countenance, the same bright eyes thrilling and scorching me with their light. Again I felt that indescribable sensation of discomfort and heat, and the perspiration, which had ceased to flow while I sat by the well, again gushed forth from every pore. Involuntarily I stopped short. What was this being, and why should he dog my steps in this strange manner? What were his designs, pacific or hostile, and what method should I take to rid myself of his pursuit? I had tried walking away from him without effect; should I now adopt the expedient of walking up to him and asking his business? The thought struck me, that if his designs were malevolent, this step might bring me into danger—he was well armed with a tomahawk and arrows, and who could tell the force and certainty of his aim? This fear, on reflection, I rejected as groundless and unmanly; for what cause had he to seek my life? It was but prudent, however, to prepare myself for the worst that could happen. I therefore examined my priming, and as I had nothing but small bird shot with me, I kicked up the dry leaves from the earth under my feet, and selecting a handful of the smallest, smoothest and roundest pebbles from among the gravel, put two or three of them into the muzzle, and lodged the rest in my pocket. As I turned, there was that face still, at the very edge of the forest, glaring steadily upon me, and watching my operations with the



unchanging, stony, stoical expression of the Indian race. I replaced the piece on my shoulder, and advanced towards it. Scarcely had I gone three paces, when it suddenly disappeared behind the huge old trunk of an old button-wood or plane tree, that stood just in the edge of the clearing. I approached the tree—there was no living thing behind it or near it. I looked out into the clearing, and scanned its whole extent for the object of my search, but in vain. There was the cottage in which the wheel was still humming, and the well with its young willow waving restlessly over it. The clearing was long and narrow, and widened away towards the south, where was a field of Indian corn, in which I could distinguish my friend, the lad who had given me the water, in company with a man who I suppose was his father, diligently engaged in hoeing the corn; and at intervals I could hear the click of their hoes against the stones. Nothing else was to be seen, nothing else to be heard. I turned and searched the bushes about me—nothing was there. I looked up into the old plane tree above my head; the clean and handsomely divided branches, speckled with white, guided my eye far into the very last of their verdurous recesses, but no creature, not even a bird, was to be seen there. Strange as it may seem, I found myself refreshed and cooled by this search, and relieved from the burning and suffocating heat that I felt while the eye of the savage rested upon me. My perplexity was, however, any thing but les

sened; and I resolved to pursue my way home with as little delay as possible, and spell out, if I could, the mystery at my leisure. Accordingly I plunged again into the woods, and after proceeding a little way, began to change my course in a direction which I judged must bring me to the spot where I had rested in the Indian glade near the spring, from which I doubted not I could find my way home without difficulty. As I proceeded, the heat of the day seemed to grow more and more oppressive—there was shade about me and over my head—thick shade of oak, maple and walnut—but it seemed to me as if the beams of the hottest midsummer sun were beating upon my back, and scorching the skin of my neck. I turned my head, and there again stood the Indian, with that eternal intolerable glare of the eyes. I stopped not, but went on with a quicker pace. My face was flushed, my brow throbbed audibly, my head ached, the veins in my hands were swollen till they looked like ropes, and the sweat dropped from my hair like rain. A fine brook crossed my way, clear as diamond, full to the very brim, and sending up a cool vapour from its surface that promised for the grateful temperature of its waters. I longed to strip off my clothes, and lay myself down in its bed at full length, and steep my burning limbs in its current. Just then I remembered the story of Tam O'Shanter, pursued by witches, and saved by crossing a running stream. If there be any witchcraft in this thing, said I to myself, it

will not follow me beyond this brook. I was ashamed of the thought as it crossed my mind, but I leaped the brook notwithstanding, and hurried on. Turning afterwards to observe the effect of my precaution, I saw the savage standing in the midst of the very current, the bright water flowing round his copper coloured ancles. The sight was as vexatious as it was singular, and did not by any means diminish my haste. A little opening where the trees had been cut down, and the ground sown with European grasses, came in my way, and I entered it. In this spot the red and white clover grew rankly, and blossomed side by side with columbine and cranesbill, the natives of the soil—flowers and verdure the more striking in their beauty for the unsightly and blackened stumps of trees standing thick among them—a sweet still nook, a perpetual concert of humming birds and bees, and a thousand beautiful winged insects, for which our common speech has no name, and exhaling from the herbage an almost overpowering steam of fragrance. I no longer saw my pursuer. What could this mean? Was this figure some restless shadow, that could haunt only its ancient wilderness, and was excluded from every spot reclaimed and cultivated by the white man? I took advantage of this respite to wipe my face and forehead; I unbuttoned my waistcoat, took off my cravat and put it in my pocket, threw back the collar of my coat from my shoulders, fanned myself awhile with my hat, and then went on. Soon

after I again entered the wood, I perceived with surprise that my tormentor had gained upon me. He was twice as near to me as when I first saw him, and the strange light that seemed to shoot from his eyes was more intense and insufferable than ever. I was in a part of the forest which was thickly strewn with the fallen trunks of trees, wrenched up, as it seemed to me, long ago, by some mighty wind. I hastened on, leaping from one to another, occasionally looking back at my pursuer. The air in my face as I flew forward, seemed as if issuing from the mouth of a furnace. In leaping upon a spot where the earth was moist and soft, one of my shoes remained imbedded fast in the soil. It is an old one, said I to myself; I shall be lighter and cooler without it. Immediately the low branch of a tree struck my hat from my head, as I rushed onward. No matter, thought I—I will send a boy to look for it in the morning. As I sprang from a rock, my other shoe flew off, and dropped on the ground before me; I caught it up without stopping, and jerked it over my head with all my strength at the savage behind me. When I next looked back, I saw that he had decked himself with my spoils. He had strung both my shoes to his necklace of bears' claws, and had crowded down my hat upon his head over that tuft of long black hair mingled with feathers, the ends of which stood out under the brim in front, forming a wild, grotesque shade to those strangely bright eyes. Still I went on, and in springing upon a log covered with

green moss, and moist and slimy with decay, my foot slipped, and I could only keep from falling by dropping the fowling piece I carried. I did not stop to pick it up, and the next instant it was upon the shoulder of the Indian or demon that chased me. I darted forward, panting, glowing, perspiring, ready to sink to the earth with heat and fatigue, until suddenly I found myself on the edge of that ridge of rocks which rose above the Indian glade, where I had thrown myself to rest under a tree in the morning, before my steps had been dogged by the savage. The whole scene lay beneath my feet, the spring, the ruins of the wigwam, the tree under which I reclined. A single desperate leap took me far down into the glade below me, and a few rapid strides brought me to the very spot where I had been reposing, and where the pressure of my form yet remained on the grass. A shrill wild shout, with which the woods rung in sharp echoes, rose upon the air, and instantly I perceived that my pursuer had leaped also, and was at my side, and had seized me with a strong and sudden gripe that shook every fibre of my frame. A strange darkness came over all visible objects, and I sank to the ground.

An interval of insensibility followed, the duration of which I have no means of computing, and from which I was at last roused by noises near me, and by motions of my body produced by some impulse from without. I opened my eyes, and found myself stretched on the ground on the very spot where I remembered to have

**THIS WEEKLY WIND:**

[illegible]

I said nothing at my companion's door, what had happened until the next day, when I ventured to relate a part of the strange series of real or imaginary circumstances connected with my ramble. He laughed at the earnestness of my manner, and very promptly and flip-pantly said it was nothing but a dream. My readers may possibly be of the same opinion; and I myself, when in a philosophical mood, adhere to this way of accounting for the matter. At other times, however, when I recal to mind the scenes, images, and feelings

of that time, deeply and distinctly, engraved on my memory, I find nothing in them which should lead me to class them with the illusions of sleep, and nothing to distinguish them from the waking experience of my life

## LOVE AND FOLLY

It may perhaps be thought that within the matter that the idea of the following poem is not original. It is indeed not so much celebrated, though perhaps not so much known.

Love's worshippers still can know  
The thousand arrows that are his  
His blazing torch, his flaming bow,  
His bleeding axe, his mystic  
A charming weapon, but the day  
Were all too short to run it over  
So take of me this little lay,  
A sample of his boundless store.

While, in the gardens of the world  
Folly and Love, as children do,  
Played, are the good and bad the same,  
A distance was between the two.  
Love and the good world began to grow,  
But Folly vowed to do it then,  
And struck him, as the eyes of sight,  
So hard, he never saw again.









## TELEMACHUS MORITIS

SOME weeks ago visiting my young friend Wen in his study I found him giving the last touches to his beautiful picture of the dying Greek, which I had not seen before. I stood for a long time gazing upon it in silence, with an evident emotion which could not but surprise the artist. He knew not that his imagination had pictured a scene which forcibly reminded me of the untimely fate of one whom I had loved and honoured. I felt the tears flush into my eyes as memory vividly recalled to me the amiable qualities, the high attainments, the rare talent, the exalted virtues, the devoted patriotism, and the glorious death of Telemachus Moritis.

"Yes," said I, "Weir even thus died my noble friend—the gentlest and the kindest of human beings—one formed by nature for deeds of mercy, peace, and beneficence. Patriotism made him a soldier—Genius raised him into a leader and a hero. Even so died Telemachus Moritis—upon a field of victory heaped high with the bodies of his country's tyrant—his last hours gladdened by the hope

of his nation's freedom—his last pangs soothed by the tenderness of devoted love "

It is now more than twenty years since I first met Telemachus Moritis in Paris. I was attending one of those brilliant courses of lectures upon Comparative Anatomy and its connexion with Geology, with which the eloquent Cuvier used in those days to delight and instruct the savans, as well as amuse and dazzle the literary fashionables of Paris. I was there frequently struck with the remarkable physiognomy and interesting expression of a young man, apparently about twenty-three or four years of age, who was among the most regular and attentive auditors. His tall and well formed though slender person, his high and broad forehead, and the antique and statue-like regularity of his features, would have been majestic and commanding, had not a mild and almost timid cast of dejection lessened their dignity, whilst it added not a little to their interest. But I could not help observing that frequently when the eloquent teacher expatiated upon the wonderful and beautiful harmony of the whole anatomical construction in man or brute, the adaptation of the several organs to each other and to the functions and wants of the animal; or pointed out the manner in which higher or more varied uses are indicated and effected by more delicate forms or curiously complicated combinations, and then lifting high the blazing torch of philosophical analogy, showed one grand and simple design, bearing the same impress of beneficent

wisdom, visible throughout all animated nature—I could not then help observing how the young man's colourless countenance flushed and kindled up, whilst its pensive gloom gave place to a new expression of animated, lofty, and delighted intelligence. One day after the lecture, as he was retiring with the crowd, I pointed him out to the philosopher, and inquired who he was. Cuvier had himself observed his remarkable appearance and expression, but did not remember his name, or know any thing about him. “Mais vraiment,” said he, offering me a pinch of snuff, “*tête distinguée—tête d'artiste.*” I had thought so myself, and was about to set him down for some young Italian painter, (for French he certainly was not,) who had come with hundreds of others to Paris to study the glories of ancient art and of Raffaele's genius, and to contend for the patronage of Napoleon; but a professor of the Polytechnic school, who was present, set us both right. “That youth,” said he, “is a young Greek, who prefers the laborious studies of the Polytechnic school, and sometimes of the *Ecole de la Médecine*, to the splendours and luxuries of his father's palace, an illustrious Greek merchant at the Phanar.” “And to its dangers too, I presume,” added I. “No,” said he, “Telemachus, who is a very favourite élève of my own, with the tastes of the poet, the artist, and the musician, and the means and talents to gratify any or all of them, has devoted himself for three years, with unremitting assiduity, to the severest mathematical and military

studies, solely from the hope of enabling himself one day or other to aid in liberating his native land. He will return next summer to brave those dangers and insults which you think he now seeks to avoid. In the mean while his time is exceedingly well employed here.” “How could it be better employed than in studying under so accomplished a mathematician?” said Cuvier to his friend. “Only, sir, in listening, as he has just been doing, to the lectures of the most eloquent of philosophers;” replied the no less courteous mathematician. I should have been presumptuous indeed, had I essayed to vie in the rhetoric of compliment with two Parisian savans, so I bowed and smiled approbation on both sides, and retired.

I need not say that I took the earliest opportunity to become acquainted with the young student; and that acquaintance in the course of the winter at Paris, and of a visit which we made in company to London, ripened into intimacy, and finally into friendship. He was, as his professor had intimated, a young and wealthy Greek, by birth a native of the Morea, whose father had been led by mercantile business to reside principally in the immediate neighbourhood of Constantinople, and like many other of his countrymen, had sent his son to Paris to take advantage of the admirable opportunities of scientific education which Paris afforded during the Imperial reign.

From the direction of his studies, I naturally presumed

that he, like other young Greeks whom I had met in Paris, cherished high views of military ambition—an ambition to be honourably exerted indeed in the service of Greece, but to be rewarded with power and distinction as well as by vengeance on their country's tyrants. Yet I was much at a loss to reconcile this probable view of his character and motives with the gentle and almost feminine cast of his disposition and manners. Retiring, pensive, I might almost say timid, in society, he seemed to be the mere creature of feeling and sentiment. He had too that woman-like tenderness which shrinks from the sight of pain and suffering, whilst at the same time it impelled him by just as irresistible an impulse to relieve or solace the sufferer. When I have seen his face suddenly glow and his eyes fill with tears at the sight of some of those objects of hopeless misery which are found in such frequent and terrible contrast with the gaiety and splendour of European capitals—when I have marked the easy faith with which he would listen to any tale of real or fictitious woe, and the unsuspecting benevolence with which he was ever ready to lavish his bounty upon the wretched or the impostor, I have often asked myself, “and is it possible that this mild youth, so gently and kindly tempered, has deliberately selected the trade of war as the business of his life?”

He had other traits of character quite as little in unison with ordinary military habits. He was filled deeply and habitually with strong religious sentiment; and this too



was the lovely religion of woman. It was evident that it did not spring merely from that cold conviction of reason or that stern sense of duty which may compel man's colder devotion, but gushed spontaneously from the deep well-springs of his heart. All this was combined with a mind of uncommon activity and ardour, not, as I then thought, very profound or logical, but of admirable originality, exuberance, and brilliancy. I cannot tell how much I was attracted and delighted by these beautiful singularities of his character, although they perplexed as much as they fascinated me. Here was a young man who seemed expressly designed by nature to exhibit the mild virtues, and perhaps exercise the sacred functions of Fenelon or of the Chrysostom of his own church—or else to raise up the dead arts of his country, or wake her mute lyre, and apply them to themes, not, as of old, of blood and hate, and lust and folly, but of pious faith and holy benevolence—and yet he had determined to spend his life in camps, and trusted to gain glory in the battle-field!

During our visit to London we were constantly together. One morning at our lodgings I was amusing myself with a volume of Alfieri's tragedies. Whether it was the austere and grand poetry of the Italian Sophocles, or his still austerer and grander patriotism that moved me, I cannot say; but I could not help breaking out aloud in one of those tremendous patriotic invectives which the republican poet has put in the mouth of his first Brutus. Moritis was as enthusiastic a student as I

then was myself, of the *Dirina Favella*, that tongue which Tasso spoke and Milton loved—but he shook his head coldly at my raptures.

“No,” said he, “Alfieri’s ferocious republicanism is not at all to my taste. His is the patriotism of pride.” He teaches us to hate the tyrant, because he deems that the republican citizen should brook no superior—to beat down the oppressor for the sake of vengeance, of bitter and personal revenge, or at best of empty public glory, without one thought or wish for the people’s true good. But ’tis an ordinary fault with the poets of freedom. Liberty has yet scarcely received any worthy and pure homage from the Muses.”

“How?—I do not comprehend.”

“Oh shame,” said he—“my friend, you, the countryman of Washington, so dull as not to perceive that he who is worthy to be the champion of freedom, must have much nobler motives than those of mortified pride, or personal interest, or savage revenge—yes, far nobler than that of vengeance even of his country’s wrongs. He must cherish the inspiring hope of throwing off that heavy load with which despotism presses down and crushes the intellect, the affections, the happiness and virtue of his nation—of giving freer scope to the better energies of their minds—of awakening the better feelings of their hearts—the hope, in short, the cherished hope of making *my* countrymen—I mean his countrymen—not only free, but by being free, wiser, happier, better”

" *My countrymen, Telemachus, so, after all, there is a little selfishness and ambition mingled with your patriotic aspirations. You have been indulging in some harmless day-dreams of restoring to Greece in your own person her ancient Telemachus, such at least as Fenelon, if not such as your Homer has painted him. If you can only succeed in routing out the Turks, you will make an excellent king, and I doubt not live to "read your history in a nation's eyes," as one of our poets says. It is a generous ambition, I allow "*

" *No,"* replied he, his features and voice assuming a deeper solemnity. " *No—I look not to any such high destiny; my fate is likely to resemble that of another Telemachus, after whom my mother named me, rather than that of the heroic prince of Homer's fancy and Fenelon's philosophy. I was named after a martyr in the calendar of our ancient church—the monk Telemachus, who, under one of the Pagan emperors, lost his life in attempting to put an end to the bloody gladiatorial amusements of the Roman circus. Oh, would that, like him, I could but pour out my blood alone—that as a martyr at the stake or on the scaffold or the cross, I could singly and alone, earn for Greece the dear prize to which in my secret soul I have dedicated my life. But no—that must be sought through scenes of slaughter and horror from which my soul revolts. The blood of thousands must flow. I sicken to think of the massacre, the rapine, of the battles, the murders, the devastations*

which the daughters of Greece must first look upon  
 More horrible still are the malignant passions, the savage  
 spirit, which will stalk unrestrained over that fair land,  
 putting to flight every better thought. Yet to that due  
 necessity have I strained my steadfast resolution, and if  
 the great end be gained—if Greece be made free, happy,  
 and Christian, who shall say that our blood was not well  
 spilt?—who shall say that the prize was not cheaply  
 earned?"

I cannot describe the tone and manner in which this  
 was uttered, plaintive and melancholy, but at the same  
 time resolute, elevated, and enthusiastic.

"But," resumed I, "your countrymen—I fear they  
 partake little of your heroic ardour, and if they are un-  
 worthy of the high destinies to which you would invite  
 them, what reasonable ground have you for hope?"

"The men of Greece, it is true," said he, "are not  
 the men Greece once had. Still they are men. They  
 have wrongs, and they feel them. They have rights,  
 and they may be made to know them. They have du-  
 ties, and they must be taught to discharge them. The  
 Greeks singly are slaves, and have become fit to be such.  
 But the public opinion of Greece must be awakened, or  
 rather, it must be created anew. Oh, mighty in its mys-  
 terious power over the multitude, is that voice, which  
 issuing warm from the heart, speaks to men and speaks  
 truly, sincerely, fervently, of their duty and their honour,  
 of justice and virtue! Oh, if it do indeed come from the

heart, it cannot fail to reach the hearts of others. Bring within its trumpet sound a thousand slaves, each one abased, degraded, spiritless, treacherous, cowardly, and they all will begin instinctively to feel and to communicate to each other that generous sympathy which binds man to man; the nobler affections of their common nature will kindle up spontaneously within them, and those principles of manly sentiment, which, though they sleep in many are dead in none, will quicken into life and vigour. They will learn that they are men, and they will cease to be slaves."

I could not reply to him, for his thrilling tones and kindled eye made me feel the mysterious power of that heart-felt eloquence of which he spake.

Some days after this conversation, I went to introduce him to my venerable countryman, the then President of the Royal Academy. Mr. West's private gallery (as every American who visited London during his life time well knows) contained the original designs, sketches, and studies of most of his celebrated works. To my taste, such sketches as these, by truly great artists, are of more value than their most exquisitely finished pictures. You have before you the original conception as it came fresh and vigorous from the artist's genius, to be viewed not so much by the natural as by the mental eye, suggesting much more than its paints, and enabling, nay compelling our own imagination to fill up the bold outline with a vivid truth which art labours after in vain.

Telemachus and I went through the gallery together I did not perceive until I had reached the end of it, that he had stopped before some small pictures, near the middle, and still stood there completely absorbed, gazing upon them. As we were alone in the gallery, I returned, and looking over his shoulder, found that the subject of such intense interest was that spirited design for a picture, or painted window, in three compartments, (I know not where the large work is, or whether it has ever been executed) exhibiting the sublime parallel of the deaths of Epaminondas, Bayard, and Sir Philip Sidney—three heroes of different ages, nations and character, trained under different systems of education, manners and religion, but alike in the same common oblivion of self. The last moments of the philosophical Grecian hero were solaced by the purest reflections of patriotism, those of the chivalrous Catholic knight by the fervent consolations of religious faith, whilst the accomplished and benevolent English soldier, amidst his last pangs, forgets his own sufferings to relieve the misery of a humble follower.

The moment I cast my eye upon these groups, I read what was passing in my friend's mind, and told him so. "Yes," said he, "you are right. The presentiment may be foolish, perhaps superstitious, perhaps the wild offspring of boyish vanity—still I cannot resist the belief which masters my understanding, that my end will be like theirs;—in some hard-fought field—for my country—

for Greece, who will remember a son that loved her with a true heart, and died for her liberties." "Nay, Telemachus, your dreams are always poetical and elevated—but this is still dreaming: If this presentiment is ever realized, it is because your hope of military glory—"

"No—no—accursed be the trade of blood, and its glory. The dreams of imaginary bliss with which I sometimes sooth my fancy, are quite of another kind. The instruction of my countrymen in the useful science of Europe—the diffusion of pure religion—of the blessings of early education amongst them; these were indeed the occupations of a truly happy and useful life, and there is one in Greece who would share with me all those labours, and participate in all their exalted pleasures; but can I make her the bride of a man of blood? Enough of this," said he, suddenly breaking off the conversation as if striving to shake off his gloomy presentiments and forebodings of the future, "come, introduce me to Mr West "

About six months after this, we parted at Lyons, he on his return home by the way of Marseillés, I on my road to Switzerland. From that time I lost sight of my friend, and though when the Greek revolution broke out I looked with anxiety for his name in every account from Greece, I could learn nothing concerning him. I was inclined to think that he was dead, and would have been convinced that such was the fact, had it not been

that our intelligence from Greece was at best very meagre and unsatisfactory, and that my migratory life prevented me from regularly following even the series of such news as came to us through the English and French papers—so that he might very well have been playing a most distinguished part without my ever hearing of him.

I believe that in one of my former volumes, I had occasion to inform my readers that some years ago I accompanied a naval friend in a cruise up the Mediterranean, in one of our magnificent new ships. Whilst we were lying at Naples, a Greek armed schooner entered the bay, having on board, as we were informed, two chiefs of high distinction, who were going on some diplomatic or semi-diplomatic mission, to obtain assistance for their country, from the powerful sovereigns or still more powerful capitalists of England and the continent. I had been lodging ashore for several days, when one morning I received a note from the Commodore, directing me, (as he phrased it,) “to swallow a dictionary or two more,” and requesting my immediate attendance on board to play the interpreter for him, and assist in doing the honors of the American flag, to the Greek commissioners. An accidental engagement detained me for an hour or two, so that I did not get on board until after the Greeks had been received with all due honors, and the Commodore had fairly exhausted his whole stock of French and Italian common-places, in



entertaining his visitors, one of whom talked both those languages very fluently, but neither of them much English. The Commodore hailed my appearance with great joy, and immediately introduced me by name to his guests.

"Herbert," said one of them in French. "yes, the old companion of my youth—it is he—have you forgotten Telemachus Moritis?"

It was indeed Telemachus—but had it not been for the deep-toned melody of his voice, I should not have recognized him even then. It was not his change of dress, although the romantic Greek costume and splendid military equipment, which he wore in compliment to his visit of ceremony, were very different from the every day European dress of a Parisian student, in which I had been accustomed to see him—nor was it alteration of person or feature that disguised him; for though his figure had acquired the squarer forms and his face the fuller features, the darker complexion, the deeper traces of mature manhood; still the outlines of all were the same. It was that the peculiar contemplative expression of the Telemachus whom I had formerly known—his rapt and visionary eye, which seemed accustomed to hold converse with other worlds, and to return reluctantly to dwell on things of earth, were no longer there. In their stead, the calm, grave features, the erect aspect, the clear eye, and the deep and distinctly marked lines of his brow, told of much grave and anxious deliberation, of

prompt and resolute decision, of daring enterprize, and above all of habitual command. But the amiable expression of his mouth was still there; his lips retained that peculiar character of sweetness which frequently adds such loveliness to female beauty, but is almost never seen in man. My lamented friend, Commodore Perry, was one of the very few men in whom I recollect to have observed it.

We met again, as the friends of youth, whom the current of life has driven wide apart, should always meet, and in five minutes were as familiar as when we used, fifteen years before, to walk together by the hour in the Luxembourg gardens. He inquired of me with warm interest about myself and my fortunes. The story of those fifteen years of my life, more remarkable for rapid change of scene and variety of occupation, than for any personal incident, was quickly told. His had in it more stirring interest. Upon his return home, his father's wealth and commercial pursuits had given him the opportunity of visiting and residing in various parts of his native country, especially the islands and the Morea. Here, whilst he secretly cherished in himself the hopes of future national freedom, and excited them in others, he soothed the long and tedious interval with the pursuits of active philanthropy. He laboured for several years unnoticed and obscure, but with unremitting ardour and unlooked for success, to educate the young, gradually to enlighten the honest and devout but ignorant and super-

stitious teachers of religion, and to re-animate the national spirit amongst all. He had studied medicine at Paris as well as arms, and it was a sort of knowledge the best calculated to render him useful and beloved among the miserable and wretched of his own countrymen, while it gained him honourable access and influence among their rulers and tyrants. Shortly after his return, he married the daughter of a distinguished Greek of the neighbourhood of Argos. He had known his Helena from infancy, and in her devoted love and enlightened benevolence, he found new excitements alike for his labours of humble charity and his generous aspirations for more extensive usefulness.

At length Greece rose in arms against her Turkish masters, and amongst the boldest and foremost of her leaders, unexpectedly appeared the gentle and unambitious physician. Then it was (so I was told by his companion, who had long known and honoured, and, I believe, emulated his virtues) that his countenance, as he said, "became changed into steel." It assumed that expression of decision and constancy which never afterwards left it. In the ordinary course of the world, he might have passed along unobserved as one of the multitude, known only to the few upon whom nature had conferred the power, and to whom circumstances had given the opportunity of rightly estimating the riches of his intellect and the loveliness of his character. But now, conscious of his innate talents and resources,

he felt the necessity of using them, and they developed themselves spontaneously and unbidden, as the occasion demanded. All around him felt his supremacy, and found themselves subject to the control of his master mind. He brought to their assistance the military skill, the useful science, the political experience, of the whole Christian world, whilst his intuitive and unpretending sagacity silently discarded all that was unsuited to the wants or means of his countrymen. He coveted no office or honours—nay, he shrunk from both, but never from danger or responsibility. He mixed in none of the paltry scrambles for place, which so long distracted the councils, degraded the honour, and hazarded the liberties of Greece. Without office or rank, he was every where, and directed every thing. His sway was over the hearts of the people; and the secret of their willing obedience was, simply, that all knew his ability to serve them, and none could doubt of his singleness and devotedness of purpose, or of his perfect freedom from every selfish or ambitious motive.

Before we parted that day, I made an appointment to see him on shore for an hour or two, before he set off on his new duties, which left him no time to linger at Naples. I have already said that we had met and conversed with the kindness of old and dear friends, and yet, when we were alone, I found myself awed and subdued by his majestic and solemn presence.

The steady and placid dignity of his face and person,

seemed to me to cover and, as it were, hush into stillness a deep and anxious intensity of feeling within. He reminded me of that exquisite antique statue of the Roman orator, or Germanicus, (as it is called,) before which, and even the common casts from it, I have often stood detained and overpowered by that simple but majestic gravity, which, whilst it intimates to the mind,

“ The rescued people’s glad applause,  
The listening senate and the laws,  
Fixed by the counsel of the patriot’s tongue;”

makes us sensible that meanwhile the patriot thinks not of himself, feels no elation in his own glory, but is wholly absorbed in the strong interest of some momentous public crisis.

I broke through this restraint with an effort, and assuming my old tone of familiarity, laying my hand on his embossed pistols, said with a smile :

“ So, Telemachus, you have by this time, I think, quite lost your distaste for scenes of carnage. There is nothing like the animation and excitement of a brilliant public life, to rid us of the scruples and quaffs of our youth. Is it not so ?”

“ It is not so with me \* No, as God is my judge, the blood of man is still to me as a hallowed thing. It is with no ferocious spirit that I strike our foes—it is with no exultation—it is with humility and sorrow that I walk over the battle-field strewn with the bodies of our

enemies But it is—at least it seems—I think it is, the will of heaven, that thus by blood alone can peace and justice be won. Therefore have I taught myself to smite the oppressor, and to ply the business of human butchery as unshrinkingly, as the humane surgeon performs the most dreadful operations of his noble art. But, alas! Herbert, when I look around me at home, and see ambition, cruelty, avarice, revenge, the most hateful passions rallying under the standard of the Cross, and disgracing the cause of freedom—of religion—by such acts——” He covered his face with both hands, whilst his breast heaved with vehement passion.

Yes, Telemachus was unchanged. He had passed through battle and massacre and conspiracy—through oppression and rebellion—through defeat and triumph—and was still the same—as benevolent and gentle as in the early days of enthusiastic youth. Ambition had not dazzled him, nor vanity nor power made him giddy; he had walked amidst pestilence and death on the right hand and the left, and no evil thing had entered into his soul.

We parted, not without strong emotion on both sides.

“ We shall meet again, Herbert, I trust,” said he.

“ I hope so.”

Still do I so hope—but in this life, it cannot be In less than a year after this interview, my heroic friend fell in the memorable action of August 19th, 1822, in the neighbourhood of Corinth, where the principal detachment of the army of Mahmoud Pasha, led by the brave

Hadji Ali, was routed and cut to pieces, by the Greek forces under Colocotroni, in and near the pass of the Dervenaki, on the road leading thence to Argos. Moritis was wounded severely early in the action, but would <sup>†</sup>not allow himself to be carried off the field until the victory was sure. Before that time, the devoted Helena had heard in the Greek camp the news of his fall, and had flown to him. She arrived just in time to receive his last breath, as the setting sun showed him the complete triumph of the Grecian arms.

His singular presentiment was fulfilled. He died as the brightest of his country's ancient heroes had died, on a field of victory gloriously won in a glorious cause; his, too, were the holier consolations of the Christian soldier.

## GHOSTS ON THE STAGE

EVERY one knows or has heard of the studious habits of the illustrious JEFFERSON, and of his fondness for collecting books, not for show, but for use, in all departments of science, art, literature, antiquarian research, and modern speculation. But his classical pursuits and his study of the difficult authors which cannot be read without great labour, while the poet and schoolmaster only can derive profit by mastering them, are probably known but to few. The general impression has been, that he was more attached to philosophical and speculative investigations—to those the result of which might have a practical influence on the condition of man—than to the perusal of works of pure literature. Indeed I have heard his example held up, by those who were alike ignorant of the course of his private reading, and of the classics which they condemned as stale and unprofitable, to vindicate the assertion that the acquisition of the Greek



and Latin languages was a waste of time at best, and alien to, and uncongenial with a proper comprehension of the important business of life

But the truth is, that these despised classics, on which all our best literature is founded, formed the favourite study of this great man in his youth, and afforded him a principal source of amusement in the dignified and learned retirement of his age. I had an opportunity of ascertaining this fact, when I visited Monticello in the winter of 1824—5.

I have rarely found more subjects for thoughtful and pleasing observation than were then afforded me, in the intellectual and personal habits of the ex-President. The activity of his mind had always excited my admiration. That of his body I was now surprised to find so little impaired by time, and by the manifold and distracting exercises of that intellect, which at the birth of our nation and in the first great council of the fathers of our country, had

“Winged that arrow, sure as fate,  
Which fixed the sacred rights of man.”

When I accompanied him in his daily morning ride, to his infant University, he bestrode a fiery, powerful horse, which it would have puzzled many a Broadway exhibitor of equestrian prowess even to manage. And when we arrived at the foundations and rising walls of

those diversified structures, 'where grateful science' shall long 'adore his shade,' he ran up ladders, and travelled rapidly and unhesitatingly along the unfloored beams of the Rotundo, while my younger nerves were, I confess, agitated, as I followed him deliberately and cautiously.

It is, however, to his classical reading and habits of study only, that I have now occasion to refer. He was no mere amateur, as was obvious from an inspection of his library. His collection of lexicons was large, and bore the evidences of having been consulted, thumbed and enriched with annotations, as regularly, if not as learnedly, as those of his renowned correspondent Dr. Parr; while tables and indexes, chronological, or for the convenience of reference, which must have been compiled with considerable labour, were to be found in his own hand writing, pasted in several of the classical authors.

It was one of his favorite labour-saving contrivances, to unite in one volume whatever he found most immediately serviceable, or considered most relevant, upon one subject. He would take a valuable classic, Polybius for example, select the fairest printed Greek text, and the best German annotations, and cause them to be bound, interleaved alternately with the French commentary and translation of Follard, and the *Reveries* of Marshal Saxe; producing by this conjunction a set of singularly variegated, but curious and useful quartos

As no directions could have been sufficiently explicit to enable a binder to dispose with any accuracy of these sheets, varying in size and in the contents of the pages, it is obvious that their preliminary arrangement must have been made by the hands of the distinguished collector himself, or under his immediate supervision. In one less celebrated for sound practical sense, political wisdom, aptitude for managing a nation's business, and indomitable moral energy, occupations like these would have been noted and commented upon, by the superficial and flippant, as indicating the reverse of such high qualities. The philosophy of nature's *roturiers* did not hold water in this instance.

One day at dinner, after we had chatted some time, and on a variety of topics, while three or four sorts of wines, which, though neither old, nor curious, nor high priced, were good of their kind, and as pure from brandy adulterations as they came from their vineyards, had passed and been tasted convivially, the conversation turned on dramatic representations, and the introduction of apparitions upon the stage. On this latter subject, I fully subscribed to Lloyd's opinion, that no ghost should be seen by the audience; and argued the inconsistency of making the bloody and brain-created phantom of Banquo stalk before the spectators of the scene, while to those who were upon it, save Macbeth, the space filled up by the ghost must, by an impracticable effort for imaginative delusion

be conceived to be but empty air. I urged also the more palpable and complicated inconsistency in the representation of Hamlet; in which, at one time, the Prince, the audience and three gentlemen of the palace, behold the resurrection of the buried majesty of Denmark; while on another occasion, the ghost being visible to all else, the Queen could not behold him. And, though the surpassing and all but actually divine genius of Shakspeare, was here identically conspicuous, so far as conception was concerned, and the play was to be read in the closet, still I maintained, that in enacting regular tragedy, the production of ghosts should not be attempted; both on account of the incongruities before suggested, and the ludicrous accidents which may mar the effect, considering the persons employed to personify them.

"I must dissent from you altogether," said my host. "You admit that the reader sees no inconsistency, or rather feels none, when the queen does not behold the spirit of her dead husband. I am clearly of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that 'a dramatic exhibition is a book recited, with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. A play read, affects the mind like a play acted.' If the poet's fable is worthy of the intervention of a ghost, I am decidedly in favour of having a good honest one produced, that the spectators may be sensible of what it is which terrifies or overawes the actor. With all my regard for the French stage, I confess that *La Rive*, the *Talma* of my time, did not affect me, (nor do I

believe that he did his enthusiastic audience) with half the thrilling emotion, the calenture of the imagination or nervous excitement which I have experienced at the appearance of many a staid and clumsy old Hamlet, or Banquo at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, or even at Philadelphia, where, I recollect, while Congress sat there, Fennell played the 'buried majesty of Denmark'

"Shakspeare being in question, and Doctor Johnson, the greatest of scholiasts, and your experience, being against me, I must of course give up the point. But in the regular tragic drama, you will admit, that not only the French stage, but all classical authority and usage is against the introduction of any ghosts at all whether seen or supposed to be so?"

"I beg your pardon. Do you remember none in any Greek tragedy?"

"None," I replied, after some consideration. "Gods and Goddesses personifications, Force, Strength, Death and so forth, cannot be called such. Alcester is indeed revived, by the descent of Hercules to Hades, but no ghost is introduced, or could be. The Idolon of Polydore in the Hecuba, is merely brought in for prologue to show the purposes of the play, as Shakspeare employs the Tower or Father Time, with certainly more poetical effect than could have been attained by the conversational explanations of Messieurs Noodle and Doodle. But he has nothing to do with the action of the drama

nor would Euripides have ventured to make a mere shade an agent or interlocutor."

"You have forgotten, I perceive, the raising of the Eidolon of Darius, by the incantations of the Persian Council or Magi; and the introduction of Clytemnæstra in the "Eumenides." Æschylus, the great master of the sublime, the terrible and the horrific, had the boldness to bring up the unsubstantial shades; and did so most successfully."

I confess, that though in my youth I was very fond of Greek literature, (and my admiration of its unrivalled treasures has never been diminished,) I was never very familiar with the remaining works of the father of tragedy. My acquaintance with them was confined to the Prometheus Bound; and, with that exception, Parson Adams' manuscript Æschylus, without copious collateral assistance, would have been nearly as great a puzzle to me as it was to the country squire. This I frankly acknowledged. It was with no small surprise, also, that I heard my host discoursing of these relics, unknown certainly to many professors in this country, with an ease which showed that he had read them intelligently, and an enthusiasm which was not borrowed from the pedantic raptures of a commentator, but inspired by its original subject. In grandeur and magnificence of conception, he thought Æschylus peerless; and said it needed little study of what he has lost, to be convinced that even his own rich and flexible lan-

guage was insufficient to supply the exorbitant demands of his imagination. As with Shakspeare, expression sunk under the weight of his thoughts, or received from them a power which the same words never had before. He said he would show me the passages to which he had referred.

The conversation then fell into a different channel. On retiring to my room at night, I found on the table two octavo volumes, severally containing the *PERSIANS* and the *FURIES* of the ancient dramatist, interleaved and arranged in the manner I have before described. The text was, if I recollect aright, that of Bothe. His annotations, and those of Schutz, the old Scholia, the French of Du Theil, and the English version of Potter, with plates from the antique, were bound together face to face.

With these convenient aids, I made out the meaning, according to the text before me, of the Chorus in the *Persians*, which calls up the shade of Darius, at whose tomb the widowed mother was making propitiatory offerings to appease the manes, when, after the defeat and flight of Xerxes, the Council had been listening with intense impatience to the rumours of disaster and destruction, brought by a messenger. From reading, I was led to verifying, and finding my attempt at translation, not long since, among some loose papers, I suggested the subject, which has often been mentioned as an admirable one for a punter, to Inman. His pro

lific pencil has furnished me with a classical illustration for this volume of my miscellanies; and I have taken the opportunity of chronicling the conversation which gave rise to my making the version.



## CHORUS IN THE PERSÆ.

GUARDIANS of the world beneath '  
Earth ' and herald Heimes ' hear '  
Ruler of the realms of death,  
Bid the royal ghost appear ' '  
Hither from depths of endless night,  
Conduct him upwards into light !  
Of quick and dead, by him alone,  
Persæ's fortunes may be shown !

Hear'st thou, King ! who did'st in glory and bliss  
Rise on earth the Gods by earth adored -  
Hear'st thou now, in the profound abyss,  
These strains barbaric to us guardians poured ?









These strains that shrill and changeful, as they flow,  
Bear the same burthen, of thine empire's woe—  
Hearst thou, King, below ?

Earth ! and ye ushers to the world of gloom !  
Yield the Magnificent up, the godlike King !  
Our earth-born God from your unfathomed womb  
We do conjure you to our sight to bring !  
From your unseen dominions vast and dread,  
Such as when Persia's soil was o'er him spread,  
Restore Darius dead !

Hallowed hero ! hallowed mound !  
Hallowed ever is the ground,  
Where the great whom nations bless'd,  
Slumber in their sacred rest !  
King of the invisible world, yield up thy prize !  
Pluto ! give back Darius to our eyes,  
Darius, good and wise !

For he did not waste the blood  
Of the valiant and the good,  
Did not, for an idle show,  
Plague the world with war and woe;  
Heav'n-taught men deemed him, and heav'n-taught  
he sway'd  
The hosts of Persia;—sad the homage paid,  
Darius' to thy shade!

'Time-honoured Majesty! return! a-cord'  
Here o'er thy mausol'um's sculptured pride,  
'Thy regal sandals raise, in saffron dyed;  
Here let thy diadem blaze upon our eyes,  
Mount up, return, our father, and our friend,  
Blameless Darius' rise!

What tidings strange and sad thine ears attend'  
Master of Masters! still for thee they wait;  
Thick mists of horror shroud thy suffering state,  
The flower of all thy youth unburied lies:  
Return, return, our father and our friend,  
Blameless Darius' rise!

Woe for the land ! forever woe !  
 Fresh for thy loss our grief must flow  
 In death so mourned in life so cherished,  
 Oh ! why hast thou, the powerful, perished ?  
 Doubly erring, first and last  
 Madly erring, he who cast,  
 O'er ocean's waste, on hostile shore,  
 Thy navy, navy now no more—

\* \* \* \* \*

*The shade of Darius appears upon the tomb*



## . THE WHIRLWIND.

WHEN I last visited the country beyond the Alleghenies, I travelled from Wheeling to Lexington on horseback, in order to contemplate more at my leisure the beautiful scenery of that interesting region. On my way I fell in with a person also on horseback, going in the same direction, who seemed inclined to join company with me, an arrangement to which, as I had already travelled a considerable distance alone, I felt no particular aversion. He was apparently about forty-five years of age, of a spare athletic make, and a sallow, almost a swarthy complexion. His eyes were of a dull hazel; they lay deep in their sockets, and were surrounded by circles of a darker tinge than the rest of his face. Above them a pair of low, horizontal, coal-black eye brows, gave an inexpressibly hard and ascetic air to his countenance. He wore a black bombazett coat, the tight sleeves of which set off to great advantage his lean arms, the large joints of his elbows, his big wrists, and the

heavy hands with which he grasped his beechen switch and the reins of his bridle. The remainder of his apparel consisted of a well saved hat, in that state of respectable rustiness in which that article is kept by decent people who do not often indulge themselves in the luxury of a new one, pepper-and salt coloured satinet pantaloons over which were drawn a pair of rust-coloured boots, a black silk waistcoat, and a scanty white cravat, the sharp spear-like ends of which projected in different directions from under his brown throat. He bestrode a tall, strong-limbed, lean, black horse; across the saddle hung a well filled portmanteau, and from under the pommel peeped a bit of sheepskin dressed with the wool on, placed there to prevent the animal's back from being chafed with the journey.

He returned a civil answer to my salutation, with a broad and prolonged enunciation of the vowel sounds, and a melancholy quaver of the voice. The tones, however, were full, mellow, and evidently cultivated. If I had previously any doubt of his vocation, it was now removed; and I instantly set him down for an itinerant preacher of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. Adapting my conversation to his supposed profession, I inquired of him the state of religion in those parts. On this theme he was abundantly eloquent, and I soon found that he was a Baptist preacher who had been on a short visit to the neighbourhood of Wheeling, and was now on his way to some of the villages west of

Lexington, on the west bank of the Kentucky river, to perform, beside the translucent streams and under the venerable trees of that fine region, those picturesque solemnities of his sect, to which they love to point as a manifold emblem of purification from moral pollution, and of the resurrection from the death of sin and the sleep of the grave. He told me a checkered history of religious awakenings in some places and hundreds gathered into the fold, and of backslidings and indifference in others.

Afterwards the conversation passed to other subjects. I could not help speaking of the exceeding richness of the vegetation in that country, as compared with that of the Atlantic coast.

"Yes," replied my companion, "the land is a land of milk and honey, and the clouds drop fatness upon it, unworthy and sinful as we are, who make it our abiding place. God maketh his sun to shine on the evil and unthankful, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. But are you from the Atlantic states?"

"I am."

"From New England?" inquired he, speaking more quickly than he had done before, and with something on his countenance more like a smile than I had seen him wear.

"No, from New-York."

"His countenance relapsed again into its former gloomy expression. "I," said he, "am from New England."

"Your friends probably live in that part of the country," said I, availing myself of that freedom of interrogation of which he had set me the example

"Friends, if you will," answered he, "I may have there, but relations none. There lives not in all the United States, though they are my native country, a single human being with whom I can claim kindred. God has cut away, by a terrible, but, as I willingly believe, a merciful dispensation, all the ties of an earthly nature that bound me to my fellow creatures;—the members of the Church of Christ, and they only, are now my fathers and mothers, and sisters and brethren."

"You allude, I perceive," said I, "to some remarkable event of your life. May I take the liberty of inquiring what it is?"

"Formerly," he replied, "it gave me pain to speak of it; but I have related it often, and it does so no longer; and, moreover, I am convinced that it is sinful on my part to wish to conceal the dealings of God's providence with me, from those who are willing to hear what they have been.

"You must know, then, that my father was a native of the island of Nantucket, and the only son of an emigrant pair from St. Johns, on the coast of Newfoundland. My mother was from Wales. She was but a child when her father took passage for this country, with her and two brothers older than herself. The vessel in which they came, was wrecked off Cape Cod, and all on board

perished except my mother and four of the crew, who were picked up by the fishermen of Hyannis. She was received into one of the most wealthy families on the Cape, and was brought up by the good people as if she had been one of their own children.

“ My father had been a seafaring man in early life, and had risen to the command of a merchant vessel. At the age of thirty-five he became acquainted with my mother, who was some fifteen years younger than himself, and made her proposals of marriage, which she would accept only on condition that he should quit the sea, which had been the grave of her family. He made the promise she required, they were married, and removed to the interior, where my father bought a farm, and settled as an agriculturist.

“ Our residence was on the highlands west of Connecticut River. There was a little decayed old dwelling on the farm when my father came to live there; he caused it to be pulled down, and had a neat white cottage built upon the spot. In this cottage was I born, and here I passed the earliest years of my life, and, speaking with respect to temporal comforts and enjoyments, the happiest. It was a lovely spot, lovely then, but now no longer so—it is bare and desolate—the besom of destruction has swept it—the winds, God’s ministers, were sent against it, to raze its walls, and root up its shades, and slay its inmates.

I sometimes think that the distinctness with which

that abode of my youth and its dear inhabitants rises before my imagination, is a device of the enemy to tempt me, and to shake my resignation to the decrees of the Almighty. A young orchard sheltered the cottage on the north-west, and back of the orchard rose a wooded hill. On the south side of the house was our garden, which bordered on a clear prattling brook. To the east were rich meadows and fields of grain, and pastures where I gathered strawberries and looked for birds' nests, all sloping away gently for a considerable distance, after which they sunk down out of sight into the deep glen of a river, whose shallow murmurs were often heard by us as we sat under the wild cherry trees before our door. To the east of the river spread a wide tract of country, in full sight from our windows—farm houses painted red and white, with their orchards and corn-fields and woodlands, steeples of distant churches, and a blue horizon of woods bounding the scene.

“Time went by pleasantly until my tenth year. Childhood is the only season of life in which happy years do not pass away swiftly. They glide softly, but they do not fly, and they seem as long as they are full of enjoyment. I had an elder sister, Jane, just arrived at seventeen; a tall, straight, blooming girl, who had been my instructress in all childish pastimes, and procured for me my childish pleasures. She taught me where to find the earliest blossoms and the sweetest berries, and showed me where the beech shed its nuts thickest when it

felt the October frosts, and led me beside wild streams in the woods, and read godly books with me, and taught me to sing godly hymns on Sundays under the trees of our orchard. There were two brothers, twins, five years younger than myself, to whom I now performed the same office; and beautiful creatures they were, if I can trust my memory, as ever were sent into the world to be recalled in the bud of life; fair, round faced, ruddy, good humoured, full of a perpetual flow of spirits, and in look, gesture, and disposition, the exact copies of each other. And as they were alike in birth and mind, and outward semblance, so they were alike in their lives, and in their deaths not divided. I was their constant companion, and sometimes our sister, who had now grown to maturity, would leave her sedate occupations and join our sports.

“My mother was of a delicate frame, and a quiet and somewhat sad turn of mind. The calamity by which her family had perished, made a deep impression upon her, and disposed her heart to religious affections. Her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, as she looked at us in the midst of our pastimes, and she would often mildly check our boisterous mirth. She was our catechist, she made us read our bibles, and taught us our little hymns and prayers.

“My father was, it was thought, an unregenerate person, but he was what the world calls a good moral man, and much respected by his neighbours. He was of an

even, quiet temper, never greatly exultated by good, nor greatly depressed by bad fortune. I do not recollect ever seeing him apparently better pleased than when his children were noisiest in their play, when he would sit looking at us with great complacency, and tell our mother how much he was like us at our age. He was what is called a silent man, he said but little, and indulgent as he was, that little was a law to us. The neighbourhood also treated him with great deference; his opinion was consulted in all difficult cases; he was made town clerk, and then sent a representative to the General Court, and finally received a commission of the peace.

“My father, as I have already told you, was originally a seafaring man, and his profession had made him familiar with all the appearances of the heavens. To his knowledge of this kind, acquired on the ocean and the coast of the Atlantic, he now added that gained by a daily observation of the aspect of the heavens in the interior, until he became celebrated in those parts for his skill in discerning the face of the sky. He was looked upon as a sort of oracle on the subject of the weather, and his predictions were revered even more than those of the almanac. It was not always that an opinion could be extracted from him, but when obtained, it never failed of being verified. His hay never got wet while lying green on the ground, nor do I believe that he was ever overtaken by a shower in any of his excursions from home. He would pass whole hours in



gazing at the sky, and watching the courses of the clouds. An observation of the weather was his first business in the morning, and his last at night; and if the mainly placidity of his temper was ever on any occasion disturbed, it was only when the weather was more capricious than ordinary; when it refused to conform to fixed rules, and failed to fulfil the promises it held forth. In this I think he was wrong, as questioning the providence of God, exerted in the great courses of nature, but who is without his errors?

“The country in which we lived was high and hilly. The streams by which it was intersected flowed in deep, narrow glees, unpleasant from their chillness, shade, and mists at morning and evening, and the farms and dwellings lay on the broad elevated country between them. Thus an ample sweep was afforded for the winds, which blew over the country with as little obstruction as on the summits of mountains. The snow was often piled in the winter to the roofs of the houses, and you might see orchards in which every tree leans to the south-west, bent and made to grow in that position by the strong and continued gales.

“In the last year of my residence in this pleasant abode, we had, about the setting in of summer, several weeks of uncommon heat and drought. God sealed up the fountains of the firmament and made the heavens over our heads brass, and the earth under our feet ash. Clouds floated over the fiery sky, and brought no rain.

the atmosphere was filled with a dull dry haze, as if the finer dust of the ground had risen and mingled with it. Out of this haze the sun emerged at morning, and again dipped into it at evening, hiding his face long before he reached the horizon. The grass of the field ceased to grow, and became thin and white and dry before it ripened, and hissed mournfully whenever a breath of air passed over it. The buds chirped feebly in the trees; the cattle lowed faintly in the meadows, and gathered about the moister spots of soil. All this while the winds scarcely blew, or but softly, nor with strength enough to detach from the cherry trees before our door the loose leaves that put on the yellowness of September, and dropped of their own accord, one by one, spinning round as they descended to the earth. I had never known my father so uneasy and fidgetty as at that period. He would stand for hours considering the aspect of the heavens, and even after the twilight was down, he was out by the door, gazing at that hazy canopy through which the stars dimly trembled. My mother, in the meantime, called her children about her, and taught us a prayer for rain.

“At length came a day of more perfect calm and stillness than we had experienced, even in that season of calms. The leaves on the trees were so motionless, that you might almost have fancied them wrought of metal, to mock the growth of the vegetable world. I remember feeling uneasy at the depth and continuance of that silence, broken only by the gurgle of the brook at the

bottom of our garden, where a slender thread of heated water still crept along, the sound of which fell on my ear with a painful distinctness. There was no cloud, not a speck, nothing but that thick whitish haze, to be seen in all the sky. My father went often, during the day and stood anxiously looking at the atmosphere, while I silently crept near him with my two little brothers. There was something in his manner that made us afraid, though of what we knew not. My mother, too, appeared sadder than usual. Once, when my father returned into the house, he told her that this was just such weather as had preceded the waterspout that overwhelmed the fishing-boat off the coast of Cape Cod, thirty years before, and drowned all on board.

“ ‘I fear greatly,’ said he, ‘that some mischief is brewing for us or our neighbours; but I hope, at least, that it will steer clear of all our houses.’ ”

“ The night at length arrived, and no evil had as yet come nigh us or our dwellings. My mother saw us all in our beds, and made us say our prayers, and bade us good night, in that mild, affectionate voice, which I shall never forget; but, for my part, I could not sleep, agitated as I was with the vague and awful apprehensions with which my father’s looks and words, and the strange appearances of nature, had filled my mind, and which were struggling to clothe themselves with images. Sleep at length fell upon me, a deep sleep, and with it brought the visions of the night. I imagined that the

profound silence was suddenly broken with strange and terrible crashings, and masses of earth and portions of sky were mingling and whirling and rolling over each other. I awoke with my limbs bathed in sweat, and it was long before my fear would suffer me to move them. When the usual current of my sensations was restored, I was comforted to find myself still in my own familiar couch, though in the midst of utter darkness, and that awful lifeless silence, so deep that I could hear the clicking of my father's watch in the next room.

"The sun rose as usual the next day, and the same calm and silence continued. My own apprehensions had passed away with the night, though I observed my father watching the cloudless hazy skies with the same air of anxiety. About twelve o'clock I was in the orchard back of our cottage, amusing myself with gathering the largest of the unripe apples which the drought had caused to drop in great numbers from the trees, intending to carry them to my two little brothers, to play with. My father had left his occupations in the field on account of the heat, and was then in the house. Suddenly I heard a crackling sound to the south-west, as of a mighty flame running among brushwood, and blown into fury by a strong wind. Looking towards that quarter, I beheld a small dark cloud, enlarging, blackening, and advancing every instant, and under it the wood agitated with a violent motion, the tree-tops waving and tossing, the trunks swaying to and fro, bending

low and then erecting themselves suddenly, as if wrestling with a furious gust. Birds were flying in all directions from the scene of the commotion, and cattle running affrighted from the wood in which they had sought shelter from the noonday heat. Then I saw broken branches, and green leaves from the tree-tops, and withered ones from the ground, and dust from the dry earth, lifted together into the air in a vast column, and whirled rapidly round, and heard the crash of falling trees, and the snapping of the shivered trunks, as if the Prince of the Power of the Air, having received permission, had fallen in great wrath upon the forest to destroy it. Before that advancing whirlwind the trees bowed to the ground, and the next moment were raised again by the power of the gale, and drawn into the vortex, and twisted off by the roots, and whirled with all their branches into the air, and tossed to the one side and the other, upon the summits of the surrounding wood. It was but for a moment, a brief moment of astonishment and terror, that I stood gazing on this spectacle. I turned and made for the house with my utmost speed, and, as I ran, I heard the roar of the whirlwind behind me, and was sensible of a sudden shade passing over the heavens. When I arrived at the house, and opened the door, I saw my father, who had been engaged in reading, just rising from his seat, and going towards the window, with the book in his hand, to learn the cause of the tumult without. That book was the Bible—and the recollection

of this single circumstance forms a ground of consolation and hope, in the recollection of his sudden and unforewarned death, which I would not be deprived of for worlds

“ He gave a single look, the book dropped from his hand, and, before I had time to utter a word, he called out in his strong voice: ‘ Run—run for your lives—leave the house this instant—the whirlwind is upon us ’ . . . As he spoke, the sound of the gust was heard howling about the dwelling, and the timbers cracked and groaned in the mighty blast. My mother had hastily gathered the children, and was putting us before her to go out at the door, when all at once a terrible crash was heard over our heads, the walls shook, the windows were shivered in pieces, the floor heaved under our feet, and the ceiling bursting upwards in several places, showed us the roof raised and borne off by the wind. The walls and partitions of the house were swayed to and fro like a curtain. My father was a man of great bodily strength, of the middle height, but brawny and muscular beyond most persons I have known. When I last saw him, he had put his strong arms against the wall that threatened to overwhelm us, and was bracing himself against it to give us an opportunity to escape. I saw also my mother, who had taken the two youngest children by the hand, her hair streaming upwards in disorder, making for the door. I found myself, I know not how, without the house, and scarcely was I there, when

a rush of air seemed to draw my breath from my very lungs, and I was lifted from the ground amidst a whirl of dust, and broken branches and slungles and boards from the building. How high I was carried I know not, for I saw only the confusion around me, but shortly afterwards I felt myself softly deposited among boughs and leaves.

“I must have swooned after I descended, for I recollect slowly recovering my consciousness, and finding my garments wet and heavy, and the rain beating upon me. I lay among the thick foliage of a maple that had been overthrown by the whirlwind. A man whose voice and mien were familiar to me, and whom, as my senses gradually returned, I recognized for one of my neighbours, came and took me off, and placed me beside him on the ground. Around me the earth was strewn with splintered branches of trees, rails and boards, and looking westward to the hill, I beheld where fences had been swept away, and stone walls scattered, and a wide path had been broken through the wood, along which masses of fresh earth appeared among the heaps of prostrate trees, and tall shivered trunks stood overlooking their uprooted fellows. At a little distance from me, was a heap of bricks and rubbish, and on my inquiring what it could be, I was told that it was the ruins of my father’s house. Then flashed upon my mind the recollection of that moment of confusion, haste and affright, which passed before I left it, and in a transport of anxiety,

amounting almost to agony, I ran to the spot. I found the neighbours already gathered about it, and busy in removing the rubbish, in order to ascertain if any of the family were buried beneath; and weeping all the while. I assisted them as far as my childish strength would allow, notwithstanding the goodnatured attempts that were made to prevent me. Let me hasten over what followed. I said in the beginning that I could relate my story without any painful emotions, but I was mistaken, for when I come to this part of it, I am always sick at heart. They were found—crushed to death by the fall of the chimney and the beams of the building,—my father—my dear mother, and the two lovely children still in her arms. But where was my sister—had she been so fortunate as to escape? Even this hope was torn from me, for she was soon found where the whirlwind had cast her, in the edge of the brook now swollen by rains, the water rippling against her cheek white as snow, and her dishevelled hair floating in the current.

There are no expressions that can describe the bitterness of my grief. The bodies were carried to a neighbouring house; I followed them, I remained with them all night, I refused to be comforted but with the feverish hope, which sometimes crossed my mind, that the dead were in a state of insensibility from which they would awaken. I slept not, I ate not, till they were buried. I struggled madly and with moanings of agony against those who came to put them into the coffin. They



were carried to the grave the next day, amidst a great concourse of people from all the surrounding country, who filled the house and gathered in a solemn and silent multitude around the door. The hymn given out on that occasion by the minister, was one my mother had taught me to repeat from memory ; and when they sang the following stanza, the eyes of all were turned upon me by reason of my passionate sobbing :

“ Man’s life is like the grass,  
“ Or like the morning flower ,  
“ A sharp wind sweeps the field,  
“ It withers in an hour.”

I was not allowed to see the bodies covered with earth, lest my health might suffer from the excess of my grief ; but when at length they told me they were buried, I suffered myself to be undressed, and led to my bed, from which I did not rise until several days afterwards.

“ The neighbour to whose house the bodies of my family were taken, a devout and just man of the Baptist persuasion, allowed me to remain under his roof, and treated me with great kindness. He was appointed my guardian, and proved a faithful steward of the remains of my father’s property. The terrible calamity with which I had been visited, had engendered a sadness that hung upon me like a continual cloud ; but as I grew up, my mind was opened to receive the consolations of the gospel I saw that the chastisement, though severe,

was meant for good, and that the Lord, by removing all whom I had loved, and separating me from the children of men, had enabled me to devote myself the more entirely to the work of reconciling my fellow creatures to him. I came therefore to this region of the west, where the fields were white for the reaper, where the harvest was plentiful and the labourers few, and entered upon my new calling, which has not been unblessed, 'with a cheerful and encouraged spirit.'

Here the travelling preacher made an end of his story, but I had no opportunity of remarking on certain of its circumstances which seemed to me a little extraordinary, since just at that moment he found himself opposite the house of one of the brethren, a thrifty farmer, where he said he was under an engagement to stop.

## SONG.

WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS WITH DAYLIGHT'S YOUNG BEAM.

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's young  
beam,

And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,  
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,—  
How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow  
dim !

Oh, tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,  
To see, while the hull-tops are waiting the sun,  
The glittering host that kept watch all night long  
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one

Till the circle of ether, deep, rosy and vast,  
Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were there ;  
And their leader the day-star, the brightest and last,  
Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air

Thus Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we came,  
Steals o'er us again when life's moment is gone ;  
And the crowd of bright names in the heaven of fame,  
Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on

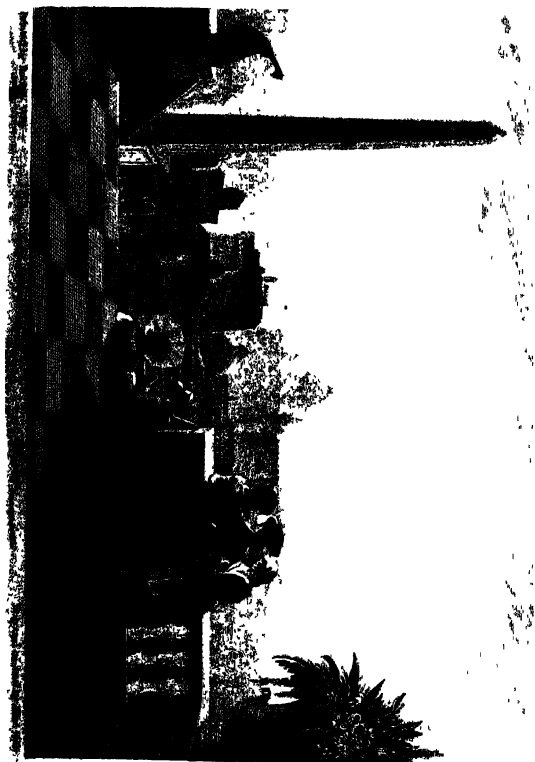
Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose flight  
Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall die,  
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light  
Of the dawn that effaces the stars from the sky

## THE PEREGRINATIONS OF PLTRUS MUDD

CERTAIN critics—a brotherhood with whom, by the way I have no manner of cause for quarrel—have indulged themselves in a few good natured sneers at the extent and variety of my miscellaneous travels, and the rapidity of my locomotive powers. This is a little hard, for as I do not value myself at all upon my travels, so I do not see why they should give offence to any one. But if there is any fault in the matter, I must plead the old female excuse “my sins are more in fault than I.” My running about the world, like Falstaff’s running away, must be ascribed to instinct. In my sober judgment, I do not estimate the uses of much foreign travel very high. After a man has become familiar with some of the more marked differences of human society as it exists in the several stages from savage or pastoral simplicity up to refined and capricious luxury, (and our own country affords samples at least of every degree)—when he has well studied and engrained on his memory some of the greater prodigies of nature, (and he may see











the most sublime of them without leaving the American shores,) together with some few of the nobler productions of human genius, I see little reason for wishing to travel more. Man and nature may be studied at home or any where else, with endless profit; but there is no use in running from the equator to the pole to do so. Any man of observation, who has made good use of his opportunities, by the time he is thirty may have collected in his own possession a living gallery of pictures and images, far exceeding those of Paris, Rome, or Florence, which he may visit at pleasure, without expense or trouble. I would not exchange the vivid pictures of natural beauty and sublimity, and the faithful copies of the master-pieces of art which are safely stowed away in my own brain, (a little in confusion, it is true, but to be found when wanted,) for as many genuine originals of Raphael or Claude Lorraine. It is from these considerations, as well as from "years that bring the philosophic mind," and a little laziness and love of ease along with their philosophy, that travelling has at last ceased to have any charms for me. I am now so well convinced that the world (as great philosophers teach) is "wicked and round," that I do not care any more to be at the pains of sailing or riding round it, to strengthen my faith in those opinions.

Nor do I at all repine at this change of taste and habits. The eagerness of young curiosity, and the delighted interest with which it drinks in glorious and

splendid novelty, is indeed delicious. I am grateful for having tasted these delights. But they are gone, and I cannot grieve at their flight. I find more and more, that to him who keeps his mind open, and his affections alive to all natural sympathies, their place is amply supplied by other pleasures of easier and more constant attainment, quite as true and as pure, and as deeply felt, though less keen and thrilling. To such a one, the daily and common beauties of creation afford ever new delight; and when he looks abroad amongst men, he can, according to his natural temperament or his accidental mood, smile at their follies, pity their frailties, mourn, with no unpleasing melancholy, over their errors and vices, or kindle with generous ardour in admiration of their noble deeds and qualities. Therefore it is that I can from my heart say with the most philosophical and the most childish of modern poets—for these two epithets are more nearly akin than our pride is willing to admit—that,

Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears

These given, what more need I desire  
To stir—to soothe— or elevate;  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find—or there create?

Accordingly, none of my later peregrinations have been from mere choice, but were all fairly imputable to "circumstances beyond my own control," as the modern phrase is when one wishes to give a reason or excuse for something for which no reason or excuse can well be given.

Some men there are, of cultivated and enlightened minds too, who seem to be wholly destitute of that curiosity—that desire of the eye, (if I may use the scriptural phrase in this sense,) which is the ordinary stimulant of travellers. I once knew an illustrious and eloquent statesman, who, though he had resided at Paris and London in great public trusts, never saw nor even had the slightest curiosity to see any other parts of Great Britain or the continent, than those to which public duties called him. Though, too, as a representative, or on public business, he had frequently been at Albany, he never cared to go further north, and died without seeing Niagara, or any of the western wonders, or wealth of that state which had loaded him with honours and confidence, and which he had for years served ably and faithfully. His curiosity was alive only to man in his social and political character. Mountains, rivers, woods, and waterfalls, in his eyes, looked alike all the world over. He thought with the satirist—

For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round,  
Her three flat notes are water, woods, and ground ,  
Prolong the peal , yet spite of all her clatter,  
The tedious chime is still ground, woods, and water

Another acquaintance of mine, a sensible, well-informed man too, carried this disposition still farther ; for once having business at Liverpool, he went to England for the first time, transacted his affairs, and returned, without having touched any English ground off of the pavements of Liverpool

Still I firmly believe, and am ready to maintain, that the love of locomotion and peregrination is in many other men an irresistible instinct, which at some period or other of their lives must be indulged—Witness old Coryatt and his cotemporary Howell—Witness Chardin and Bell and Bruce—Witness our countryman Ledyard—Witness the adventures of my sometime fellow traveller, Petrus Mudd

In my last trip up the Mediterranean, to which I have before alluded, having a little spare time upon my hands whilst our ship was at Naples, I could not resist the temptation of taking another look at the Eternal City, and therefore paid a rapid visit to Rome—One afternoon, shortly after my arrival there, I had been walking out with a young American painter, whom I had found studying Michael Angelo and Raffaele, and the wonders of antiquity and the skies of Italy, with as much enthusiasm as West and Allston had done before him—He had that day been astonishing all Rome by his skill in manual projectiles, having after challenging the whole city, actually distanced all competition by throwing stones repeatedly across the Tiber, at a point where the

opposite bank had never been reached by any missile from the human hand since the days of Sybarrs, the friend of Horace and the lover of Lydia, who is recorded to have achieved that feat under the consulate of Cæsar Octavian and M Agrippa, A U C 726 We were returning to our lodgings after the feat, when he stopped to show me a very fine distant view of the dome of St Peter's, from a point whence it is not commonly seen by travellers His own painting of this view is so much better than any description I can give, that I may save myself and my readers that trouble, by referring them at once to the picture or the engraving from it Whilst we were gazing in silence upon this scene, at once magnificent and delicious, where the noblest monument of human art and science raised its majestic proportions before us gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and in its calm dignity exquisitely harmonized with the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, and the placid solemnity of the hour, we were started by a shrill noise of dissonant and angry voices just beneath us

Poets, travellers, grammarians, musicians, and rhetoricians, are fond of expatiating upon the harmony and melody of the Italian lip, and contrasting its beauties with the guttural jaw-breaking sounds of the North, the hissing and muttering of the English, and the jabbering and mouth-making of the French This is all nonsense Vast difference there is, I allow, between our "harsh Run e copies of the South's sublime," and the "im-

mortal harmony" of its great poets ; but this relates only to poetry and music. As to the vernacular of all tongues—in the mouth of an eloquent man, all languages become sonorous and noble, from the lips of a lovely and kind-tempered woman, all languages are fraught with sweet melody, whilst brawling and scolding, and bad temper, grate with equal harshness on the ear in all possible tongues, and in none more than in the Italian and its kindred idioms of the "sunny south."

This was a terrible mixture of volubility, threats, imprecations, interjections, and clamour, male and female, which burst upon us from some twenty voices, the whole plentifully decorated with that luxuriant blackguardism in which the vulgar tongue of Italy is so rich. In the midst of all this, I thought I heard broken sentences of English in an accent which sounded familiar to my ears. I ran down to the flay, where I found an odd looking, sallow, sun-burnt, meagre man, with an old fur-cap edged with rusty gold binding upon his head, arrayed in a ragged but what had once been a fashionable English blue coat, with loose Turkish trousers, sash and slippers. He was surrounded by some dozen Italians of the lowest order, men and women, some pulling him along, others threatening him with all the extravagance of their national gesticulation, and all uniting in one grand chorus of abuse and execration.

The prisoner was endeavouring to extricate himself,

and at the same time he did his best to pacify his assailants by jabbering in a sort of broken English, which I perceived he used in order to make himself more intelligible to his furious adversaries. I interfered with that air of determination and authority which it is always prudent to assume on such occasions, and which seldom fails to be respected. The Italians told me that the Englishman (I cannot stain my page with the innumerable epithets they tacked to every mention of him) had attempted to rob an honest shoemaker of a pair of shoes, and had then drawn his knife to stab him.

Upon asking the culprit how this matter was, he told me, with great pathos, and an air of irresistible veracity, that having quite worn out the shippers he had bought at Cano, (of which he gave me the ocular evidence,) and having no cash, he had attempted to get himself shod by offering to *swap* a capital six-bladed English knife for a pair of shoes. The idea of "swapping," as well as the word, convinced me that I had stumbled upon a countryman.

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, with eagerness, "an old Yorker."

Of course I had to get the old Yorker out of the scrape; which was easily effected by paying double the worth of the shoes out of my own purse, and appealing at once to the sympathies of the women, and the religious ideas of all, by assuring them that this was an American pilgrim, out of his head from being crossed in love—a lie which,



considering the emergency of the case, may, I hope, be considered pardonable.

My countryman was extremely grateful. "And now," said he, "if you could only take me to a good tavern, the best there is in the place, I could make out." "The best there is?" said I, looking at his strange attire, which, though a little improved by the substitution of the *Ciabattino's* shoes for his well-worn slippers, was still most fantastically wretched. "Oh yes, and then I want to be carried to some great banker or money-dealer in these parts." I stared again—but he had now caught a view of the dome of St Peter's. "Hey," added he, "what big round steeple is that?"

"It is the dome of St Peter's."

"St. Peter's—St. Peter's—why, I have'nt got to St Petersburg again, have I? No, that can't be—but is it?"

I began to think that I had stumbled upon the truth in regard to the state of my companion's intellect. "St Petersburg! is it possible that you do not know that you are in Rome?"

"Rome—Rome—what Rome? what the old Romans built, where the Pope of Rome lives? Do you live in these parts yourself?"

"No—I am a traveller like yourself—but as you have asked me to get you lodgings, and to introduce you to a banker"—

"Yes," said he, "and then to a tailor, and then I'll pay you for your shoes."

“ Well, as you rely on me for all these services, will you be so good as to let me know who and what you are ?”

“ You shall have it, sir—clear as mud, ha-ha, you take the joke My name is Mudd, Petrus Mudd—an old Yorker, born in Little Dock street, New-York—name of street altered now by the corporation—I have been travelling for pleasure to London, and France, and Jerusalem, and after the Emperor—I like it, I tell you—though it does come hard sometimes.”

It is not worth while to relate the rest of our conversation, during which I satisfied myself that Petrus was no impostor, though I still doubted of his sanity. I took him to my own lodgings, where, after he had made a most voracious supper, talking the whole time, he went to bed, and was sound asleep before it was well dark.

At breakfast next morning, I was pondering what use this strange traveller could have for a banker, when he bolted into my apartment. “ Now,” said, “ if there is an honest money-dealer here, I can get fixed ”

“ You have letters of credit, then, or bills ?”

“ No.” answered he, with a knowing look, “ I know a trick worth two of that. The old Mother Bank is good enough all the world over, except among the Turks ; and a rich Jew that Mr. Salt recommended to me at Cairo, fixed me with gold before I went among them. Look here,” said he, producing a little greasy pocket wallet of stained Russia leather, whence he drew

a roll of United States Bank certificates, made out in various small amounts; "this is my letter of credit—don't trust the bankers for much at one time—sell out six or eight shares and get gold for them when I am short, you see "

"Do you find no difficulty about sales or transfers, in your travels, then?"

"No—got myself fixed at Paris with a good passport—five feet six inches French, skin brown, nose long, eyes gray, scar across the forehead—fell on the fire-fender when I was little, and cut my forehead open—chun sharp, and my signature with a flourish that the devil can't forge—certificates besides, and all the needful—money-dealers all ready to snap at it, but have'nt been obliged to shell out the scrip but five times since I have been out from New-York "

Accordingly, I introduced Mudd to my banker, where, after the necessary explanations, he "got fixed," and disposed of bank stock enough to provide him with some rouleaus of Napoleons, Sovereigns, Dutch Ducats, and other gold of universal currency, which he selected with great discrimination and a most knowing air. After this, we proceeded to procure dress and equipments in the ordinary fashion of the day.

As he had now communicated to me at full the history of his life and travels, it is quite time that I should in turn communicate it to my readers

Petrus Mudd was born of respectable though humble

parents, in the city of New-York, out of which and its immediate precincts, he never stirred during the first forty-four years of his life. His education was confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic. Of the first accomplishment, he made no farther use than to read the newspapers occasionally. In the other two he grew expert, was an excellent penman, became a clerk in the old United States Bank, and when that expired, in another respectable banking company, in both of which stations he toiled on with unremitting fidelity and a scanty salary, for many years. In the meantime he married, and became the father of a large family, whom his wife brought up with great neatness and frugality. Petrus sometimes read in the papers about Paris and London, and he heard talk of Boston and Philadelphia; but the idea of ever actually travelling to either of these cities, was as far from his thought as the going to the North Pole or the Moon. Indeed, the most he had ever seen even of his own narrow native island of Manhattan, was when he was marched in the militia by an ambitious colonel as far as the six mile stone.

At length, by a caprice of fortune, Peter Mudd, Alderman and grocer of the ancient city of Bristol, died without wife or child, leaving that *ne plus ultra* of an English citizen's ambition, a plum, in well-invested pounds sterling in the English Funds. He did not know that he could claim kindred with any one in the wide world, except perhaps the children, if any there were, of an

uncle of his who had emigrated to America about the year 1754. The Alderman had been a whig during the American revolution, and was one of Burke and Cruger's most zealous supporters in the famous Bristol elections of that period. Thus gave additional power to the force of blood and name, in consequence whereof, he bequeathed his whole fortune to the unknown eldest-born male of his American cousins. He moreover took the wise precaution to leave a comfortable little legacy to his attorney, on condition of his finding out the aforesaid cousin, to whom he trusted for perpetuating the family name and honours. Of course, neither this legacy nor the larger one was lost, and Petrus was ferreted out with great despatch from behind the bank counter, where he was toiling away at six hundred and fifty dollars a year. Without any previous notice, he was at once saluted as the undoubted possessor of Alderman Mudd's hundred thousand pounds, which, being all in personal property, was luckily unincumbered by any of those legal difficulties that have heretofore perplexed other American and alien claimants to English inheritances.

The stock was duly transferred and sold out, the proceeds remitted to Petrus, and as safely re-invested in this country. Petrus built himself a fine house in a fashionable street, set up his carriage, became a bank director, and at last extended his views to the purchase of a country-seat, eight miles from the City Hall, but this still formed the extent of his journey.

At length he was apprised, by a letter from his faithful Bristol agent, that there were still sundry outstanding debts and claims belonging to the estate of his deceased relative, out of which something handsome might be made, if Mr. Mudd would give his attorney a liberal discretion to compromise as well as he could; "Or, my dear sir," added he, "if you could make it convenient, now that the packets are so good between the United States and this country, and the passages so short, to visit Bristol yourself, you might find it much to your interest"

The suggestion fell upon Petrus's mind like a spark among gunpowder. The idea of crossing the Atlantic—of his, Petrus Mudd's crossing the Atlantic, suggested by another person as an easy, practicable thing, roused at once all the long dormant propensities and energies of his character. "I'll go," said he, and it was done. Before he returned home to dinner he took his passage, and made all the arrangements that his commercial friends told him were necessary.

He sat down to dinner with a better appetite than he had had since he had been accustomed to sit down to a good dinner every day.

"Wife," said he, when he had finished his soup and fish, and was beginning to carve the joint before him, "I am going to England next Monday." Mrs. Mudd was in the main a silent and submissive wife, yet if her husband had told her in this fashion that he was going to Boston or Washington next week, she would have expos

tulated at the suddenness of the determination, and worried him with her anxiety for the why and the wherefore. But, going to England! The thought was astounding. She started, stared, and finished her dinner in mute amazement. On Monday, therefore, Petrus sailed in one of our punctual packets, for Liverpool, where he arrived in excellent health and spirits on the twentieth day from New-York, and two days after was comfortably seated at the Bush Inn, in Bristol. Here he remained three or four months, under the advice of his excellent friend and attorney, Parkins Stubbs, Esq, and arranged his affairs much to his satisfaction, having by various compromises and releases of desperate debts, realized another clear five thousand pounds. Well satisfied with this new windfall, he prepared to return home by the next Liverpool packet, and so he told Mr. Parkins Stubbs one Sunday morning as they were going to the Radcliffe church together.

“What, home, Mr Mudd! home, without seeing London, and the Tower, and Westminster Hall, and the twelve judges, and the other lions? You have heard about them in America, I dare say. Hilary term begins next week, and I mean to go up to town myself—hope the pleasure of your good company up—show you a little life in London—not like this dull old city. Poor Bristol is not what it was before your American rebellion—I beg pardon, but you’ll go to London with me, instead of leaving us so soon for America?”

" Why yes—I don't care if I do go with you to London How far is it ?"

To London they went, where Mr Mudd, under the guidance of his friend Stubbs, saw all the lions, and growled at them all " London was just like New-York," he said " only uglier and bigger, and the oysters not so good " He even refused to join Mr Stubbs in his reverent admiration of the judges in their gowns and wigs, and maintained stoutly that they neither looked nor talked as well as the Recorder of New-York Mudd's business had not been so prosperously concluded, without, in reasonable proportion, contributing also to fill the pockets of Mr Stubbs Now, as Mrs. Stubbs knew that Mr Stubbs was in funds, she began to dun him for her long promised visit to Paris, where all her acquaintance had already been, or were going, or talked of going " And then it was so cheap, too "

As usual upon such occasions, the lady carried her point, and the Stubbs family determined to visit Paris before returning home " Mr Mudd," said Mrs. Stubbs, one morning, " we go to Paris next week, and it would give us great pleasure to have you of our party You ought to see Paris, you know, as well as London, before your return to America All the world, that is at all *comme il faut*, has been to Paris " " Yes," added Mr Stubbs, " and you may go home, if you like it, just as well from France as from this side the channel "



"Can I?" said Mudd, "well, I'll go to Paris with you. How far is it?"

To Paris the party went, and there every thing being new to our traveller, and unlike what he had ever seen before, he marvelled much, and was amused, if not instructed or delighted. Now his spirit of adventure developed itself with spontaneous rapidity. On the fourth day he broke quite loose from the maternal care of Mrs. Stubbs and the kind offices of her husband, roamed alone all over Paris, went to all the theatres and shows, tried every dish at every restaurateur's, from the scientific Beauvilliers and the splendid Grignon, down to the economical artists who advertise sumptuous repasts with bread and wine at discretion, *tous pour vingt sous*. He spoke no tongue but his own, and soon found that he needed none. The two universal and natural languages of mankind, that of signs and that of cash, removed every difficulty. Mudd now found that he was an independent man, who could make his own way through the world without assistance, and he felt all the conscious dignity of independence.

One evening he was taking his ices at Tortoni's, with as much easy indifference as if he had been in the habit of going there as regularly all his life as he had to Contot's, when a Boston merchant whom he had somewhere seen before, told him that he was going to Amsterdam next Friday. "I should like to go with you," said Mudd; "how far is it?"

On Friday they set off with post horses, and at every stage of his road, Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, Utrecht, Mudd grew better and better pleased with travelling. They arrived in good order at Amsterdam, and as it happened to be during one of the fairs, Mudd almost on alighting in the evening, got in the street a genuine New-York meal of tea and "hot waffles;" a meal for which, as all the world knows, or ought to know, his native city, in spite of the huge influx of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, and Yankees, has preserved alike the taste and the skill in concoction transmitted by the venerable common ancestors of the old Amsterdam of Europe and the New Amsterdam of New-York. Our North American New Amsterdam is, like the Grecian old Athens, a conquered city, and, like Athens, has asserted her innate superiority over her victors by subduing them to her own habits and tastes—that is to say—eating *waffles*, keeping New Year in the Dutch fashion, and moving every May-day.

Mudd had scarcely got safely lodged at the Great Doelen, before he began to talk to his companion about making "the whole tour of Europe before he went back home." The next day our hero was introduced to a wealthy Dutch merchant, who had travelled in the United States, was much connected with American commerce, and spoke English well. Mudd here again expressed his new-born delight in travelling, and his fancy to see some more of the world.

"Would you like to see Russia?" said the polite Dutchman.

"Russia—Russia—yes—I have never been to Russia—how far is it?"

"I ask," added the merchant, "because it happens that one of the Russian Imperial couriers, a confidential person whom I have long known, returns to St. Petersburg to-morrow with despatches from our court to our great and good ally the Emperor of Russia. He, I know, would have no objection to a travelling companion. It is true that the *employés* of this *corps* are not allowed to stop on the road until they have delivered their despatches at the foreign office at St Petersburg; but then, they travel in the best and most expeditious manner the country may afford; and, as I believe you speak nothing but your own language, you will find it convenient to have a safe convoy under whose care you may travel with perfect safety and some economy."

Mudd accepted the proposal at once; and next morning he was introduced to his new fellow-traveller, a broad-shouldered, ruddy, good-humoured little Cossack, in front of the old Stadt-house, now a palace of the King of Holland, where he and his trunk (at the size whereof the Russian grumbled not a little) were crammed into a stout travelling two-horse vehicle, and off they went with as much expedition as a Dutch postillion could be made to undergo.

Fortunately Mudd and the Russian together talked

all the languages of Europe between them; but as unfortunately, the only one Mudd could speak or understand, was the only one the other could not. So on they went in silence, eating, drinking, and sleeping in the vehicle, and changing horses at each post without a moment's delay. This might seem to be no very edifying or amusing journey, but our cockney traveller was in ecstasies the whole way; and as he got the names of every town and village regularly pointed out to him in his post-book, which names, his memory being wholly unincumbered with other matters, he never forgot, I do not see why he did not travel to as much profit as some others of my fashionable acquaintance. On they went (as I have heard him repeat the roll of names) from "Vogelsdorf to Manchburgh, from Manchburgh to Dolgelkin, and so on to Schoenbancken, and from there to Schneidmuhl, and so to Wilsitz; and from Wilsitz to Brombourg, and from Brombourg to Ostromezkwow, and so through Grandantz and Marienwerder and Rzenbourgh to Mulhausen and Hoppenbruch and Brandenburg, till they got out of the Prussian states; and thence through Jarkaw, and Shwartzors, and Mimmershalsh and Heiligantz, by the way of Schulzenkreuz, to Riga." From Riga they proceeded (as Mudd used to rattle the names off with enviable glee and never-failing accuracy) through Hilchefer, Hoop, Gulben, Teylitz, Kayhatz, Igafehr, and so on through a dozen names harder and harder, to Czirkowieze; and thence to St. Petersburg.

Into that capital they galloped in great style, and dashed to the office of foreign affairs at the imminent hazard of running over old women, children, and plebeians of all sorts. Whilst Mudd gazed around at the fine buildings, and the long beards and other novelties, the courier alighted to present his despatches, when he was informed by the Chancellor of his department that the Emperor had gone to Moscow, and that these despatches being directed to Alexander in person, he must go after him without delay. The Cossack swore roundly by St. Nicholas, but he knew the law of his service, and submitted; for in Russian diplomacy despatches addressed to the Sovereign in person, must be delivered by the original official bearer in person likewise. Whilst fresh horses were harnessing, the courier tried to explain this matter to Mudd, and let him know where he was going, but in vain. Mudd either did not understand, or did not care to quit his fellow traveller, and off they went again, "tramp, tramp," through "Tohsudowof and Podbercis-kie to Novgorod;" and thence, by Zaitszorshoff, Rakinnoff and Tagelbitzi, through Khaitelovow to Vichnei, Volotchok and Vidrobouchakia to Tver, and thence again by Viakresenskain and Klin and Tchernia-Griaz, all on the road to Moscow. I wish my readers could but have the pleasure in reading these hard names that our friend Mudd has in repeating them. At Moscow they learnt (or rather the Cossack courier learnt) that the Imperial Alexander had gone on still farther, somewhere towards

the Caspian. Therefore, on again went the messenger, and with him his unaccountable companion sticking to him like the old man of the sea to the unfortunate Sinbad. Here the comforts of wheel-carriages gradually ceased. Mudd, from his city education, was no great horseman; but it was fine summer weather, and the Cossack was full of fun and good-nature, and the good cheer purchased by Mudd's ducats had increased his natural amiableness; so, by paying for an additional horse for the big trunk, after a little practice, and no small share of that galling and chafing to which awkward horsemen are subject on long rides, Mudd got along better than any one would have supposed, until, after some eight or nine hundred wersts of hard travel, he reached the Imperial sojourn. The despatches were safely delivered, and Mudd as safely lodged at a sort of inn or post-house. The very next morning his friend the Courier sought him out, with horses ready saddled, and informed him in that conventional jargon which repeated trials had made familiar and intelligible to both, that he was off again, and invited Mudd to accompany him. Mudd wanted to know "how far off" their new place of destination was, but could not make himself understood; and as he saw no better way of getting within hail of salt-water and the sound of English, he re-mounted, though with a rueful aspect, a sad heart, and a sore skin. But, alas! he knew not the journey which he was now re-commencing. His Mordanto of a bearer of despatches, had had the

luck (good or ill, I know not how he estimated it) to arrive at the very moment when all the other members of his rough-riding fraternity had posted off North, South, East, and West, and at the very moment, too, when the policy or the caprice of the Emperor required an immediate communication to be made to his minister at Madrid; and thither Pubatka the Cossack messenger was sent, with Mr. Petrus Mudd under his charge. Mudd never could speak or think of the first days of this journey without visible annoyance, and rubbing his knees and other parts in sympathy for their by-gone sufferings; but when he got into the region of wheel-carriages and taverns, where, though he could not stop to rest, he could buy good wine and plenty of cold eatables, he became cheerful and happy. Then they rattled on across Germany to Strasburgh, and so, across France to Bordeaux, and thence by St. Jean de Luz, to the frontiers of Spain. In Spain they were soon obliged to quit their vehicle and to mount again, but then it was upon mules. These were safe and sure-footed beasts, and Petrus was a somewhat better horseman than of yore; moreover, "each cicatrice and capable impressure" of his former wounds being now healed, they went on cheerily enough, though with more incessant despatch than was quite agreeable to so regular a sleeper as our traveller, through Yran (as Petrus is wont to say) and Oyarzun, and Puebla de Argunza, to Valladolid, and so by Burgos, Segovia, and

Puente del Retamar, to Madrid. The ducats were now quite drained, and the Russian was well-tired of his companion; so that when they were arrived at Madrid, as soon as he had delivered his missives to his own ambassador, he deposited Mudd at the door of the American legation. Our minister could hardly credit Mudd's tale, until the production of his travel-stained passport, duly visted by ministers of police, commandants of posts, and custom-house officers of all nations, satisfied him of the extent and velocity of his journeys on the continent.

Here, under the care of the minister, Mudd was enabled to recruit his purse, by selling some shares of United States Bank stock, the certificates of which he had brought from New-York, and which a rich Jew was willing to convert into Napoleons. After recruiting himself, and gazing about Madrid with more leisure than he had found in any city since he had left England, he was sent down to Cadiz, with a letter recommending him to the special protection of our consul at that port. That gentleman received him with his accustomed friendship and hospitality, and was looking out for a passage for him direct to the United States, or some prudent travelling companion who would undertake to see him safe to Liverpool or Havre, when, as the destinies willed, Mr. Mudd dined one day at the consul's in company with a book-making English traveller, who had been exploring the antiquities of the Barbary coast, and was now proceeding to Egypt, determined to make a more accurate



measurement and exploration of the Pyramids and the Sphinxes and Temples, and other marvels of that ancient land, than the world had yet received.

Mudd, when at home, was always a regular church-going man, and the land of Egypt sounded so familiarly in his ears, that it struck him that it would be quite an agreeable matter to be able when he got home and heard a sermon about Joseph and Moses and Egypt, to tell his minister that he had been among the Pharaohs, and seen their butchers and bakers and magicians.

“When do you go, Mr. W——?” said he “I shall probably sail to-morrow or the day after.” “I’ll go along with you. How far is it?”

The consul tried to advise and expostulate, but in vain. The Englishman was glad to find a companion of any sort, and still more an able-bodied man who could pay his own expenses; so, in a day or two, Mudd and the learned traveller sailed straight for Egypt. There Mudd followed his new friend wherever he went, ascended the Nile, crawled through the Pyramids and clambered up them, assisted in measuring and digging out monuments and temples and statues, got choked with mummy dust, stifled and baked in the sepulchres of the Pharaohs, wondering all the while what was the meaning of so much trouble about nothing, especially when they might in the same time and at less expense have travelled two or three thousand miles straight forward. He heartily wished the job was finished, but saw no prospect of its

completion. At last he told his companion so, one day, as he was deep in his drawings and measurements. They quarrelled and parted in a pet, and happy in his liberation Mudd returned to Cairo.

There he called upon the well-known Mr. Salt, whose acquaintance he had made on his first coming to Egypt. Salt, presuming of course, that, strange as his conversation and manners were, he must yet be a scientific or literary traveller, observed to him that he presumed he would not leave the East without seeing Jerusalem. "Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and all that," thought Mudd. "Yes," added he aloud, "I would like to go to Jerusalem. How far is it?"

Mr. Salt kindly introduced him to a trusty Arab carrier, the owner of three or four camels, who had picked up English enough during the occupation by the English army and navy, to drive a bargain. The bargain was made, and the Arab duly covenanted to transport Mudd safely to Jerusalem and back again in due time. He was mounted on a camel, and trotted off into the desert in the midst of a caravan of Turks, Jews, Arabs and Greeks, as rapidly as his heart could desire, though not quite as comfortably as he expected; for whoever has tried a camel's back, knows by hard experience, that (except perhaps to an Arab) this is the most uneasy and fatiguing of all possible modes of conveyance. At last, after some days' hard travel, they arrived at a queer straggling little village, when the carrier jumped off his

camel, and pointing about him, said to Mudd, *Ruh-saleem, Ruh-saleem*. Our voyager thought this could not well be the great city of Jerusalem, of which he had seen so many large prints, and began to suspect that he had been cheated, perhaps decoyed into the wilderness, to be made a Guinea slave, or sold to the Algerines. He grew more and more alarmed, for his guide not comprehending his talk, but seeing from his looks that he suspected foul play, grew angry on his side; he perceived that his honour was somehow doubted; and though in some respects a rogue and now and then a robber, when he acted officially and upon his word, he had very punctilious notions of honour. It so happened that a benevolent Jew in company, who was attracted by the fray, had bad English and good nature enough to set himself to clear up the difficulty. Jerusalem this certainly was not, nor on the road thither, but a little trading town of a somewhat similar name, and directly in the other direction from Cairo, being some distance south, down the coast of the Red Sea. Jerusalem itself is in the East never known by that name, being always denominated *El Kods*, the holy city; with sometimes the additional epithet of *El Sherif*, the noble; and had Mudd mentioned it by either of these titles, our adventurer would have been duly transported thither. All to be done at present was to wait as comfortably and contentedly as he could, till his trading fellow travellers had transacted their affairs, or some other caravan was ready to return. Luckily, knowing nothing

of the people amongst whom he was, he got over his fears, and as luckily there was no ground for having any. At length he was duly trotted back again over the desert, and safely delivered at the British consulate.

His pride was now roused; he was afraid of being laughed at, and to the true Jerusalem, by whatever name these blockheads called it, he was determined to go. Go, therefore, he did. For a due consideration the same Arab agreed to transport him there without any mistake, and to re-deliver him at Cairo within a stipulated time. They joined the next party of merchants and travellers bound that way, and off they went. I need not say that to him this journey proved not a whit more edifying than usual, either in the way of observation and information, or in awakening the glowing associations of poetry or piety; nevertheless, like the good Godfredo and his crusaders he had reason enough to boast of his sufferings in the glorious enterprise:

*Mollo soffri, nel glorioso acquisto, &c.*

Fevered and burnt with the August sun of Palestine, every bone aching, and every joint stiff with fatigue and jolting, sorely galled, blistered, and bruised, he arrived at Jerusalem about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as he rode along he viewed the city with more than usual interest. On alighting at the caravanserai or monastery, (for as he does not know, I cannot tell where

his guide lodged him,) after devouring a hearty meal, he fell asleep and slept without turning or tossing until next morning. Then, just after sun-rise, his guide shook him by the shoulder, informed him as well as he could that he was going back, and bid him make ready to mount and accompany him. Mudd expostulated in great indignation, and expressed his determination to stay and see the city, and all the fine things that must be there. But the Arab was inexorable, and Mudd had now so long been under his absolute command that he could not bring himself to disobey; besides, if the Arab returned without him, how was he to get back? With a heavy heart, a sore skin, and a most uncomfortable state of body and mind, he crawled upon his camel again, joined another returning company and was in the regular course of trade duly delivered at the consulate at Cairo. There he had the new vexation to hear that if he had stayed a day or two longer at Jerusalem, he might not only have seen the holy city at leisure, but returned in great comfort and safety with a party of his own countrymen, who set off some days after him.

He had now quite enough of the East, and as soon as rest and good fare had recruited his health and spirits, took shipping from Egypt in a little Italian felucca, loaded with grain and bound to Leghorn, where he was informed he could either get a passage to New-York, or else set off to travel whenever he might please through a land of taverns, beds, post-horses and public convey-

ances. With his usual whimsical fortune, a storm, not very terrible, but sufficient to alarm Italian mariners, (perhaps coupled with other reasons of convenience,) induced the *Padrone* of his vessel to put into Civita Vecchia instead of holding on for Leghorn. Mudd had paid out his last gold piece in advance. He did not at all like the looks of the immediate liege subjects of the church at Civita Vecchia, and found nobody in that poor little emporium of Rome's navigation, to whom he could explain his wants. Knowing, however, from the crosses in the churches and the hats, coats and breeches of the men, that he was now somewhere in Europe, he wisely determined to walk on until he came to some large city, where some body could speak English and understand the nature of the scrip of "the Mother Bank." That peculiar providence which the French proverb truly says always watches over fools and drunkards, brought him, in safety to Rome, and there he fell in my way in the manner already related.

I fear I have already tired my readers, and must therefore be brief in relating the rest of his adventures. I took him with me safely to Naples, where he amused himself three days in clambering up Vesuvius and seeing all the antiquities and curiosities of the vicinity; when I suddenly missed him. After many anxious but fruitless inquiries, (for I felt myself in some sort responsible for his safety until I could get him shipped to America,) an American sailor brought me a letter in his hand writing

directed to his wife, and left to be forwarded to her. It was, I suppose, the first he had written since he had left Bristol. Our hero himself had fallen in along the quay with a Danish captain of a small vessel from the Baltic, who had been exchanging his cargo of salt and dried fish for oil. The Dane talked enough English to induce Mudd to take a sail with him to Copenhagen. A most tedious business it was to get there, and by the time they got out of the Mediterranean, winter was approaching. But on his arrival at Copenhagen, finding the Bank stock to run very low, he became alarmed at the idea of being left penniless among strangers, and determined to return immediately to America, for which a passage being instantly procured him by the captain who had brought him from Leghorn, he sailed the next day without having seen any more of Copenhagen than the street in which stood the sailor tavern where he had been lodged. But the America of Copenhagen and all Denmark, consists altogether of their West India islands, of St. Thomas and St. John's, and to them instead of to New-York and Boston, when he was three days out, he found he was making a winter passage, in company with a Danish Counsellor, his wife and nine children, two doctors, four overseers, with eighty recruits for the Danish troops in the West Indies, and a cargo of fish, tallow, tar, and salt butter. They all arrived in good order, after a blustering passage of one hundred and four days.

Mudd now grew impatient, and resolved upon getting upon the continent of America as soon as possible. Almost for the first time in his life he studied a map, in consequence whereof with great sagacity, he took shipping for the Carriacas, from whence he proposed to himself to set off by land to New-York. Most opportunely at Lagaira he stumbled upon the son of an old neighbour, who was mate of a small American brig. This youth recognizing his townsman, prevented him from starting on his wise expedition and persuaded him to take passage in his vessel, from which in the course of a fortnight, he was landed at New-York, after an absence of three years, seven months and twelve days.

Fortune had smiled upon his affairs during his absence. His real estate and bank stock had all risen, some of it ten, some twenty per cent. He found his family not only quite well, but exceedingly improved and increased during his travels. His eldest daughter whom he had left at a boarding school, in the country had thought proper to marry her dancing master, who being, as he said, a French general in disguise, now relinquished the practice of his art and with his mother and sister and younger brother, took up their quarters with his mother-in-law, where they all devoted themselves with great assiduity to educate and accomplish Mrs. Mudd, and her interesting family.

The other adventures and achievements of Mr. Mudd how, after his return, he set himself to study geography



and read voyages and travels to know where he had been, and what he had seen, and what he might have seen, and how he set himself to study French, Russian, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew all at once and how he became a connoisseur, a savant, a mineralogist, a political economist and a politician—how the Mudds, young and old, all shone, and flamed, and blazed in fashionable life, and how not one of them could endure their own country, and talked constantly of going to live in the polished society of Europe, among the arts and sciences—all this is “high matter,” and may be discussed hereafter

## THE SIESTA

[From the Spanish ]

Ventecico murmurador,  
Que lo gozas y andas todo, &c.

Airs, that wander and marmur round,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow '  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest, '  
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er ;  
Sweet be her slumbers, though in my breast  
'The feeling she waked may slumber no more  
Breathing soft from the blue profound,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below

Airs, that over the bending boughs  
And under the shadows of the leaves  
Murmur like my own timid vows,  
Or the sweet sighs my bosom heaves,  
Light and fresh on the grove or ground,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below

## SONG

### INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower '  
Well are ye paired in your opening hour  
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet ;—  
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet

Artless one ' though thou gazest now  
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,  
Soon will it tire thy childish eye—  
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside, in thy weary hour—  
Throw to the ground the fair white flower ,  
Yet, as thy tender years depart,  
Keep the whiteness of thine own heart

## SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

### No. II.

It was on a fine, mild, sunshiny morning in December, while the Congress of 18— was in session, when the Hon. Mr. Moreton was taking his breakfast, at his quarters in a fashionable boarding house, and reading in the *Intelligencer* a speech made by himself two days before, on his favourite subject, “internal improvement,” that my story begins. Mr. Moreton was a gentleman, distinguished alike for his graceful and flowing eloquence, in public, and his courteous bearing towards his constituents and fellow citizens, in the private intercourse of life. I dare add no more, than that he was a little stately, without pomposity; a little precise and oratorical in conversation, without being pedantic or fantastic. He is dead—and the picture would be too easily recognized, were I to go further. I will not profane his memory, in a sketch in which I must necessa-

rily bring him into contact with somewhat grotesque though real characters. I have, in the course of accidental intercourse with him, abroad and at home, witnessed in his company much of what was naturally and morally striking—

"Have climbed with him the Alpine snow,  
Have heard the cotton as they rolled  
Along the silver Po."

and rarely have I seen his dignified equanimity of mind, or the somewhat formal tenor of his discourse, though interrupted by the circumstances of the moment. I leave it to his interesting nephew, who is, I understand, preparing his biography, to do that justice to his memory which the well-known talents of the writer authorize the friends of Mr. Moreton to expect. But I am constrained to introduce the gentleman, in relating some anecdotes perhaps rather preserving, homely, but too true to make a joke of.

I choose to tell all my stories, for what they are worth, in my own way; and should not have embarrassed this sketch with an apology, if personal feeling had not dictated one.

Mr. Moreton was at breakfast, as I have stated, when a black servant announced that a gentleman in the parlour below was waiting to see him. Occupied with the happy folio of four pages, wherein Messrs. Gales and Seaton had done full justice to Mr. Moreton in a reported

speech occupying three out of the four aforesaid crowded pages, and not having yet tasted his coffee, the call seemed unseasonable. But supposing it was made by one of his constituents, to all whose suggestions he conscientiously gave ear, or by some person of scientific ability, who had new ideas on his favourite subject, Raul-roads, he left the breakfast table to attend upon his visiter.

As he entered the parlour below, he encountered a gentle in black clothes, somewhat rusty, with white cottons, yellow shoes, and a blue cravat; who came a fine, y up to him, with a letter in his hand, talking, as rapidly, in a pert and sharp tone. He was in stature rather under the ordinary size, small across the shoulders, and feeble looking in body, though his complexion was fair and sanguineous. It was no hectic flush; and yet a recruiting sergeant would have hardly reported him as an able-bodied man.

"Permit me, Sir," he said, "to present to you this letter"—a queer looking document, devoid of rectangular proportions, and travel-stained from long wearing in the pocket—"which makes known to each other, mutually and reciprocally, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, of Little Babylon, and the Honorable and eloquent Mr. Moreton, of the house of Representatives—

'Arcades ambo,

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati—'

which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders,

‘ Arcadians both, and both alike inspired,  
To sing and answer, as the song requires ’

Of this passage, by the by, neither the great Heynè, nor the American Editor of Virgil, the Reverend Job Cooper, seem to me to have understood the naked and eutonic, I might add the diatonic and catatonic force. But, ‘ non curvis adire Corinthum ; ’ a proverb, which, though usually quoted in Latin, belongs in fact to a Greek author, whom I rate as high for classic sense, as I do Lord Coke for legal acumen :—for though now an ecclesiastic, I was once a member of the bar myself, as you will see—but I beg pardon—by the letter which I interrupt you in reading. A very clever man indeed is Mr. Jinks, the writer of it. I raised him, as they say in Kentucky. I brought it for forin’s sake. He is one of my deacons ”

The Honorable Mr. Moreton gravely requested his voluble guest to be seated, and read, not without a little perturbation, after the volley of words he had received, the letter presented to him ; which ran as follows :

“ Little Babylon, Nov. 30th, 18—.

“ Excellent Sir,

“ Knowing from the newspapers that you are a great friend of internal improvements and canals in general, and being myself president of a company formed to



get our legislature to connect Ten-mile-pond with Little-eel-creek, I make bold to introduce to your better acquaintance my learned friend and pastor, also the principal of our academy, and whose works on law, trigonometry, divinity, and statistics, you must have read often, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, D. D., principal as aforesaid, and president of the Athenian Lyceum of this town, as also of the societies for the suppression of intemperance and political economy. I entirely approve myself of your political course, as does our friend Dr. Firkins; whom you will find a very agreeable acquaintance.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ HIRAM JINKS.”

“ Jinks, Jinks—Firkins, Perkins,” here uttered Mr. Moreton in soliloquy—“ patent ploughs—Resources—tractors”—

“ Yes, yes, sir, Firkins, the same Reverend Dr. Firkins, the *veritable Amphytrion*, as Moliere says “*Quæ regio in terris non nostri conscia laboris?*” I had no doubt you had heard of me. You must have read in the Reports my great argument in the case of the Rhode Island Butter-churns, Peabody and Huskins *versus* Peck: though the reporter did me injustice; for he summed up the whole in a page, when I took five hours and forty minutes to deliver it, made twenty seven points, and cited all the authorities, dicta, and elementary

treatises on the law of patents, from the Year Books and Yelverton, down to this fiddling and foolish reporter himself. It was a case, sir, which had a great bearing on morals and divinity, and which, in fact, first led me to change my profession. Yes, sir, it was the inferences antagonistically enveloped by my mind, in arguing that case, together with the study of the works of the great Oecolompadius, with which you are doubtless familiar, that induced me to make my forensic arms yield to the ecclesiastical toga. But pardon me, sir, you can hardly have breakfasted?"

"No, sir. But allow me to ask what special business has suspended your pastoral, legal and scientific labours; and in what way I can be of service to you?"

"That is the point, sir, to which I am to come. But I must persist in your first finishing your breakfast, in which I will join you. I am 'appetens jentaculi' myself; and am not one of those, who, as the immortal Burke says, 'dream of canonizing mind by divorcing it from matter'."

"The sentiment is just, though I really do not recollect the passage."

"But you must recollect, sir, the powerfully analytic, and irrefragably argumentative article on Education, in the last Quarterly Review, by my friend Bob Southey, in which the subject is handled."

"Well. Dr. Perkins, if you will be kind enough to take a seat at my breakfast table, you will find in our

small mess, Judge Dash and Colonel Asterisks, with other intelligent gentlemen, whom you doubtless know by reputation. We can then discuss, more at leisure, such suggestions as you may desire to offer "

So Mr Moreton gravely and gracefully ushered the Reverend Dr Firkins up to the breakfast parlour, where several gentlemen, worthy of special notice, which I have no time to bestow, were paying more or less attention to the accumulated luxuries of an American public table. There were tea, coffee, beef-steaks, oysters, eggs, ham and eggs, sausages, devilled turkeys—bread, wheaten, indian and rye, and mixed of all, dyspeptic and anti-dyspeptic—pancakes and buckwheat cakes, rivalling those far-famed ones of Pennsylvanian Chester—hoe-cakes and Johnny-cakes, with the interminable variety of Indian cakes, known to the Virginia kitchen—together with the appropriate condiments of sugars, domestic and foreign, molasses, honey, pepper-vinegar, and moutard de Malle. One of the honourable members present was reading the copious notes of a speech he intended to make the next day: while another was reading a communication written by himself, in praise of his own speeches, and published in a paper from his own district; while two others, to the speeches of both of whom the public paid more attention than they did themselves, were engaged in a deep discussion on the question, whether the oyster grew to fit the shell, or the shell to fit the oyster

Mr Moreton had no particular faculty of remembering new names. He introduced his guest as the Reverend Mr Jenkins

“ Doctor Firkins, if you please, sir,” said the new importation, plumping himself down between the two disputants, “ Principal of Chio Hall, Little Babylon, and President of the Athenian Lycæum of the same place, and of the societies for suppressing intemperance, political economy, et cætera Coffee, madam, if you please—Ha! ‘*aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*’ I’ll thank you, Mr Moreton, for a bit of that devil—the devil in shape of a broiled turkey ” Being accommodated with these and other items, he looked round him, and exclaimed—“ Doctor Johnson was in error, ‘*pace tanti viri*,’ when he observed of his breakfast in Scotland, ‘ where the tea and coffee were accompanied not only with bread and butter, but with honey, conserves, and marmalades,’ that ‘ if an epicure could remove by a wish, wherever he had supped, he would breakfast in Scotland.’ The real gastronome can only expatiate at discretion at the matutine meal in America.”

The two oyster disputants smiled and sipped their tea; when Dr. Firkins suddenly interrupted them, by rising, with an unpetus which jarred the whole table, and rapidly transferring his leg of turkey from the right hand to the left, he clapped the former on the polished and half bald forehead of Mr. Moreton, exclaiming. ‘ What a bowl of intellect!’ Having thus anointed

the sinciput of the representative, he sat down with like rapidity, and for some time proceeded in silence with his provisions

"Well, Mr Moreton," said he, after a brief interval. "I perceive you are impatient to hear my communications " I have no time to let the doctor deliver himself in his own way, and have already given a sufficient sample of his priggish pedantry In a fluent discourse of great length, much involved, and interlarded with odds and ends of quotations in various languages, he arrived at the proposition, " that in consequence of the rapid march of mind, there was now an effectual demand for a grand national encyclopædic institute or university; in which, under the immediate patronage of the federal government, the native talent of the country might be eveloped according to his system Of talent, he said, there was an average quantity in all ages; every thing depended on the manner of its evelopment The analytic and synthetic methods of education had both proved abortive. A little more might be said in favor of the dialectic He was himself, decidedly, and beyond peradventure, for the gladiatorial and not the monitorial system. The spontaneous evolution of talent, during the period of mental juvenescence, could only be effected by its antagonistical exercise; or, as Johnson had felicitously expressed it, " its intellectual digladiation " It was this which made the *nous* effervesco, and become *esprit* The public lands should be assigned for the support of a university.

which should have twenty-four professors, one from each state, to be severally appointed by the executive of each ; the President to be appointed by a Committee on Literature, of whom the President of the United States should be ex-officio a member

"Thus happy union of state and national patronage, he claimed as a bright invention of his own, which would instantly put at rest those state jealousies which had hitherto prevented the erection of a National University, and thus give him peculiar claim to be employed in the institution himself. Of course, in the mean time, till the University got hopefully under way, Doctor Firkins was willing to officiate as President ; but as it would be a sinecure, until some students were procured for indoctrination, he was willing collaterally to occupy his time with several small jobs. He would give instruction in ancient and modern tongues to the Secretary of the Treasury, and private lectures on marine architecture to the Commissioners of the Navy Board. As a matter of course also, he would be chaplain to both houses of Congress, which would be all in his way. He hoped, he said, to preach in the House, on the next Sunday, when he would deliver his great sermon on the balance of power ; in which all the topics to which he had adverted, would naturally be introduced."

Here a waiter brought a card to Mr. Moreton, on reading which he observed to Doctor Firkins that he was compelled to wait on a gentleman below, whose intro-

ductory letter claimed his immediate attention ; that he should be happy to serve Doctor F. as far as was in his power, but that his time was very much occupied

“ Oh ! don’t make a stranger or *novus hospes* of me, sir,” said the Doctor ; “ I’ll meet you again at Philippi, that is, in the House. I can entertain myself very well in the society of these gentlemen ”

“ Good morning then, sir,” said Mr M with a cold feeling of apprehension at the threatened revisitati<sup>o</sup>n. One of the remaining members, the Honorable Mr Latimer, a gentleman, who, as Falstaff described himself, (I dare say more justly than the painters or actors represented him to us,) was “ a portly man and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a noble carriage,” and moreover, like the knight, was a wag. He, I believe, had undergone all the Doctor’s prolixity, for the sake of having some jokes with and through him. He complimented him highly on his new and philosophical views of education ; and recommended him strenuously, as the best man to further his projects, to go to Mr Spratt, a staid, blunt member of Congress, whom my former readers doubtless remember. He also told him that Mr. Moreton was particularly pleased with having his ‘bowl of intellect’ admired and handled

On again entering the parlour below, Mr. Moreton saw a young man of a delicate complexion, and an air which seemed to be affectedly half-rakish, looking as if he had bought his clothes at a slop-shop. He wore a

blue cloth cloak, faced with green velvet, and lined with blue satin, with long black silk cords, and gold tassels depending at the ends of them. It hung backward from off his right shoulder. He held before his eyes, without their coming in contact with his face, a pair of gold spectacles, and a white cambric pocket handkerchief. With his right hand he also contrived to hold a fur cap, with a gold binding, and to support his exterior robe.

He advanced with a fugal pace, and contrived, without losing any of his furniture, to present a letter. It was from Mr. Moreton's Aunt, Mrs. Beverly Grayson, was neatly written on gilt edged paper, sealed with the family arms fully emblazoned, and ran as follows :

“ Sweet Springs, Dec —, 18—

“ My dear Nephew,

“ The amiable and interesting young gentleman who will deliver this letter into your hands, is Mr. Hyppolite de Grey, whom I wish to commend to your particular attentions. He is the grandson of the younger brother of Chief Justice de Grey, who took so much notice of your grandfather, when he was making the tour of Europe in 1774. His grandfather emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1750, where this young gentleman's father has several large plantations. There can be no doubt that he is nearly allied to our family ; because all the Greys are collaterals of the Graysons. I have found him intelligent and well bred, according to the modern school



He has been particularly attentive to your cousin Arabella and myself, during our sojourn here. I remain, remembering you always,

“ With the greatest affection and esteem,

“ REBECCA BEVERLY GRAYSON ”

“ I hope this will turn out better than the last introduction of my kind aunt, though it looks unpromising”—thought Mr Moreton, as gravely and gracefully rising, he presented his hand to his new protégé, who daintily presented a couple of fingers, saying, “ Enchanté de vous faire connaissance—but I beg pardon—you probably don’t understand French. How does the world wag with you ?”

“ I thank you, sir, I am in good health,” said Mr. Moreton, slowly and seriously. “ If you speak French with more freedom than English, I believe I can understand you sufficiently well for the ordinary purposes of conversation.”

“ Oh! *n’importe*, sir, I talk English *pas mal*, well enough. This is a shabby little town, this Washington of yours. I wonder how you survive in it. I suppose, however, you have some belles. I understand there is a party to-night at the Patagonian Minister’s. I’ll go there along with you, if you are going.”

“ You are pleased to be facetious. I apprehend, sir, that we have no diplomatic functionary so distinguished

for personal procerity, as to be entitled to the appellation of Patagonian."

"Proce—who, sir? Oh yes, there is such a queer place down at the south. Ah' he's no functionary then; but he has a party. Will you take some lundy-foot?"

"I use no tobacco, sir; nor is it known to me that any Patagonian gentleman entertains company to-night."

"But you go to some party to-night?"

"I presume I shall visit the Minister of the Netherlands."

"Well, I'll come ready dressed, to dine with you, and accompany you to the Austrian's. I suppose you can't keep a carriage in this hole of a place, can you? I wonder how any one can exist without his own *fiacre*. But you don't exist here. You have no opera, have you?"

"None, sir, that I ever heard of. You must really be good enough to excuse me for the present, as I must pay a visit before going to the house, which it is my imperious duty not to neglect."

"Oh! just as you please about that. I'll see you again at dinner, you know. Perhaps I may lounge into the *chambre des débats*, and you may introduce me to the Speaker, if you like. I'm at Gadsby's, I think they call the man's name—a vulgar sort of a place, but as good as any they have got here. *Au Revour*, as they say in Paris."

So saying, this accomplished young man withdrew, with his cloak, cap, cane, spectacles, pocket-handkerchief, and all.

The Honourable Mr. Moreton now found himself disagreeably embarrassed by two singular protégés, thrust upon him in a brief space of time. Dr Firkins he hoped to be enabled to discharge by cold politeness; but his respect for Mrs. Grayson forbade his summary dismissal of master de Grey. He could not help thinking, to be sure, that any of the systems of education enumerated by the Doctor, analytic, synthetic, dialectic or antagonistic, might have improved the young man's condition as to manners: but he took it for granted that he was some spoiled youth, who had been badly brought up. Then he began to turn some fine sentences in his mind, about "the deleterious influences of unadvised indulgence and of contagious associations on the ductile minds of youth," &c.

He proceeded, therefore, to arrange his papers, which he always carried under his arm, neatly tied with red tape, to fulfil his engagement, and to repair at his usual punctual hour to the capitol.

As he was walking sedately through the Rotundo of the capitol, some one said to him, "Good morning, Mr Moreton." He was courteously returning this salutation, when a female voice exclaimed, "Moreton!" and an able-bodied woman came up to the representative.

She had a decided, though not unfeminine cast of

physiognomy, over which the hair she wore was accurately adjusted in regular rolls. Her manner was not unlady like though bold, and the courtesy she dropped, though not amiss in a ceremonious drawing room, was rather too long profound, and, as it were, professional, for such an extemporaneous interview.

‘ I perceive ’ said this lady ‘ that I have the honour of addressing the Honourable Mr Moreton. My name, sir, is Montagu. I have a letter of introduction to you, from your intimate friend the Reverend Professor McRubbin. I have however, taken the liberty of introducing myself, in order to embrace the earliest opportunity of conferring with you on some subjects, of much interest as I believe, to the nation, and which I understand you have much at heart ’

“ I certainly am happy, madam,” said Mr M “ to be so much honoured. Scraggs? Crabbed? How can it have escaped my memory, where and when I enjoyed the friendship of the Professor ! ”

“ The letter, sir, will doubtless recall the circumstances of your early associations with him. The object of my visit to Washington is to establish under the patronage of government, with a liberal appropriation in money and a handsome donation in land, an Institute for the education of young ladies, similar to that founded by Napoleon at St Denys, destined exclusively to the instruction of the daughters of naval and military officers, secretaries of the departments, and members of

Congress. Permit me, in the mean time, to introduce to you two young ladies, who are under my matronising wing; dear in affection, though not near in blood—Miss Ann Fin, and Miss Adelgitha Longchild. I finished them both.”

“Finished ’em, madam?” said Mr. Moreton, as the stout lady, stepping on one side, developed to his view two female figures, who immediately began to make strange motions.

“Yes sir, I finished them,” said Mrs. Montagu, with a marked emphasis on the phrase.

A passing description is due to these perfected or concluded damsels. The epithet seemed strangely applied to Miss Ann Fin, to whom there appeared to be no end. In meagre altitude she towered towards the skies some six feet two, with a figure all alike, a small head, and a sort of nose, which, if it had not been placed where it was, would hardly have passed for any feature at all. She was dressed in the most fashionable style, as she supposed; her columnar structure being surmounted with a short green spencer, trimmed with gold cord or lace—I forget which. Miss Adelgitha Longchild was by no means as tall as Miss Fin. In fact she lacked two feet of her stature. She was, as to person, what is called chunky; had two black eyes rolling promiscuously in her head, and a bright scarlet spencer.

Miss Fin stepped up two mincing paces; Miss Longchild drew herself up on tiptoe. Then Miss Fin drew

back her left knee, and Miss Longchild folded her arms under her bust. Then they both performed a courtesy, according to their several positions—saying, in one breath and with identical emphasis, though in different keys—the voice of Miss F. being small and squeaking, and that of Miss L. loud and shrill—

“Exceedingly happy to have the honour of an acquaintance with a gentleman, distinguished alike for his parliamentary eloquence, and his domestic morals as—” Here was a long pause, during which Mrs. Montagu stood smiling in placid triumph.

“As the Honourable Mr. Morrison,” said Miss Fin.

“As the Honourable Mr. Murphy,” said Miss Longchild

“Mr. Moreton, my loves,” said Mrs. Montagu, rather snappishly.

“So distinguished, alike for his parliamentary morals, and for his domestic eloquence, as Mr. Moreton,”—said both the young ladies, as fast as they could repeat the words.

“Really, ladies, you overwhelm me;” said Mr. M. “I am truly happy in forming an acquaintance with you madam, and these young ladies under your maternal care.”

“*Et troverla qui per accidente,*” said both the young ladies in one breath, as before—one firing her Italian grammar vocabulary over and the other under the level of Mr. Moreton’s ears.

"Pray, Mr. Moreton," asked the senior lady, "is there any special business in the house to day?"

"I regret, madam, that very imperative business obliges me to be in my seat this morning. But I feel less concern on account of the circumstance, as I see two of my friends coming this way, to whose attentions I shall be most happy to confide you, and the young ladies under your charge."

Here our friend Mr. Latimer came up, with Hippolyte de Grey leaning on his arm, in a nonchalant but decisive manner, which indicated that he would not be shaken off, because it was his pleasure or fantasy not to be; while Latimer looked vexed and impatient; like a fine steed with a huge horse-fly fastened upon him, who is trotting rapidly to get to his journey's end, and ever and anon giving a convulsive brush with his tail, in a vain effort to get rid of his impudent customer.

"Perhaps my French is troublesome to you," said Hippolyte, as they came up. "Don't let your modesty prevent you from saying so, if it is."

"Not at all—not at all—for I don't perceive that it is any worse than your English."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to introduce you to these ladies—Mrs. Wortley, Miss Fisk, and Miss Longbranch—ladies on whom birth, education and wealth alike have smiled.—The Honourable Mr. Latimer and Mr. De Grey, I shall place these ladies under your charge for a short time, Mr. Latimer, and that of

your accomplished young friend, as I shall be necessarily occupied with the Rock-creek bill debate "

"The devil!" half-exclaimed Latimer—looking up at Miss Fin, down on Miss Longchid, and collaterally at Hippolyte. The latter, who had bristled up at the word *wealth*, which Mr Moreton had innocently put in, for want of a better wherewith to sound his sentence, immediately came surmounting forward, and said, "Ladies, I shall be most happy to wait on you. Allow me the honor—"

Here he placed himself, bowing and smirking, between the two finished young ladies, who made a courtesy, as before, wheeling half round; Miss Fin bending the tips of her feathers down into the eyes of the Adonis, and Miss Longchid bobbing her up under his nose. One thrust her arm down, and the other lifted her hand up, and thus they took possession of his elbows; after which they dropped courtesies again, and stood ready to proceed.

Tempted by the ridiculous figure which the trio presented, and willing to accommodate Mr Moreton, who, as he knew, was never guilty of a joke, Latimer gave a half-suppressed groan, threw away a quid of tobacco, and with an air half-despairing and half-waggish, suffered Mrs Montigu to take his arm, and led the procession to the gallery, where he determined to get rid of the concern as soon as possible.

Pray, Mr Latimer," said the lady, "do you not find



a considerable floating mass of floating female intellect in Washington." I am well apprised that you are a literary as well as a political character. The two young ladies behind us are the first fruits of my anxious toils, after having made female education my incessant study, since the period when I was left alone to struggle with the world, preferring independence to a second hymeneal union."

"You raised that neat pair of belles, then, as they say at the south."

"I finished them, sir. My system of education does not include the common school branches. That foundation being laid, my aim is to erect on it the Corinthian superstructure of accomplishments; to teach all that softens the heart, polishes the wit, refines the manners, and expands the genius; together with French, Italian, Drawing, the use of the Globes, Paley's Moral Philosophy and Evidences, Euclid, the first volume of Dugald Stewart, and the proper branches of female Gymnastics, or Callisthenics. Accustomed to the most elegant and refined society, when I quitted the domestic state, I thought it a duty I owed to myself, not to suffer the advantages I had acquired to be wasted; but to devote my time and talents to the intellectual nurture of my young countrywomen."

"Callisthenics, I believe, treats of windmills and steamboats," said Latimer. Before Mrs. Montagu had time to reply, her ears were assailed by a strange com-

bursts of noises behind. As they turned round to ascertain what the matter was, they perceived that the remainder of the party was in trouble and entanglement. In winding up the porkscrew gallery stairs, Mr. De Grey had trodden on the sponces of Miss Longchild; and his cords and lapels becoming entangled at the same time with the hats and flying appendages of Miss Fie, they had all three gone backwards together; had it not been a special mercy that none of their bones were broken. As it was, they made a sadly ludicrous exhibition during the happening of the accident, and in regaining their upright position and readjusting their array.

By the time the agitation arising from this difficulty had been in some measure overborne, they reached the gallery, where the ladies were accommodated with seats, pointed out to them by Latimer; who, making a profound bow to them all, said to Hippolyte, "I am compelled to resign to you the exclusive pleasure of attending on these ladies." In an undertone he added—"The young ones are great fortunes."

"Which of them?" asked Hippolyte, anxiously.

"The tall one is richest in lands. The little plump one is a cash concern—a quarter of the Bank of Little Falls, and half the Skeneateles Insurance Company."

He then departed, saying to himself, "Heaven forgive us for lying! But it is a work of necessity and mercy. The Lord send that poor second-hand Beau Brummell a safe deliverance!"

Hippolyte graciously insinuated himself between the two gentlemen, and the party gazed on the scene around and beneath them. Who, ~~on~~ this side of the Atlantic, has not seen the Hall of the House of Representatives? or who, on either side, has not seen Moreau's admirable picture of it, which now graces the gallery of a noble amateur in England?—that Hall where all the splendours of the marbles, serpentines, and Bressias of America and Italy, and all the graces and proportions of Grecian art, and all the talent of successive architects—of the luxuriant L'Enfant, the magnificent Latrobe, and the practical Bulfinch—aided by the decorations of accomplished sculptors, foreign and domestic, and set off by all the gorgousness of modern upholstery and Honduras mahogany, wrought and polished by the master artists of New-York and Philadelphia—have conspired to make a room, utterly unfit for any earthly purpose to which it can ever be applied; where people can neither see nor hear one another, containing, according to accurate admeasurement, 200,000 cubic feet, and in consequence thereof, and of other enormous advantages uncomfortable to sit in, unhealthy to stay in, and dangerous to legislate in, ~~shike~~ for the people and the law makers.

There, too, they saw the Speaker, looking like the lady in the lobster, as he sat in his little gingerbread pagoda, stuck at the bottom of a lofty colonnade which rivals the portico of the Pantheon in magnitude,

and surpasses it in the richness of its materials. In picturesque contrast with him, they saw the colossal plaster virago, who threatens every moment to crush him from above. In one corner of the house, they saw an old gentleman in spectacles, who was standing with his hat off, and reading, as they supposed, a newspaper; but who, as they learned from the *Intelligencer* next day, was making a great speech. The rest of the members, in miscellaneous groups, or about their neat piano-forte looking desks, were walking, talking, caucusing, reading, writing, or meditating, and making a buzzing noise like that heard in a large school. On one of the sofas they observed Mr. Latimer, holding an extempore levée, and dispensing to his audience sundry edifying remarks, the effect whereof came up to the gallery in many an audible peal of laughter.

When the old gentleman had, as they supposed, got through with reading his newspaper, and sat down, a gentleman of considerable altitude and stentorian lungs, arose, and declaimed with vehement gesticulation, in the course of which the words "the Bank of the United States," fell on the ears of the party aloft.

"I hope," said Miss Longchild, "they wont stop the Bank of the United States. That would cut off a good piece of Pa's income."

The gentleman with good lungs soon after let fall an observation, made with still greater emphasis and pathos, in which they caught the expression—"the landed in-

terest is on the brink of ruin." On hearing which, Miss Fin exclaimed, "O Lad! I hope not; for most all Pa's personal property is landed estate."

"Your filial sensibilities, young ladies," said Hippolyte, "is quite refreshing to my taste; upon my soul they are quite *larmoyantes*, as the French say."

At the words "filial sensibilities," both the young women pricked up their heads quickly, sighed and took breath; and said together, as before—"Filial affection springs up spontaneously in the human heart like the—wine," said Miss L.—"vine," said Miss F.—"like the vine which entwines itself round the oak of the forest."

"One at a time, my dears," said Mrs. Montagu. "These young ladies, as you perceive, Mr. De Grey, have not yet learned to restrain and conceal their delicate sensibilities. Education can do every thing for the mind; but the world alone can teach the art of controlling the feelings. You must perceive that they are wholly unsophisticated—with souls fresh from the plastic hand of nature."

"Quite fresh, and bran-new, I perceive, Ma'am," said Hippolyte; looking abstractedly on a sudden, and somewhat troubled; as if a particular object below had arrested his attention. "After all, this is a dull place. Suppose we go and see some lions. I understand they have some attempts at those kinds of things here."

Mrs. Montagu and her protégées graciously acquiesced; and they travelled off to some other exhibition—

the Patent-office I believe, Hippolyte pondering between real estate and hand-cash, but inclining, for certain private reasons to the latter convenience

Just as Latimer was getting into a hack, after the adjournment of the house, the door of the vehicle was seized as it was closing, and the visage and person of Dr. Firkin were successively introduced "Good day, again, sir," said he, as he seated himself "Drive on, coachman—I am in great luck to have fallen in with you again so soon. It is not often, sir, that twice in one brief day, we meet accidentally with such 'Trojans.' Without flattery from the sample of your conversational antagonism which I had this morning, I know not which to admire most, the copious variety of your information, the salient pungency of your electrical wit, or the elastic agility of your symposiastic powers."

To each several member of this encomium, Mr. Latimer bowed low, and the Doctor bobbed his head responsively "Doctor, Doctor, you flatter," said the former

"No, sir, I am not one of those '*mellitus fallere verbis doctus*.' I hold with the divine Shakespeare, that '*'tis a sin to flatter*.' I '*would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder*.' I suppose you dine at the President's to-day?"

"No; I have not that honour."

"At the British Minister's, then?"

"No; I dine at home."

"*Tier, quaterque felix, that I am,*" said the Doctor—

"I will go along and dine with you—I wish to resume my exposition to Mr. Moreton; and shall be glad to develope my views to a sodality so enlightened as that which encircles your intellectual board—the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,' 'with mirth which after no repentance draws.' "

"Don't give us too much credit on that score, Doctor. I have known very sound headaches very honestly earned at that intellectual board; to say nothing of the gout, of which I feel at present a slight twinge."

"Oh! a victim to 'athritic tyranny.' I presume, by the by, that you are a descendant of the great herald of the reformation; a prelate, whom, in spite of my anti-episcopal opinions, I hold in great veneration. But, though I belong to the straiter sect of our protestant religion, I cast no malign or puritanic eye on the generous festivities of the hospitable table, and 'a little wine for the stomach's sake,' you know."

Latimer groaned inwardly, muttering something inaudibly, and looking with blank despair at a document he held in his hand, upside down.

"Oh! the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Pray tell me, sir, what is your opinion as to the measure of value? Do you believe with Ricardo, that all value is founded on the quantity of labour? or do you hold with Malthus—but ha! we are here, in articulo temporis. There is the dinner bell ringing. 'The bell invites me; I go and it is done;' you take the paranomasiastic

application of "done, in," said the Doctor, laughing very complacently, as he got out of the carriage."

Latimer was fain to follow him; and though inclined to be vexed at being saddled with such a bore, and meditating whether he could not trump up an extempore fit of the gent, to be rid of him, he concluded it was better to bear the evil with patience, and make as much of such amusement as the Doctor might yield.

He therefore shoved him into the drawing room; where he apologised for leaving him a few moments. As the Doctor entered, he saw but one person present; a young man, very daintily dressed, who sat with his back towards him, resting one foot on the bottom of a chair, and the other on the jam of the fireplace. He was picking his teeth, and trying to hum some sort of an air. The Doctor, whose affability extended to all mankind, walked up to him, when the youth, who was no other than our Hippolyte, suddenly dropped his tooth-pick and both feet, upsetting the chair and the poker, and started up in some confusion.

"How came you here, sir?" said FURKINS.

"In the stage—I came," said the youth. "My old lad, I have come on a wise errand; and shall teacher my next visit through I can tell you."

Here, after a moment's waiting, the pair withdrew with-  
in the recess of a window, where they intercommuned until dinner was announced. On this intimation they joined the company, FURKINS giving several repeated



nods and looks of approbation, and Hippolyte wearing a satisfied smirk of more than ordinary conceit.

If the Doctor had justly praised the luxuries of an American breakfast, well might some more gifted eulogist expatiate on those of an American dinner. It has been my lot, as my readers know, to have "sat at good men's feasts," in all parts of the globe; with Indian Rajahs, Turkish Mollahs, and Persian Mirzahs; as well as with English Bishops and Bankers, Peers and Players, among whom are to be found the most exquisite judges, as well as the ablest performers in this way. I have dined at the splendid table of Cardinal Fesch, and at the still more *recherchés* and *soignées* feasts of the Ex-chancellor Cambaceres; have taken pot-luck on *water-zouchu* and Dutch herrings with the rich burghers of Amsterdam, and macaroni and parmesan at Naples with Princes and Primates. I have sat in Germany at the meagre but elegant dinners of professor Kant, and at the sumptuous and *gourmand* board of my some time publisher Brockhaus at Leipsic; of merchant rulers at Frankfort, and professors and constitution-makers at Berlin. But enough of this. Let people talk as pedantically, or as patriotically as they please, about *la cuisine Française* or *la cucina Italiana*, or "the roast beef of old England," I hold that all good dinners are good; but after all, commend me to an American one. My learned friend, president Cooper, to whose authority I always bow in all matters of Law, Literature, Philology,

Chymistry, Political-economy and Cookery, has indeed said ex cathedra, that 'the waste of an American kitchen is horrible.' This is a solemn, but not an appalling truth. For we live in a country, where we may 'cut and come again;' where, notwithstanding profusion, there is always enough left, and to spare; where even careless cookery cannot spoil the good material; and where there are seven—yea, eight dishes, unrivalled in all the other countries of the earth—the ham of southern Virginia, the sheep's-head of the eastern Atlantic waters, the canvas-back duck of the Potomac, the hump of the buffalo, the mazzle of the moose, the tail of the beaver, the soft-shell of the Red River, and young rattle-snakes—cooked *à la matelôte*, as they dress them at the *Saut de Ste. Marie*.

At the present dinner, at which was assembled a numerous company, Dr. Fukins acquitted himself as usual both in the way of talking and eating. He devoured half a wild goose, whilst he informed the table, that after the rescue of the capitol, geese had at Rome for a long while been sacred from the spit, until in the downfall of the republic, the geese of Gaul attracted the notice of the Roman epicures, from which time several large flocks of French goslings were driven to Rome, with as much regularity as droves of Kentucky hogs are now through the avenues of Washington. He did equal justice to a magnificent boiled turkey, whilst he quoted Pliny, to prove that Sophocles had introduced

that sagacious bird in one of his lost tragedies, to deplore the fate of Meleager who had introduced his race into Greece. Where he got this learning, I know not—most probably at second-hand, as we all do now-a-days. Meanwhile Mr. de Grey sat, looking, as he thought, exceedingly genteel, and like a *poco-curante* of the first water; while he was committing various solecisms in manners and what the Doctor would have called pransorial tactics, which it is unnecessary to specify.

In the chasms of the business of the table, which occurred on this occasion, as they do every where, “when the rage of hunger is appeased,” and before the spirits are warmed to the true conversation pitch—(by the way, Dr. Firkins must be excepted, who “made no pause, nor left a void”)—the young Adonis ever and anon drew forth and gazed complacently upon a showily set miniature. Somehow it attracted the attention of the castle-building Moreton, and recalled him from the tunnel of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, where his mind had been wandering during the delivery of Dr. Firkins’s gastronomical didactics.

“What *chef-d’œuvre* of the arts of design is it, Mr. De Grey, that you view with such pleasure?”

“Arts of design—upon my word, sir, I never heard her charged with that, sir,—though to be sure, there was a little scandal about the Princess and a young traveller, who shall be nameless; the Princess Pauline, the great

beauty you know—*beauté sans fard*, as the French say Gentlemen," added he, passing the miniature round the table, "it is a miniature of the Princess Pauline Napoleon's sister, painted by the great Isabey in Paris, and represents her looking tenderly at another miniature of a certain friend of hers, who shall be nameless."

The miniature as it passed from hand to hand, received all the praise it deserved, and it would have done credit to Isabey or Malbone, or any other artist in that way, alive or dead. At last it reached Mr Latimer, who with a slight start of surprise at first seeing it, turned to De Grey with a look half inquiring and half facetious. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy." These accidental resemblances of people to each other and by'r Lady, of pictures too—are marvellous matters. Had not you told us that this was a French picture of a royal beauty, gazing sentimentally on her friend's miniature—*friend* was the word, I think was it not?—I should have sworn by all my gods, that this was a copy or duplicate of a miniature of my own niece, taken in New-York last spring for her husband when the captain was ordered to the Pacific.

De Grey stammered something about "royal and noble beauty—the Parisian painter—Mr Latimer being a wag—strange resemblances sometimes,"—when the other suddenly turning the conversation said—

"Well, Mr. De Grey, how did you get along with your two splendid heiresses?"

"Oh! well enough, I suppose. It's a great bore to be obliged to do the agreeable to such young things. By the way, what was you saying about heiresses? Is Miss Longchamps a great heiress?"

"Why"—said Latimer, hesitating—

"Longchamps—Longchamps"—said Mr. Moreton—  
from whose memory the finished young lady of the morning had totally departed, and who, as he partly heard Hippolyte's question, was led to think of a great commercial friend—"He was one of your *millionaire* men. He made his vast fortune by trade with the East Indies; and has, I understand, left each of his nine daughters a hundred thousand dollars, in money and stocks, besides a splendid house a-piece, with all domestic and fashionable appendages."

"All that is clearly not to be sneezed at, especially with so accomplished a young lady in the bargain," said Latimer.

Here Hippolyte threw a triumphant glance at Dr. Firkins, as he asked him to take wine with him.

"Dr Perkins seems to be an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. De Grey?" said Mr. Moreton.

"Oh yes. I imbibed the rudiments of my education from the Doctor. I studied *Cæsar* and *Viri Romæ*, and all the other classics, under him. He is universally allowed to be the greatest professor, and most learned

preacher in the whole county' [The Doctor did not hear this well intended tribute to the extent of his fame, or he might have been shocked at the narrow confines allotted to it] 'If he had completed me in the classics," continued De Grey 'I might have talked Latin and Greek as well as I do French'

It seemed now to occur to this youth, that it would be as well to abandon other objects, and follow up some business he had in hand. So far as his face could express it he looked as if he had something to do. Stating in an affected way, that he had an engagement and regretting that he could not accompany Mr Moreton in the evening, he departed, just as Dr Perkins had got fairly under way with one of his digressive dissertations, (the utterance of which was only interrupted by an occasional glass of wine,) on the comparative merits of Oecolompadius and Jeremy Bentham, "both of whom," he said, "however he might dissent from some of their opinions, he maintained to be *ad unguem* exemplars of definitive ratiocination—Arcades ambo—which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders,

"Arcadians both, and both alike inured,  
To sing and answer as the song required"

Here it occurred to Mr Moreton, who had long been gazing in a profound fit of abstraction on a pile of oranges, to ask the Doctor a question and starting from his reverie he said 'You seem to know Mr De Grey Dr Perkins. Pray who is the young gentleman?'

The ~~effect~~ of his discourse being stopped thus suddenly, the Doctor hesitated, looked blank, and taking a hasty swallow, assumed an all half sheepish and half important, as he replied, "I think I may be induced said to know him, and to have not only cognition but ~~science~~ of him. I know his accident, as well as his essence—he being in fact my son—that is, metaphysically. In short, my academic bowen was to him and his their *'unabula gēntis'*. You recollect that fine passage, Mr Latimer?"

"It is in *Tissnegistus*, is'nt it?" said Latimer.

"But, Doctor," continued Mr Moreton, "after the pains you must have lavished upon this young gentleman it really appears to me that his colloquial English is somewhat—a—too vernacular."

"I confess it, sir. It is all the fault of his mother, for whom the gynococracy might blush, if they could. '*Varium et mutabile semper*'—no, sir, she was *not* mutabile semper. She was an eternal scold and the indefatigable tormenter of my existence. Her rixatory and obnoxious powers were rivalled only by her brutal ignorance—"

"But Doctor, who may the young gentleman be?"  
 After such a description of his mother you do not precisely see us much in favour of the son."

"He is, sir, a young man of merit for whom if the humanities have done little nature and contingencies have done much, and on whose opening pathway fortune

has shed her golden radiance, ‘*Multos numerabit amicos*’ He may count upon soon possessing a regal revenue”

“And what kind of a man, Doctor, was his father?”

“His father, sir—his father was a man of original *nous*, cultivated by all the appliances and means which the science and learning of past centuries have accumulated, distinguished in various professions and callings, one, in short, marked out by Providence, to change the moral surface of society, trample under foot that Jacobinic spirit which amalgamates the highest intellect with the lowest; and by the mighty influence of the antagonistic principle—”

“But pray, Doctor,” said Latimer, “how much did this original *nou*, Jacobin-trampling, antagonistic gentleman, make out of it all, in the way of money?”

“Make out of it all, sir? Little or nothing—that is to say, sir, little for such a man—The late Mr De Grey, sir, left something—a good fortune for his only son. He is a young man of good property, sir—say two or three hundred thousand dollars.” [Here the Doctor shut his eyes, and quaffed a glass of champagne.] “Had the lad not left me in mere childhood, I should have formed him to moral *issues* worthy of his pecuniary expectations; and formed him in like fashion as I hope to mould the sons of Columbia, under the organic pressure of the great national institute.”

“And his amiable lady-mother, sir,” said Latimer,



"on whose vituperative and rixatory accomplishments you have delivered so enthusiastic and impassioned an eulogy—what became of her? Où est donc cette dame là?"

"I hope she is in heaven!" said Fukias, with a groan, swallowing down a glass of Madeira. "A violent and a vile woman was his mother, sir;" filling rapidly and gulping down a large glass of Sherry. Hereupon he drummed on the table with his fingers, and on the floor with his heels; shrugged his shoulders, worked his eye-brows, winked his eyes, bit his lips, and twisted and wriggled about in his chair, in a marvellous and mysterious manner. He was silent for a few moments; but did not long suffer himself to labour under such an unnatural restraint. He got upon his favourite hobby Oecolompadius, whom he now compared to Lord Coke; talked of Junius and Psalmanazar, and the Butter-churn case; of the controversies between the orthodox and liberals, high church and low church, tariff and anti-tariff, the constitutionality of internal improvements, the comparative merits of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, his friend Bob Southey, as he called the Laureate, and Dr. Dwight; of the reformation, craniology, and the fine arts.

When it is considered that, meantime, in the usual style of a Washington convivial dinner party, a variety of wines was constantly passing round the table, and the Doctor regularly helped himself at each evolu-

tion to two glasses of different kinds, with no more reference to their affinities, than to the coherence of the subjects of his discourse, it is not to be wondered at that the latter soon became strangely jumbled in his brain, and oddly combined in his talk; that he got Oerolompadius into the churn, made Junius a writer in the Quarterly, and Palmanazar and Southey controversial cotemporaries; and finally degenerated into a hodge-podge of unassociated and unassociable things, absurd as the nonsense chorus to a song in O'Keefe's farces.

At length Mr. Latimer, whether out of benevolence or weariness, or a mixture of both, got rid of what he called, in a hog-latin parlance of which he was fond, a *regularis aper*, by fairly bolting the Doctor out of the room. The latter, who was in the maudlin crisis of his excitement, was very loving upon his host, hugging him, and calling him by all the affectionate diminutives which his classical vocabulary, or his own invention could supply; until Latimer succeeded in thrusting him into a hackney coach, sending his favorite servant to accompany him to his lodgings.

The next morning, as Mr. Moreton was sitting at his abstemious breakfast of dry toast and coffee, with the other viands and provant before enumerated smoking and steaming unregarded before him, and was reading his favourite National Intelligencer, a note was handed to him by a servant, on looking at which he muttered

"Montagu? Montagu? Oh! ah! yes—I recollect. It is all in the way."

In consequence of the reception of this billet, he called before going to the House on the lady already introduced to my readers, whom he found with her two attendant nymphs, who made their motions as cleverly as on the preceding day, and on being telegraphed by the matron to withdraw, effected their disappearance in seventeen manœuvres, without any serious accident.

"Pray be seated, my dear Mr. Morcton," said Mrs. Montagu. "I have an important inquiry to make, which I felt it my duty to address to you; and I therefore took the liberty, which I hope you will excuse, of requesting this interview. Knowing as I do, that your time is precious to yourself, and to the nation, I feel that some apology is necessary."

"None at all, madam, I assure you. I am honoured by being allowed to receive your communications; and am at your present disposal."

"I am anxious then, to state to you, sir, that the young gentleman whom you introduced to me yesterday, and whose appearance is undoubtedly prepossessing, has evinced a disposition to cultivate an acquaintance with my young ladies. Knowing as you must do, how delicate my responsibility is, you will pardon me for asking how far, with perfect security to their peace of mind and my own obligations, I may encourage his polite attentions to them, beyond the ordinary pale of general courtesy."

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "your own penetration will doubtless enable you to judge with more accuracy than my imperfect knowledge of his talents and character enables me to do, of the disposition, manners and morals of this young gentleman. It has been well remarked by nice observers of human nature, that ladies, from an instinctive gift or quicker faculty of appreciation, form a juster estimate of men from their first impressions, than the lords of creation are themselves enabled to make, notwithstanding their greater general experience. Mr. De Grey brought a letter of recommendation to me, from a source which I am bound to respect; yet I confess I should not have founded any deliberate opinion upon that alone; as the venerable and beloved relative from whom it came, has frequently been deceived in her judgment of character. Her account is, however, corroborated, by the spontaneous testimony of my learned and reverend friend president Perkins; who informs me that the young gentleman was his pupil in childhood, and that he has inherited a very handsome property—some two or three hundred thousand dollars, I think he said—from his father. But, Mrs. Wortley, in matters of this most important nature, money, though a necessary, is by no means the principal requisite. Neither should any thing be taken on indirect report or hearsay. I confess that there is something in Mr. De Grey's address, something in his manners, habits and colloquial style,

“ which has not altogether prepossessed me in his favour ”

Mrs Montagu had listened apparently with a little impatience to the latter part of this speech “ Very true, indeed, sir, as you observe,” said she “ But are you certain it is said, that old Mr. De Grey has left his son so much money ? ”

“ Two or three hundred thousand dollars, I am almost sure the Doctor said, Madam ”

“ And do you think the Doctor’s information may be relied on ”

“ Probably, madam, not with perfect precision The inference is, however, natural and rational that an old preceptor would not be very far wrong He is, however, my only authority I must leave the investigation and consideration of the matter, to your enlightened mind and mature discretion. I must attend my Committee at eleven o’clock, and unless you have other immediate commands, must beg your permission to leave you ”

Mr Moreton accordingly departed. Nothing further transpired on this day, which happened to be Friday, necessary to record as bearing on the issue of my narrative. The Saturday which followed, was like all other Saturdays in Washington, during the winter Session. Neither House sat The industrious members went to the public offices to transact the business of their constituents; the electioneering members were engaged in franking letters and printed matters, and in writing to

their friends; the fashionable members paid visits and left cards, and the members who were given to frolicking slept off the effects of the preceding night's revel. The young ladies, as it was a rainy day, were making all their preparations for the evening's ball, which was to be given by the lady of a Secretary; and the old ladies held consultation about who was who, among all the bachelor and widower faces in Washington. Among other topics of conversation, much was said of a new clergyman of great learning and eloquence according to rumour, who, it was advertised, would preach on the next morning in the Representatives' chamber, in the place of one of the chaplains.

Hippolyte de Grey, who had removed the evening before to the house where Mrs. Montagu lodged, was sufficiently engaged in making the amiable to Miss Longchild, the accommodating matron having somehow or other contrived to leave him to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her shortest pupil. In the afternoon, Miss Fin complained of a headache, and a touch of dyspepsia, attended with pulmonary symptoms. By way of a salutary repose, Mrs. Montagu took her out in a hackney coach, through a fine, cooling and delightful fall of rain, sleet and all the varieties of moisture which hiemal Jove administers to the earth in that quarter. Miss Longchild had sprained her ankle, and Hippolyte had an inopportune engagement; so the two ladies went forth together, and unattended, like Ariosto's Bradimante and Marfisa; but

before long, Mrs. Montagu met with a knight, whose services she was determined to secure. This was no other than Mr. Moreton, on whose persecutions for courtesy's dear sake, none but the rustical and unfeeling will refuse to bestow the tribute of a sigh. He was trudging, like the Duke of Wellington, with his umbrella, on the pavé round the Treasury. Mrs. Montagu immediately ordered the carriage to stop, and calling to the Representative, invited him to take a seat with her. Once having him in her possession, he was helpless and hopeless; and I regret to record, and shudder at the recollection of having once done so myself, that he was compelled to shew to these ladies the lions of Georgetown; to wit, the Nunnery and the College; to stand in the sleet, pointing out where the prospects ought to be; and to get out at almost every corner, inquiring where Timothy Wilkins lived, whose cousin's daughter had been finished by Mrs. Montagu. I drop the curtain over this afflicting adventure. The only pleasing circumstance connected with it was, that Miss Fin came home declaring that all her aches and symptoms had disappeared, in consequence of having taken the Georgetown specific—a glass of rye-jack and bitters, recommended and administered by Mr. Wilkins.

Sunday dawned in unwonted brightness, auspicious to the hopes of Dr. Perkins, who was that day, “to thunder in the Capitol,” with, as he fondly expected, “all the American Senate at his heels.” He had read with

great admiration the long speeches, unmeasurable even as reported, which were delivered in the House, and though he had never ventured to try more than half of his sermon 'on the balance of power,' at one time—on even the most patient congregation, he now expanded it, and added several new heads and illustrations, had recourse to all the universal histories and biographical dictionaries in the Congress Library, and copied out and inserted at full length, all the lives, characters and adventures of the several remarkable personages whom he had had occasion to mention by name in his original draft, being determined to give his audience such a 'screed of doctrine,' for length, at any rate, as never before was heard in the same place.

Miss Longchild's ankle continued to be sprained, and Hippolyte came late from his room complaining of an intolerable headache, attended with a good deal of fever. Mrs. Montagu was much afflicted with his indisposition, she pressed, however, into her service, Mr. Wilson, a young gentleman who lodged at the house, and, who, wonderful to relate, was in Washington, neither seeking an office nor holding one; with no professional business to transact, no contract to solicit, and no bargain, job, scheme or project of any sort or kind on hand, which he was anxious to effect. This amiable and truly interesting young man, had half expressed an intention to go and hear the celebrated preacher, and good luck dropped from the skies upon him unexpect-



tedly, giving him an opportunity of escorting thither the two ladies by particular request. They did not, however, enter into the hall of the House of Representatives until the preliminary service had been disposed of, Firkins having hurried that over to reserve his powers for the sermon. The floor was crowded with a brilliant congregation, in which talent, fashion and beauty, had a fair representation of their aristocracy; so that our ladies were obliged to find seats in the circle most remote from the Speaker's pagoda, which, like the poet's night-cap, "a cap by night, a stocking all the day," after serving for six days as the throne of human legislation, becomes the chair of pulpit eloquence on the seventh. The officiating clergyman was sitting at the time of their entry—the top of his head, as he was arranging his manuscripts, and his pocket handkerchief on the desk, being the only items of the man or his appendages that were visible.

When he started up, it was so suddenly done, that many of the congregation were startled in sympathy, and Mrs Montagu in particular. Mr. Wilson noticed that her twitchings continued after the electric shock had passed off from the rest of the audience, and that an animation sympathetic with that of the orator, sent a flush to her bold Semiramis-like cheeks, and a lightning flash to her piercing eyes, which shot over the heads of the multitude, and ever pointed its corruscations towards Dr. Firkins. The learned Principal wiped his brow

and his hands, and each particular finger, very carefully. Then perking up, he gave a piercing look round upon the assembly; and having coughed to try his throat and lungs, requested that the doors might be shut. This being complied with, while he was arranging his enormous scroll of didactic eloquence, (at the sight of which some prudent elderly gentlemen seated near the door, embraced the opportunity of withdrawing,) the Doctor coughed again. The noise from his diaphragm seemed to sound better in his ears this time, and he took a glass of water with great deliberation and emphasis.

He announced that his text was to be found in Leviticus, xix. 36.—“Just balances, just weights, a just Ephah, and a just Hin shall ye have.” My report of some of the heads of his discourse must necessarily be extremely brief; still my readers may complain even of this small matter. If they are so disposed, let them think of what the Washington congregation underwent, such of them at least as sat out the performance, and they will blush for their own selfishness and effeminacy. The Doctor began, of course, with the history of weights and measures—their quantity, quality, and nomenclature among the Orientals, Greeks, and Romans; detailed the changes which had taken place in them in different periods and countries; and the effects which those changes had produced on the commercial, moral, and physical condition of men. In adverting to the French decimal system, he was led into an eloquent digression

about Jacobinism ; which he said had trampled under foot all law and order, and overthrown the system of weights and measures, by glueing up the old standards in an insoluble viscosity of blood and blasphemy. He commented likewise on long and learned reports made to Congress on the subject ; and as to long measure, concluded that it was impossible, owing to the inequalities of the earth's surface, to ascertain the length of a degree on the equator ; but suggested as his own opinion, that it could only be measured, with mathematical precision, on the moon, by means of a good telescope

From physical weights, balances, powers, and conventional definitions of extension, he should proceed, he said, to the far more important ones of a moral nature. And, beginning with the individual Man, he should touch first on the metaphysical balance of power. Imagination and the discursive faculty, monomania and animal magnetism were powers operating in various directions. Their force was counteracted in several modes, by judgment, reason, and the direct evidence of the senses. Memory was the Balance wheel ; on the proper adjustment of which depended the preservation of a due equilibrium in the intellectual microcosm. By reading good old classical authors, the Fathers, and the commentators on the civil law, and by keeping large common place books after the manner of Locke, of which a dozen pages at least should be filled daily, the balance wheel, he pronounced, would be kept sufficiently

well loaded, and the machinery would work with an equable motion.

Secondly, he proceeded to treat of the Domestic balance of power, in which the husband, the head of the family, was the true Balance wheel. He was both erudite and poetical in his account of the patriarchal form of government. This would have been the most curious and fructifying part of his discourse, had not the mischief arising from bad marriages, and the curses attendant upon having bad wives, untimely inflamed his vein of indignation; and, like a whirlwind of dust and a band of hostile Ishmaelites, destroyed the tranquil and refreshing picture of an encampment of the Bedouin Arabs, which he had emptied into his common-place book from some modern traveller, and thence into his sermon. He had obviously lost his temper in the composition of this part of the discourse, nor did he find it again in the delivery. He went the whole length, in speaking of the fair sex, of the surly and coarse proto-satyrist Simonides of Cos, from whom he quoted freely. The swine, fox, slut, earth, ocean, ass, cat, mare, and ape species of women, he dwelt upon *con amore*. Of that class whose emblem is the bee, he spake sparingly. He asked, what in the range of animated nature was more insufferable, than a scold, a slut, a hoyden, a harlot, a female fool, fury, or fiend? He ran through Johnson's definitions of scold and shrew, emphasising with great apparent feeling their beautiful variations—a shrill,

peevish, malignant, spiteful, vexatious, turbulent, brawling vixen, or termagant female person. He cited Ecclesiastians to the effect that 'he who hath her.' (an uncomfortable wife, to wit,) 'is as if he held a scorpion. She is a yoke shaken to and fro;' but, said the Doctor, not to be shaken off; because, though you may get a divorce in Vermont, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, yet in consequence of recent ill-advised decisions elsewhere, it amounts to nothing in most of the other states.

Old Burton stood him in great stead, and the plagiarisms of Sterne and others were modest in comparison to his; but I have too much respect for Burton as well as for the refined half of human-kind, to assist in spoliations from him, or in repeating the gross terms which the misogynists of antiquity, who were cross only because they did not know how to please the ladies, thought fit to employ; all of which terms, however, the Doctor doled out without stint; smacking his lips whenever he took breath, as if, like a Persian laureate, his mouth had been stuffed with sugar-candy.

He then proceeded to give a history of all the bad matches of antiquity. On the authority of Eichhorn and Adam Clarke, he proved Job's wife to be the earliest though by no means the worst on record; and from her he went down through all the cases of petit treason and matrimonial impropriety on the part of the weaker vessel, till he came to the spouse of Herod. In the list he included many worthy ancient ladies, of whom all that

is to be found is some occasional remark of theirs which may be considered as snappish, and not quite as amiable as modern wives use; but they had the full benefit of the Doctor's vocabulary, and he took it for granted that they were all as bad as they could be. He then explored the pages of profane history; beginning with Semiramis and the wife of Candaules, whose name, as he said, Herodotus had forborne to mention out of delicacy; but who, according to Bochart and other good authorities, was called Nyssæa. He mentioned many other oriental belles, and Helen and Clytemnestra, and a long catalogue of Grecian queens and heroines, and came to the conclusion as to the latter, after having devoted profound attention to the subject, that Penelope was the only woman of rank among them, who maintained a show of common delicacy. This one good example he held up as a consolation to all who despaired of the gynecocracy. At the same time, he felt it his duty to observe, from accurate investigation, that the evidence of her conduct during the ten years war which bore hard upon her, had been smothered, out of respect to her distinguished husband. There certainly was some ingenuity in the argument, which he founded on the tediousness of the nine last books of the Odyssey, and the protracted unwillingness of this far-famed matron to recognize her husband; whom, he said, she *must* have either known, or not chosen to know; and, he believed, that if poor Argus, whom he proved from the

Greek Anthology to be a terrier, had had the gift of speech, and had not died in the sudden paroxysm of his joy, he would have told his old master some very strange stories.

During this part of the discourse, Mrs Montagu was so peculiarly restless, that Mr. Wilson asked her, with an air of disinterested politeness, if she did not wish to retire. She gave him to understand that she did *not*, so summarily, that he did not renew the application ; but as old Judge Symptons had contrived to get a seat by Miss Fin in the mean time, the poor young man took the liberty of stealing a furlough on his own account for a few minutes.

As for the Roman matrons, from Tullia to Messalina, the Doctor found none worthy of his admiration. If the story of Lucretia was not a fable, she was a fool ; and all the world who knew any thing, believed that Cornelia was accessory to the murder of her son-in-law.

So gliding into the middle ages, he expatiated freely through the scandalous chronicles of the lives of the Empress Theodosia of Constantinople, Rosamunda of Lombardy, Lady Macbeth of Scotland, and Elfrida of England. Even poor Elgiva, he said, was a forward wanton, who fared no worse than she deserved, according to the manners of her age. He went through the royal lines of all Europe, in quest of illustrations ; among whose distinguished females, Catharine de Medicis, Isabella the wife of Philip of Spain, Mary Queen of

Scots, and Catharine of Russia, came in for their several shares of overwhelming vituperation. The Dutchess of Marlborough or old Sally, as he familiarly called her, was shown up in fine style. In the course of these references, he burst out into an eulogium on the eighth Henry of England, who was, he maintained, the rival of Cranmer in Protestant zeal, of Erasmus in learning, and of the Duke of Wellington in energy; and who had revenged on a series of bad wives the universal wrongs of injured husbands since the institution of the marriage contract. The evidence was in favour of one of these ladies and he believed that Jane Seymour might have been a good sort of a woman. But with all due respect to the female sex, this proportion of one good wife out of five he said might be taken as a liberal allowance.

He then took a bird's eye view of the Newgate calendar; observing that there was a manifest family likeness in the countenances therein depicted of all the bad wives who had been hanged or burned for every variety of crime, from simple larceny to such atrocities as were committed by Martha Brownrigg,

"Who whipped two humane practices to death,  
And hid them in the coal hole!"

He should forbear from touching on men's private experiences, or probing their secret wounds, from respect to the feelings of the audience. Remedies, other than unmanly patience and endurance, there were none—



saving the application of discipline, or the gentler expedient of divorce. The latter course was rarely vindicated in the pulpit; but for his own part, he was free to say, that he held the opinions of those two illustrious polygamists, the first royal head of the English church, and the immortal Milton.

He observed, moreover, that according to old Purchas, in his *Pilgrims*, the Chinese attempted to turn scolds and other pestilent ill-conditioned females to good account, by supporting their Deaf and Dumb Asylums at Pekin by fines levied upon them. But as these fines must commonly be paid by the husband or other sufferer from the nuisance, the Doctor doubted the equity of the law. He much more approved of an old English common law practice, mentioned by Dr. Plot in his *History of Staffordshire*, as prevailing, at Newcastle, where scolds were cured by an easy collar round the neck, connected with a thin smooth plate of iron inserted into the mouth to keep the tongue down—an invention which he pronounced to be “at once preventive and sanative, and worthy of the wisdom of our ancestors.”

He next proceeded to the constitutional balance of power in a State; as to which I only remember that he said De Lolme's triangle was good enough to jingle upon; but that the adjustment must be between the rulers and the be-ruled, which could only be effected by didactic and ministerial functionaries, or, in other words, by the clergy and the constables.

Little, also, can I report of his last grand head, the Natural balance of Power. I should do him injustice in attempting it. The subject, he said, was not understood in this new country, because it was new, and its position was original. He would say, that perhaps the proud-eyed, comatose, and inflated dictation of many, who called themselves statesmen, was such as justified him in throwing his own light on the subject, both in its true abstract theory, and as that bore on the existing state of the world. He had done so in two forthcoming octavos; and on the present occasion should advert but to a few familiar topics. Such a thing as an actual balance among nations, he said, first existed when Assyria was governed by Ninus, and altogether ceased when Hayti was lost to France. The question as to the probability or possibility of a new irruption of barbarians from the North, which was still the subject of grave scholastic discussion in Europe, proved, he said, the deteriorating and dementalsing effects which Jacobinism, gunpowder, and the Encyclopædia had had upon the masses of intellect in that section of the globe. It was absurd to propound such a subject of inquiry. There could be no doubt that in the course of a few centuries, more or less, Europe would be invaded from Africa, whose human material was silently but certainly concentrating and increasing, and would continue to do so, until its movement and destination would become as irresistible as the river, when its waters rise high above the level of the

precipices, and it rushes in its bulk over the barrier, gathering fury by its freedom, and scattering destruction in its descent. But the next northern invasion would visit America. China could not contain its millions forever; and untold hundreds of thousands of roving and ravenous men, hurrying with them in their progress the sturdy and hungry barbarians of the Arctic regions, would in some long polar night march to Behring's Straits. A more genial climate would still invite them onwards; and they would be on the high road to New-York, perhaps, while half our posterity disbelieved their existence. But these things were most likely to occur soon; though they must take place before all nations could have a military representation at the battle of Armageddon, which he believed would be fought near Botany Bay, on what would then be the neutral ground of the world.

At present he warned the nations of the earth, assembled as he might call them, in that illustrious audience, (bowing to a quarter where he saw some foreign gentlemen and diplomatists,) to consider the imposing attitude of Denmark, striding as she did like a Colossus across the Baltic, and having a foothold in the occidental Indies, from which her young ambition might aspire to climb the Andes. Once she had swayed the sceptre of three powerful northern realms, and dictated to the princes of southern Europe;

And what the fathers did of old  
The sons might do again,

on the larger theatre of two hemispheres. He warned them too against the political ambition of the Pope, who, fired by the prospect of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, had already appointed a vice-consul in the United States. He quoted the great Oecolampadius, to prove that great states had always been subdued by small ones; and cited all history to confirm the dogma.

When it was known by an inspection of their watches, which was frequently made during the first half of the sermon, that the northern mail had arrived, the members of Congress present became restless; and certain whispering conversations arose, the murmur of which appeared to fall on the Doctor's ear; as he frowned portentously, and was silent, till silence was restored. When it waxed later, and the resident auditors who went to their own churches in the afternoon, began to fear that they would lose their own early and frugal Sunday dinner, other symptoms of disquietude were manifested, which were encouraged and backed by such of the former malcontents, as had had the grace or the politeness to remain. When the dinner bells were heard from the neighbouring hotels, neither the frowns nor pauses of the orator, had power to quell what he would have styled the Polyphonic noise; and when Mr. Latimer got up a cry of fire, the bulk of the audience poured out with no further ceremony, in a continued stream, the residuum amounting to some twenty or thirty heads; for whose edification Perkins was obliged to lud-

die up his practical, moral and religious applications, and to ~~draw~~ draw a conclusion of his discourse on another occasion

When the exercises of the morning were at length concluded, Mrs Montagu put down her veil took hold strenuously of poor Wilson's arm, and remained standing; waiting, as she said, until the crowd should have withdrawn. As this crowd of some score of persons advanced towards the door, she followed with her eyes, in an attitude of intense observation, the retiring clergyman, who moved rapidly, discoursing all the while as volubly, to half a dozen persons who surrounded him and quickly disappeared.

Mrs Montagu started, after a moment's pause, and dragged her chaperon out, while old Judge Simpsons hobbled after, supporting the aerial Patagonian whose prospects of real estate had been vouched for by our friend Latimer. If Mrs Montagu's object was to overtake the Doctor, it was, however, defeated. He departed as rapidly as did the sheriff of Nottingham from the presence of Robin Hood.

As they were returning home, Mrs Montagu observed to her escort, "I think, nay I am sure, that I have seen the gentleman who preached for us before. Do you know where he lodges?"

Wilson was unable to give the desired information. Mrs Montagu requested him to ascertain the Doctor's address as soon as possible. She said she had a par-

ticular motive for making the inquiry, as she had a little private business of great importance to herself to transact with him. At the same time she prayed Mr. Wilson to obtain this intelligence without mentioning that she had sought for it.

When they arrived at their quarters, the dinner was nearly over, and they sat down to a supplement. Mrs. Montagu was informed with a meaning look, by the lady of the house, that Miss Longchild and Mr. De Grey had gone out in a carriage, several hours before, and had not returned. She replied, very shortly, that she supposed the fine weather had tempted them out, and that very probably the hospitalities of Georgetown had induced them to protract their absence; and apparently paid little attention to the subject; her mind still being occupied with the author of the morning's prelection. When Wilson informed her after dinner that he had been unable to learn from any one in the house where Firkins resided, she besought him earnestly to prosecute his inquiries until he was successful. She said that she should get no rest all night, unless she received this information. The polite young gentleman promised to ascertain the Doctor's abode, if he had any local habitation, and went forth upon his mission.

The day, which had been so fair and fine in the morning, became overcast towards evening. Wind, mist, rain and sleet, asserted their claims and contended for the mastery; so that those who were assembled in

the cheerful sitting room in the evening, had reason to be glad that they were so comfortably protected from the elements. Mrs. Montagu, however, seemed restless and uneasy, which was naturally ascribed to her receiving no intelligence of her shorter protégée. To some well meant attempt at consolation on this subject by the landlady, she replied, "Oh! I feel no concern whatever about the dear girl. I have the most perfect confidence as she well knows, in her discretion and lady like sense of propriety. I have no doubt she is at Mr. Wilkins's, and it would be extremely unjudicious for either her or Mr. De Grey, whose health is quite delicate to think of returning in this storm. Still I know that my affectionate Adalgitha will be anxious on my account. There is a deep tinge of romantic feeling in her nature, which leads her to exaggerate ordinary mischances and create real out of sentimental evil."

"Romance and sentimentality and fiction, and all such things," said old Judge Symmons, who was sitting by Miss Fin, "in my opinion are all affectation, and so are hysterics and dyspepsy."

"To vex the mind with imaginary misfortunes," retorted Miss Fin, "without the counterpoise of a moral lesson is to increase the sum of personal grievances, and incapacitate us for enduring unavoidable evils."

"Now that's what I call good sense," said the Judge. "Novels and fits, and writing love-letters, and fainting

away, are all nonsense and affectation. It all comes of reading trumpery books."

With such pleasant and profound conversation they beguiled the time, until Mr Wilson returned, dripping wet, and bespattered with mud. From him Mrs Montagu learned in a conversation apart that Dr Furkins was lodging at the house of a Mrs Catafelto, who lived somewhere between the Seven Buildings and Rock Creek. She thanked her Mercury so graciously for the trouble he had taken on her account, and regretted so warmly the damage accruing to his clothes, and which might accrue to his health, that he must have been consoled abundantly for the plight he was in. The lady then retired to her bower of rest at an early hour, telling Miss M that she need be in no hurry on her account.

The next morning the reverend, eloquent, and learned subject of Mrs Montagu's inquiries, again obtruded himself at the breakfast table of Mr Moreton's mess, with an air of a singularly complicated character. His gait and his countenance were pregnant with diverse meanings, in which a sort of important perplexity was most obvious. He stated, with more embarrassment than was natural to him, that he wished to make a private communication, which would be very brief, to Messieurs Moreton and Latimer, as soon as possible, and had come early for that purpose. Having seated himself at table, he resumed his ease, and inquired how the "Senatus populusque" had liked his sermon the



day before. Latimer said it was the most prodigious performance of the kind he had ever heard, and that the ladies, in particular, talked of nothing else. He regretted extremely, that from the false alarm of fire, he had lost the conclusion, which the door-keeper had assured him was the most interesting part of the discourse. Mr. Moreton, who had not been present, hearing that the subject had been the balance of power, observed that it was a theme prolific in good topics; affording equal scope for the display of philosophic investigation, sound erudition, and ingenious theory.

- It was with great good humour, in consequence of these compliments, that the Doctor received Latimer's peremptory intimation that what he had to say must be said quickly, as he had not ten minutes to spare. Mr. Moreton likewise observed, that "though clergymen in discharging their professional functions, had an unquestioned right to dispose as they saw fit of the conventional period of time assigned to that exercise, yet, on other occasions, public and private duties must, from the constitution of society, maintain a paramount claim."

Descending with these gentlemen to a parlour, the Doctor seated himself, crossed his ancles, coaxed his knees with the palms of his hands, rolled his head about, and again looked importantly perplexed; but was tardy in beginning to articulate.

• Come, Mr. President, *festina lente* won't do now. Fire away, Domine," said Latimer; "and you must

labour to be brief, or I shall not be able to attend at the partition *Shortibus estote*, as Julius Pollux<sup>h</sup> has it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Firkins, "the impediment to my suffering my fledged and winged words to take flight, is the necessity of a previous explanation."

"Oh there's none at all, Doctor," said Latimer. "When the pie was opened—the birds began to sing—"

"I must, however, without a formal vindication, explain, that in relation to the subject matter, or one of the subject matters to which my forthcoming communication relates, and as to which I must solicit your advice, gentlemen, I may heretofore have been misunderstood by you; not without such an inferential assent on my own part to such misapprehension on yours, as unskilful assistants might misinterpret into the similitude of implied or half voluntary deception."

"Oh, if there's a humbug, let it out, Doctor. Time flies."

"Patience, for one moment, my dear sir," said Firkins, who seemed honestly in a painful situation. "My character requires a brief exposition of this one point, to gentlemen of your high standing. Whether not to contradict what is false, by yielding an apparent approbation to the sophisticated statement, or to state what is true, being understood differently and knowing one's self to be so, is justifiable in practical ethics, is a question which all the schools of philosophy have agitated, and on which even divines disagree. Far be it from me and my

friends to follow the profligate and corrupt tactics of the disciples of Loyola."

"Pshaw, Doctor, never mind the Jesuits. Whether a falsehood is a lie or not, depends upon ~~a~~ concatenation accordingly,' as the learned Tony Lumpkin says; and besides, I recollect that Oecolompadius says lying is lawful, in cases of high treason, and where the honour of families is at stake."

"Does he, indeed? The passage has escaped my memory; and the other great ethical authority you quote, is quite new to me. *Lying*, sir, is of course out of the question, or I should not have courted such society. But as to whether countenancing a disguise was strictly proper in one of my cloth, I shall prætend it now, as a subject for our antagonistic solution in future conversations. You must know then, gentlemen, that the young man who has appeared here as Mr. De Grey, and whom I fortuitously recognized—"

Here the door opened, and a veiled lady entered, whom a servant ushered in, announcing to Mr. Moreton that it was Mrs. Montagu, who had called upon him. Mr. Moreton was advancing towards her in his usual dignified and polite manner; but the lady, having courtesied, came rapidly forward, raised her veil, and exhibited a countenance glowing with indignation, as she fixed Firkins with her eyes. She sank, much agitated with spasms, on a chair opposite to the Doctor, continuing to ray out the wrath of her expression directly upon

him; while she panted, heaved, and shook, as one does who is in good case of body and in a towering passion of mind without being able to come to what the Fancy call the *Scratch*.

The Doctor first turned pale, for several moments, a flush then passed over his face, and went and came, and went again, while he was fidgetting about; but after some time, consideration or resolution seemed to visit him; and after grinding his teeth and looking red as a turkey-cock, he said, "It is my heart's desire to finish my communication to you, Mr Moreton. I will retire till this lady has transacted her business and pray you to remain five minutes afterwards. My character requires it."

"I bid you sir remain now," said the lady. "It is my heart's desire to confront you here. My character requires it. Your character! where did you get it from?"

"But, madam," said Mr Moreton, "control your feelings. Dr Perkins—"

"Perkins is *not* his name, nor Firkins either," said the lady. "It is Biggelsbury. Twenty-seven years ago he married me, and twenty years ago he deserted me, taking away my only child, and leaving me totally destitute; labouring, too, under whatever base surmises his conduct might give rise to. I grieved not for his loss, but I *will* know what has become of my child, and will make him vindicate my character, and confess himself a

rascal I found out his lodgings; traced him here; and now, [here she sobbed,] gentlemen, you will see that I have justice done to me."

Latimer and Moreton looked to Firkins for a response. Strange as it may seem, after such an unexpected assault on his complacency, he soon got over the shock; and, having rubbed his eyes, wiped his forehead, and twisted his figure about, he folded his arms, and said with an air of composure, and even of lurking triumph—"True it is, that I married this lady, twenty-seven years ago, or more. I thought she was defunct, but am glad she yet lives, to repent, as I hope she does, of the horrible life she led me during our intercourse. I was compelled to leave her by the acidity of her temperament and the outrageousness of her passions. Of her character for the last twenty years, I know nothing, and can give no certificate; and as she expresses no desire to resume her conjugal relations, I care not to inquire about the matter. But as to her son, I can give her an account of him, which will be satisfactory even to herself, if she be the woman called Mrs. Montagu—"

"What else *should* I call myself, you pedantic and insignificant wretch," exclaimed the lady, "than by my maiden name; never disgraced but by taking yours? Do you think I would live alone, with such a name as Biggelsbury?"

"Firkins is certainly an improvement; it is more euphonic and sonorous, and suggests divers pleasing

bucolical and pastoral associations," said Latimer, who seemed to have got over his hurry.

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to remark—and I address the observation to you Doctor, likewise, that the exposition of family dissensions, beyond that pale of consanguinity which encloses near and confidential kindred, is ever as unprofitable in fact, as it is painful in contemplation—

"Well sir, my son then, where is he?" said the lady, forgetting her manners, and with eyes still flashing at Firkins, like the threatnings of an unexploded thunder cloud.

"He is rich and happy," said the Doctor;—when the knob of the door was handled, and a voice was heard asking, "Where is Doctor Firkins?"

The Doctor started up, exclaiming,

*'Ecce quem queris, ille quem requiris,  
Toto notus in orbe—'*

"Biggelsbury, alias Firkins,"—added Latimer, as Hippolyte entered, with Adelgitha hanging upon him, with a long green veil covering her dumpy proportions

They both seemed startled at first on seeing Mrs Montagu, who had also risen, and, on their appearance, drew herself up with an air of dignity. After a little fluttering, however, they advanced and kneeled (perhaps I should say the female suppliant squatted) gracefully before her.

"Forgive us, madam," said Hippolyte. "We have been a getting married, but it was all owing to my impatience. This elegant and yielding creature is too sensitive to endure scolding; but lay it all on to me."

"Rise, sir," said Mrs. Montagu. "Rise, Adelgitha." It is needless for me to say, that I had not expected such a want of confidence, such an apparent slight—on so momentous an occasion. She shed tears—at least she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Montagu! my more than parent!"—sobbed and sputtered Adelgitha; as she clung to the stately figure of her instructress. "There were reasons—yet I could rather have died than have thus offended you! All will be explained—forgive me!" And she seemed to weep likewise, or had, at any rate, violent singults and flesh-quakes, which looked alarming.

Hippolyte stood in an elegant attitude, as he thought; and Latimer handed him a pitcher of water, saying "your bride is in hysterics,"—but Mrs. Montagu raised and embraced the penitent bride. "You are forgiven, my still dear Adelgitha," said she. "Explanations must be postponed. Collect yourself and allow me to introduce, to *you*, Mr. Moreton, and to *you*, Mr. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. De Grey—"

"Well!" said Firkins—"do you know all about it? or why don't you introduce them to *me*?"

A withering look of scorn and contempt flashed from the eyes of the 'lofty lady,' as she glanced at the querist, who was sninking, and rubbing his hands—and drew herself up to the full altitude of her somewhat commanding figure. • Reply she gave him none

"Ah!" said Finkins—"I see you don't know any thing about it. Ignorance and Sublimity were twins, according to an ancient apologue. Who do you think married them? Who do you think Mr. De Grey is?"

The lady regarded him sternly, and with a look somewhat more contemptuous than angry; and turning to the two representatives, said—"Gentlemen, I have solicited your countenance, and know that I shall not ask it in vain. The *éclaircissement* which has just happened, should have transpired elsewhere. I know not how or why it should have taken place here—its extraordinary nature must excuse the indecorum, which I presume arose from the anxiety of my dear Adelgitha. I pray you to let it pass; and suffer me again to request that this—clergyman—whom I find in your society, will explain why he abandoned me, and where my son, if he still lives, has been bestowed?"

"So you think," said the Doctor, laughing, "that these young people came here to find *you*? O mala fides hominum!—But the rights of nature are sacred, notwithstanding the ludicrousness of circumstances. Jocose associations, in the order of events, frequently induce solemn developments."



‘ But now the awful hour draws on,  
When truth must speak, in loftier tone’

“ Kneel, Jonas Biggelsbury, to your mother [Hippolyte knelt accordingly, while Adelgitha, starting backwards, sat down upon the floor ] “ I am a clergyman, madam ; you need not have sneered and stuttered about it Here is your son, round whose name I have suffered a cloud to dwell until this moment ; and he is bestowed, I trust, according to your liking. I saw fit to apply to the Massachusetts legislature to change my name, when I changed my profession : and their sovereign act has made that mine, by which I am known Let this young couple, endowed with youth and riches, receive our mutual blessings ; and then let *us* follow our several businesses, without interference, obstreperousness, or intercalumination. These children had not only my consent and paternal benediction, but were solemnly united by me, in my clerical capacity, in that bond which only death, divorce, or the intolerable misconduct of the woman can morally dissolve ”

The Doctor delivered this declaration in a declamatory style, and in a manner which he thought was dignified ; in which supposition he was so wrapt, that he did not observe the effect it produced on the three members of his new acknowledged family. When Hippolyte, alias Jonas, knelted to his mama, as *per* instruction, she stood, after a wild stare, like a monumental and not a live woman ; while Adelgitha fidgetted and turned all sorts

of colours, rolling her eyes round and round about, as if she saw seven suns in the firmament Hippolyte, the exquisite Hippolyte, still knelt in a lackadaisical manner, obviously not knowing what he was about : though the smile of conceit, enhanced apparently by some recent acquisition of imaginary importance, still remained like painted and sickly-looking lightning, on his mawkish, pragmatistical and wishy-washy countenance. He found the use of his tongue first, however, saying, in a stammering way, "Is this lady my *mother*, sir?"

"Oh! yes," said Firkins. "There is no mistake about that I thought she was dead, till ten minutes ago. The ecstasy of our mutual recognition had taken place, and the effervescence passed off before your appearance. Filial piety is to be indulged, as the earliest instinct But Mr Latimer is in a hurry, and we have business to transact. Embrace your mother, and reserve family explanations for another time Look at your wife, sir!"

Well he might; for Adelgitha Biggelsbury was rolling on the rug and thumping the floor in utter oblivion of all her graces and callisthenics Hippolyte obeyed his father literally by "looking at his wife," and no more, whilst the good natured Latimer and the courteous Moreton raised her from the floor and placed her on a sofa

Mrs. Montagu had sunk upon her chair, and not yet spoken At length she said, slowly and huskily, but in

an imperative voice still—"If this young man is my son, where is the two or three hundred thousand dollars that he is worth, to come from?"

"Pecuniarily and presently," said Firkins, sniggering, "from your charming élève, his wife; but permanently and prospectively from the prescience and prospects of his father?"

Mrs Montagu almost groaned, and nearly screamed as she said, "his wife is my niece, and her clothes are not paid for! her father is porter to the United States Branch Bank. But *you*, Mr Moreton, you, sir—how could you tell me that you believed this unhappy young man to be so rich?"

"I, referred, madam, to Dr Firkins as my authority; who, I am sorry to say, does not stand at present in a moral attitude which would command hereafter that ordinary credence which I am disposed to yield at all times to a clergyman or a scholar."

"Humph!" said Firkins, who now looked indescribably. "I was prepared to elucidate that point, sir, when the imperative haste of Mr Latimer induced me to postpone it, and the unexpected visit of this woman rendered it impossible. But why did you say, sir, before many witnesses, of whom I was one, at the public table, that this unfortunate female child was worth a hundred thousand dollars, with a house and furniture and coach and horses?"

"I said no such thing, my friend," said Mr Moreton,

after a pause—putting on a stateliness which a sculptor might have copied for an Olympian Jove's, while a giant's cub was trifling with one of his thunderbolts “I did *not* say so.”

“Certainly not,” said Latimer. “I was one of the witnesses you spoke of, Doctor; and Mr. Moreton referred to quite another lady, though of a name somewhat similar, which you might have misunderstood.”

“But you told me yourself,” said Hippolyte, who looked as white as a sheet, and still more foolish than would have been credible even to those who knew his natural expression—“you told me yourself, Mr. Latimer, that she was a cash concern.”

It was not in his usual manner that the gentleman thus addressed replied, after some hesitation—“If I had known you were quite such a spooney, I should have been more cautious in using terms. I never saw or heard of you or the lady before the day you inflicted yourself upon me. But it seems, after all, that it is in the family fashion. She is a charming creature too, and plump as an angel. You may make a cash concern out of it, by prudence and industry. I take it for granted it cost you nothing to get married. What strikes me most forcibly is, that any non-resident clergyman is subject to a heavy fine, and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, for marrying in the District without a license. I advise you, Doctor, as your friend, very seriously and solemnly, to clear out from Washington extemporane-

ously. The thing will get wind, and before you know it you will be in jail. My ten minutes were up half an hour ago, and I must go. I can be of no service, and wish you all a good morning. So saying he left the room—but as suddenly returning, addressed Hippolyte : “ I had almost forgotten, my gay Lothario—that same miniature of the Princess—how came you by it ? Did you steal it ? or how did you get hold of it, without any direct larceny ?—where is it ? ”

The elegant favourite of Pauline, after fumbling for some time about his bosom, sheepishly produced the miniature, and tendering it to Mr. Latimer, said “ that the original miniature had struck his fancy at Mr. Cummings’s, and that he had got the artist to make him a copy— ”

“ For which you never paid him, hey ? Come, I will rid your conscience of that sin. I can’t leave my affectionate, sentimental little niece in bad company, constantly running the risk of being passed off for some humbug princess of Parinesan. Give me the picture. I’ll make it a present to my wife, and will remember as I pass through New-York on my way home, to do that which you took care to forget—that is, pay the artist. ”

Hippolyte delivered the miniature, which Mr. Latimer deposited in his pocket. Then assuming a mock solemnity, he bowed most gravely and profoundly to every individual member of the assembled party, and withdrew ; but as he cleared the door he burst out into what

Homer calls inextinguishable laughter, which lasted him in repeated and uncontrollable peals from his lodgings to the Capitol stairs, a good mile and three quarters. 'The gods envy an honest man enjoying an honest laugh.'

Mr. Moreton, ere he followed the rapidly retreating footsteps of his co-legislator, paused, with an air of unquestionable dignity, while his right hand rested in his bosom, and his hat was balanced in his left; and leisurely and emphatically made the following observations :

"However much I may be at present disposed to regret the intricate complication of circumstances in which it is apparent that you, madam, and the Rev. Dr. Perkins, together with others, have been involved by your unfortunate severance, and by the multiplicity of not unnaturally superinduced events, and ordinarily consequent contingencies, yet allow me to say that the result cannot be recalled. I regret the result, as I have stated; and I am free to admit, madam, that I do so, on the supposition that it was, weighing all the collateral motives, and predicaments, entirely unavoidable on your part. On this supposition, (or admission as regards you, madam,) I must regret that the concatenation of events involving your private comfort and arrangements has wound up so unsatisfactorily. I know not that I have any specific proposition to make, for the internal improvement of your individual or domestic condition.

I fully concur in the opinion advanced by my honourable friend from— I mean, I agree with Mr. Latimer, in advising you to go home. I recommend an oblivion of the past; a sedulous cultivation of the fire-side charities; a restoration to their niches of the innocent household gods; a rekindling of early sympathies, and a reunion of ancient solemn connubial engagements. The unsophisticated vivacity, the vernal freshness of spirits, and the elasticity of feeling in these young persons, will, I trust, enable them to bear patiently the dissipation of their golden dreams. I hope that by industry and prudence they may make their way in the world, and their union be crowned with a happy and numerous issue."

As Mr. Moreton was bringing his observations to a close, with his hand on the knob of the half open door, Firkins had sidled gradually in that direction, and would have slipped out, had not Mrs. Montagu seized him by the end of his coat; which she grasped firmly, and gave him a look like that of armigerent Minerva, which operated as an effectual *ne exeat*. Mr. Moreton having finished his speech, the words of which he weighed out with great deliberation, in a fit of abstraction very natural to him, did what he has ever wont to do at the same hour, when quitting his own paper and document-strewn apartment, for a committee room, or any other business. He fairly closed and locked the door behind him, and carefully put the key in his pocket, leaving the good people within to settle their own affairs.

In what wise they discoursed together, I know not, or what mutual explanations took place. It might be proper to mention that what is known of Hippolyte's life, from the time when his father sent him to seek his fortunes, till his appearance at Washington, is rather curious; but I cannot encumber my already too protracted narrative with particulars. I may make them the subject of a separate sketch. I have it on the authority of Mrs. Jerusalem, who kept the house, and let the party out when they began to knock and ring, that they retired in safety and silence, and marched in Indian file to Mrs. Montagu's lodgings, headed by that dignified lady. Here a note was received from Miss Fin, stating that she had walked out with old Judge Symptons; and that when she walked back it would be as young Mrs. Symptons. Her father, I may as well mention, is a very honest army-tailor, and possessed a patent for four hundred acres in the Rocky Mountains.

The Doctor took Katmer's advice, and made a speedy departure; wending to Little Babylon with his son and new daughter. Hippolyte taught dancing and fencing in the seminary under his father's charge, and professed to teach French. What practical developments of the antagonistic principle took place in the family circle, it would be vulgar to rehearse.

Mrs. Montagu, the Junonian father of the daughters of the land, had got rid of two awkward appendages to her establishment, and tried his system more success-



fully on better materials Her fame spread far and wide, till she reached the Andes She went to South America, under a personal guarantee from Simon Bolivar, that he would pay her ten thousand dollars a year, if she could not make it herself, and provided it could be got out of the public treasury.

It is not at all my fashion, as I have told my readers, to select specific moralities as texts to be illustrated by narrative and example I have always held that the interests of morals are better served in general by painting vice and virtue as they occur in actual life—strangely mixed with one another—frequently struggling together for the mastery in the same breast—our virtues sometimes leading to misfortune, sometimes degraded by weakness—our vices often made splendid by union with noble qualities, and not always receiving their judgment here

But in the present instance, my purpose has been to relate a series of actual adventures, which I happened to witness, and which I felt myself bound to record purely for the sake of the regular and useful moral lesson which every character and incident unfolds, and the strict poetical justice with which falsehood and vanity brought upon themselves their own punishment. The silly arts of the son, the weak falsehood of the father, and the ambitious vanity of the mother, all severally contributed their due share in bringing ridicule, disap-

pointment and mortification upon the whole family. The root of the follies of all was vanity. That of Hippolyte was ridiculous. That of poor Firkins more inclines me to mourn than to smile. A memory enviable alike for its tenacity and its quickness—learning, not at all select, not very profound, nor all of it very accurate, but truly admirable for abundance, copiousness and variety—an insatiable thirst for knowledge, industry untiring and undefatigable, a never flagging vivacity of spirits, great command of language, some power of elocution—all these under the guidance of a sober intellect and a due estimate of himself, would have made him distinguished as a teacher and useful as a pastor. But self-conceit and the love of display made him alike forget his pupils in the school-room and his Master in the pulpit, in the restless desire to show off Dr. Firkins himself. They seduced him into aberrations in private life, and exposed him to mortifications which even Dr. Firkins, such as he was, might well have avoided.

Wisely and truly hath it been said that humility is the deep and solid foundation of all excellence. It is humility alone which gives the right direction to talents, which adds grace and permanence to every other virtue, dignity to learning, and lustre to genius.

## TO THE RIVER ARVE.

[The lines which follow were written at a little hamlet on the river Arve, near the foot of Mont Blanc, while I was on a journey through Switzerland. I am fortunate enough to be able to accompany them with an engraved view of the very spot where they were suggested, the original of which is from the pencil of a friend of mine, who afterwards travelled in that country. It is the same person to whom I owe the justly admired sketches of the Devil's Pulpit and Wetchawken Bluff, in my first and second volumes. He has been so successful in his delineations of the aspect of nature in his native country, that I could not resist the temptation of presenting my reader with a specimen of his skill in copying her features as they are seen in the old world, notwithstanding that I have been told it is unpatriotic to admit among the embellishments of my voluntary views of foreign scenery. What we have not, however, we must import, and we certainly have nothing like Mont Blanc in the United States. Besides, it furnishes a fine illustration of my verses; and these two reasons I doubt not will satisfy the most patriotic of my readers.]





Not from the sands or eleven rocks, :  
 Thou rapid Arve ! thy waters flow :  
 Nor earth, within its bowen, locks  
 Thy dark unfathomed wells below  
 Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream  
 Begins to move and murmur first  
 Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,  
 Or rain-storms on the glacier burst

Born where the thunder and the blast,  
 And morning's earliest light are born,  
 Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,  
 By these low homes, as if in scorn -  
 Yet humbler springs yield purer waves,  
 And brighter, glacial streams than thine  
 Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,  
 With heav'n's own beam and image shine

Yet stay ! for here are flowers and trees,  
 Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,  
 And laugh of girls, and hum of bees—  
 Here linger till thy waves are clear  
 Thou heedest not—thou hastest on,  
 From steep to steep thy torrent falls,  
 Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,  
 It rests beneath Geneva's walls

Rush on—but were there one with me  
That loved me, I would light my hearth  
Here, where with God's own majesty  
Are touched the features of the earth  
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast  
Still rising as the tempests beat,  
Here would I dwell and sleep, at last  
Among the blossoms at their feet

## ASSOCIATION

“We change our clime but not our nature, when we run beyond the sea.” Neither time, nor place, nor circumstance can affect the identity of the individual mind. I am not about to weary the patience of any too indulgent reader by expatiating on this old but sage proposition. All that is true is true; yet truth is often received by sophisticated mankind, with the startling effect of an entirely new revelation. Axioms which reason and experience construe us to assent to do not prevent us from entertaining and fostering pleasant delusions. Hope and Imagination triumph over Truth. ‘Under a different sky—with different associates—among other forms of things—the venerable relics of by-gone ages—or the fresh and newly-created honours of a rising nation—

‘ Among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea,’

we dream, that we should not ; wiser and better part



Circumstances may favour the self-deception in some instances. Disappointment must of course attend upon most of them. But Truth tells us that it is a deception in all. Man is *not* the creature of circumstances; he is the creature of OMNIPOTENCE.

*We* are not changed by any difference in the persons and objects around us. Yet how do they seem changed to us! The reasons why they do so are obvious, and are oftener *felt*, than well expressed in prose. Poetry is indebted to them for half of its stock in trade.

In plain and gently-ambuling prose, however, steering clear of the whirlpools and quicksands of metaphysics, every one can understand how what we have seen, heard, felt, and undergone, in an intervening space of time, affects the picture presented to our mind's eye by external objects at different periods. The most familiar illustration of the effects of comparison, is, that what had at one time seemed grand in size, or beautiful in proportion, will subsequently strike us, and generally with a melancholy sensation, as diminutive or mis-shapen.

Theodore Hook, as pleasant a writer in his way as any English author I know of, seems to think, from the manner in which he dwells upon it, and the frequency of the observation in his 'Sayings and Doings,' that he has made a profound discovery in relation to this subject—to wit: that when we leave, for the first time, scenes of humble pretensions, we are not so much struck with the altitude or vastness of other objects, as we are, on

returning, with the littleness and mean proportions of what we had once been accustomed to regard not only with complacency but respect. The rules of optics and of perspective furnish an easy solution of the first part of this supposed phenomenon; while the simplest consideration of the nature of association as readily explains the latter. When Captain Lemuel Gulliver returned from Brobdignag, he ducked very naturally on entering his own door, though he had grown no taller than he had been when he entered it with 'front sublime,' and all the upright dignity of man. Why the respectable animal which we call a goose, does, or is supposed to, in the common connivium, stoop in entering a barn by the door-way, is satisfactorily accounted for by the children's answer to the quibble; at least to my apprehension. If there be a deeper solution of the mystery, I suppose it can only be obtained by devising some direct means of intercommunication with the geese themselves. If this can be done, the opportunity should be embraced, of unravelling several other knotty points in metaphysics.

Places which we visit after protracted intervals of time, can hardly ever wear, to our perceptions, precisely the same aspect, though they should in the mean time undergo no obvious change. Yet there may be exceptions to this general truth. The present associated images may fortuitously be so identical with those of a former hour, that the intervening years, with all their joys and sorrows, shall have their effects and influence

momentarily suspended, and that we shall go back in the chronology of memory

The well known anecdote, illustrative of this phenomenon. A gentleman was about to sail for the East Indies, who had a propensity for telling long stories. He stood on the quay, with his most intimate friend, telling him one of his most prolix legends, when he was summoned to get into the small boat which was to convey him on board. Many years elapsed, during which he married and buried two wives, and made and lost a fortune, when he returned and landed on the same quay, where he met the same friend. "As I was saying"—he continued, taking him by the arm; and finished his narrative, resuming it at the precise point where he had been interrupted. There is nothing extravagantly improbable in this incident, and from all I heard about it in Germany, there is no reason to doubt that it actually occurred.

When an alteration has been made in any place, which it is our chance or desire to revisit, or when it has received some addition, no matter how small in comparison with the whole, the whole will seem changed to us; but it will depend on other associations, whether we most regard the novel object, and wonder whence it came, or the former scene, and wonder why it is altered.

In the course of my somewhat rambling life, I have myself often experienced the various effects which circumstances produce, in changing the appearance of

natural and artificial objects. But I remember no more violent and disagreeable sensations arising from this cause, than those which I felt on paying a second visit to what is called the Pine Orchard, an elevated platform on the Catskill Mountains, of late most terribly becockneytied in newspaper prose.

I ascended to it many years ago, accompanied by two experienced admirers of nature. We carried with us only our pilgrim staves and scrips. Our path was a rugged and often a toilsome one; but, as it led us onward amidst deep woods and a fine landscape bounded by a barren and wild prospect, in the valley through which the Catskill creek runs, winding its course onward until it unites with the Katskill—or turned abruptly round some bold rampart, whose rocky foundation jutted forth in defiance, supporting a respectable hill, which would, in a level country, be dignified with the name of a mountain—or as it carried us over gurgling water-courses, through shady glens, and into dark ravines—or left us to clamber and actually to crawl up precipitous ascents—still, ‘the rough road seemed not long.’ Ever-shifting scenery and converse as varied beguiled us, so that we felt not fatigue, and should scarcely have been conscious of the difference between our sluggish progress, and that of ‘Hyperion’s march on high,’ had it not been for the increasing heat. And ever and anon we paused to contemplate some striking picture before us, or arrested our footsteps, and stopped on a level

landing place to gaze on the region we had left behind, when a new opening presented such a combination of the imagery we had before beheld in detail, as the mind could not have grouped, or the imitative power of painter or poet expressed.

We were sensible that we were constantly ascending; but the mountain did not rise before the sight, nor was the point to be gained at all visible. And, afterwards, I could not help assimilating our journey to that of Life, when the unseen and unknown heaven has been steadfastly kept in mind as the bourne of its pilgrimage; and after toil encountered, mazes threaded, and difficulties overcome, it is crowned with the Beatific vision.

At length we reached a delightfully cool grotto, which, with its smooth projecting stone roof sheltered us from the sun, while we reclined on as primitive seats of the same material beneath. The moisture which exuded from the rock all around, filled this retreat with freshness. A natural basin in the living stone was filled with pure cold water, by its secret fountains, which welled out also in other directions, forming little rivulets that played and murmured softly around our feet. Here we refreshed ourselves for a short time, and blessed the Nymph of the place, to whom antiquity would have given a name, had her haunt in classic days been approached by the footsteps of the then civilized man.

My companions did not inform me how near we were to the Mecca of our pilgrimage; nor had they given me

any other notion of the view from the spot we had almost reached, than that it was a very extensive one. When, therefore, after climbing a moderate ascent on the left, I stood upon the naked flat rock—two or three acres in extent—called the Pine Orchard, by a catachresis, (a few dwarf evergreens of two feet high, or less, and of an unhealthy look, which sprouted from the crevices of the platform, being the only specimens of vegetation,) and when I advanced to its brink, overlooking five or six States, the vastness of the scene that broke upon me all at once was overwhelming, and, at first, not understood.

I beheld—"Creation" as Natty Bumppo said, 'dropping the end of his line into the water'—and sweeping his hand round him in a circle. On the verge of this stupendous precipice, whose sheer descent is in some places nearly a thousand feet, in an attenuated atmosphere above the common clouds and vapours, with all heaven over head, and half the earth, as it would seem at first, spread beneath the feet, there was nothing artificial, nothing that man had done, to relieve or break the suspension of the faculties which occurred instantaneously when the prospect burst upon the eye. We stood on this narrow table-land, isolated from the world; of which we gazed on a portion seen in miniature so far below, while beside, and behind us, the everlasting mountains lifted their heads, still towering higher into the clear and boundless firmament.

The presence of God was realized, in the breathless pause of the moment. Nor did the sensation accompanying this consciousness soon pass away. On changing my position, to which I had been fixed and rooted for the time, on moving to other points of observation, and on ascending to higher acclivities, still the same unlimited extension lay before the sight, and the image of eternity dwelt upon the mind.

And when we arose the next morning, (for we bivouacked after a fashion beneath the rocks and under the trees,) the mist that covered the level scene below, just before the dawn, unbounded by any outline, but mingling with the all-easing air that enwraps the planet we live upon, presented to the feelings a more immediate though cloudy type of that which is without beginning or end, or any confines, than the ocean itself has ever suggested to me. I have been on much more elevated spots, and have powerfully felt the natural influences of the locality, and the picture before me. But the sense of mighty solitude, of somewhat oppressive and always sublimating abstraction from the peddling concerns of mankind, never overcame me more forcibly than on this occasion. I heard a deep voice, though all was silent, and saw a vast phantom stretching and spreading away forever; and the shadow which this pageant cast over the brain, was constantly that of 'Eternity, Eternity and Power.'

There has been no description attempted, fit to be

compared for an instant with that given by the hunter in the Pioneers, either of this place or of the neighbouring Fall. It was my fortune to read the passages to which I refer, before I thought of expressing in written language my own recollections of the effects produced on myself by both of them. My ingenious countryman<sup>4</sup> has anticipated me altogether, (as he has anticipated every body else,) by making his favourite hero the organ of his own reminiscences.

As we stood on the floor of rocks, down which the streamlet which was so soon to take so terrible a leap, came sportively winding and dancing onward, with as much glee as if it was always holyday upon earth, and as we looked down into the profound depths, where its waters, after having been resolved and shattered into spray, resumed their course—and gazed laboriously up the side of another gigantic mountain, rising fairly to the sight, in all its distinct grandeur, from its very base to its dome-shaped summit, clothed from bottom to top with its drapery of solemn woods, mounting girdle upon girdle, until the eye ached that tried to count for even a small portion of its unmeasured conoid, the number of their cinctures—here, there and everywhere, we saw nothing which interfered with the religion of the place. Nature remained, stalled and throned in her own holy solitudes. We trod, involuntarily, with cautious steps, and spoke in regulated tones, as if feeling that we were in her Cathedral; that the voices of her waters and the



whisperings of her wilderness were devotional litanies and thanksgivings

I do not think that Natty Bumpo himself would have been much more scandalized and afflicted, had he known that the march of the 'Settlements' would extend up to these wild regions, where, by himself alone, he had chased the bear, the wolf and the panther, and where, safe from man's intrusion, he had gazed from his eyrie, in his contemplative moods, upon the 'carryings on' of this world—than I was, when I learned that some people had been building a monstrous tavern on the table rock—knocking up a grog-shop on the top of the semi-amphitheatre into which the streamlet makes its leap, and damming up its waters—for miserable lucre—in order to charge the spectators a shilling a-head for opening the sluice

Oh ' ye Oreads, Dryads, Hamadryads and Napeids ' Thou, sweet and solitary Nymph of the now desecrated grot ' And ye, tiny Naiads of the rivulet and the dashing cataract ' Whither have ye fled ? And had ye no avenger ? Do the storm and the hurricane roar harmless forever, beneath your immemorial haunts ? Do the great Thunder, and the all-consuming Lightning, which was wont to visit the lofty places of the earth—the tall pines and the presumptuous towers, and the monuments of ancient Kings—not idly beneath the regions ye have loved ? Will not Winter, when the trees, each of which belonged to one of you, freeze and shiver on the ice-

incrusted scalps of those Titan-hills which you once made your homes—when he binds up your springs, arrests your torrents, and piles up his snow in your valleys, nooks and pathways—will he not in some indignant and tyrannic mood lock up your invaders in monumental cold, to perish without succour or sympathy ? I thought in my folly that those two barren acres and that sacristy of nature were inappropriable, and that they belonged to mankind. It was an idle thought. Could the bowels of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* be subjected to human power, *Enceladus* would be made to roar by contract, and the natural fire-works be exhibited for a consideration !

Such might or would have been the expression of my indignation, when I heard of the profanations to which I have adverted. An actual inspection of the *Improvements*, as it may well be conceived, did not mitigate my exasperation. Human converse, and human comforts, reconciled me however for the time being, and prosaically, to the change, though poetically it was and must be impossible to do so. The place has been made vulgar; the nymphs have fled; it has been trodden by the feet of cockneys, unnumbered and innumerable; lackadaisical lovers have made soft matches in its rarefied air, where their small wits were weakened by expansion; and the qualities of the victuals and drink, which may be bought upon it, have been painfully puffed in the public prints. It is desecrated. And though the elements should carry away every vestige of these Im-

provements, it can never more, unless dreadful oblivion shall shroud the past, be gazed on from afar as a point in the outline of the blue figure above the horizon, which the heavens seem to vindicate as their own, or be visited with reverent footsteps—as it was gazed upon, and as it was approached, in the days that have departed

Yet, with agreeable company, one may get along there well enough, I have no doubt. When I was there the second time, which was a few years ago, I went up the Hudson in a crowded steam-boat. I am fond, when in the mood, of mingling with the accidentally assorted contents of these conveyances. We are not obliged to be brought into such close compact with disagreeable individuals, as we are in other contrivances for the transportation of people, by land and water. And we often make temporary acquaintances, from whom we part with a feeling of pleasant melancholy. On this occasion I was pestered with an Englishman, who had come out to see about selling some cotton stuff for his employers, and having two weeks on hand, before the return of the packet, was making notes for his travels. As we passed the Highlands, he observed that they were nice hills. He enquired whether the other end of the Hudson emptied into Hudson's Bay; and being told yes, made a memorandum to that effect.

Even those who find the Pine Orchard an Elysium, have to go through Purgatory to get to it, in the usual warm season. The musty adage says that we must all

eat a peck of dirt in the course of our lives, and the whole of this penalty will be exacted in riding, on a hot and dusty day, from the Catskill landing to the Hotel on the mountain. When the crowded vehicle, in which we were dragged up the ascent, drove round in front of the Inn, the company were in a sorrowful looking plight; and as we regarded each another's condition, the ridiculous contended manfully with the sublime, for the mastery. There, to be sure, was the vast view at our feet, but there too was the big hotel, all shining new, with well dressed multitudes promenading its piazzas, and inspecting the travel-soiled and fatigued new importations, with complacent curiosity. And then the trouble with baggage and servants, and procuring one's self quarters and needful comforts—though there is no host more civil and agreeable to be found in the land, than the lord of this wooden castle in the air—these things must effectually interfere with the feeling of awe, if not with that of simple wonder, which the instantaneous bursting of the vision below upon the sight, is calculated to produce. The ladies severally said, Oh! ah! or dear-me! and hurried to get dressed, before they 'looked at the prospect.'

The prospect indeed is altogether another sort of an affair—seen everlastingly through every one of the hundred windows in part of this mansion, which there is no passing without beholding it, in a picture-like form set in a common-place frame—from what it was when looked

upon from the naked rock, under the canopy of heaven, and in the solitude of nature. I wished heartily that it was out of the way.

I was sitting in one of the parlours, in the evening, where a small circle were amusing themselves, with such resources as they had for the purpose. Two interesting young ladies from Virginia, whom I shall call *Penserosa* and *Allegra*, were seated together on a sofa. The latter was playfully tracing on the wall the outline of the profile in shadow thrown upon it by the bust of *Penserosa*. It so happened that the full features of this damsel were at the same time reflected in a looking glass which hung in the direction to which her head was turned. On that reflection she might well have gazed with the conscious pride of beauty; but whether she did or not, I am unable to say. The sweet and somewhat pensive lineaments of her countenance were thus presented in triple variety; the fair originals being three-fourths seen, while the mirror showed the whole, and the mere contour was exhibited on the wall. There was also a third copy of them in process; for I observed that an Italian artist, who had been roving among the mountains taking sketches, was busy with his tablets, and ever and anon casting an earnest glance at the sisters.

I was mentioning to an intelligent German the disappointment I had experienced in the change which the view had undergone, to my eyes; and we fell into a rambling disquisition on the subject of association. Pen-

serosa opened a volume of Wordsworth's poems, which was lying by her, and asked if any thing better had ever been written on this theme, than the glorious ode of this great bard, which she began to read aloud

There was a melancholy pathos in her voice as she read the first stanza, concluding with

" Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,

" The things which I have seen I now can see no more"—

which almost led me to suspect that some secret of the heart, might, without resorting to the deep philosophy of the poet, afford a sufficient reason for her feeling—

" That there had passed away a glory from the earth."

Allegra said that for her part she loved variety, and should soon get tired of the world, if it always looked alike. With the beautiful developement of the poet's theory, beginning with—

" Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," &c

the German was enraptured. The expressions of his admiration were enthusiastic, to an unusual extent; at least, I was somewhat surprised by it. He understood the English language remarkably well, though he spoke it with a broken accent. We fell into a speculative disquisition about the notion of the pre-existence of the soul, as a matter of course; though, as a matter equally

of course, none of us had any thing to suggest which was not suggested three thousand years ago, as we know from the records; and three thousand years before that, as we have the best reasons in the world for believing, it was as great a mystery.—

“The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,  
 Hath had *elsewhere* its setting,  
 And cometh from afar :  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
 From God, who is our home ;  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !”

The German adverted to a mental phenomenon, which he seemed to think connected with this subject. He said he had several times been suddenly perplexed by a strange sensation that what was passing at the identical moment had happened before. I admitted that I had experienced the same hallucination myself, as did also Penserosa. Allegra said she had never felt exactly alike, twice in the course of her life. I referred, for the reason of the seeming mystery, to the strong accidental similarity or identity of associations; as in the case of the gentleman who went to India, which I have before mentioned. But this natural solution did not seem altogether satisfactory to my new acquaintance. He dwelt so much on one instance which he said had occurred to himself, in which he was in a kind of trance,

that I besought him to give me the particulars. He said he had written them down, on account of their curiosity, and that I was welcome to the manuscript.

I thought his narrative might prove amusing to some of my readers. I believe I have translated it faithfully. There is some flightiness about it, as might be expected from the nature of the occurrence. A slight sketch of the sisters, which I begged at the time from the Italian, pleased my friend Morse so much, that I am enabled to illustrate my work with a finished picture from his classical pencil.



## THE GERMAN'S STORY.

I WAS sitting one evening, just before twilight, with my back against the wall, in a recess of my with-drawing room, in which there was a large window. I leaned my arm on a table, and was meditating, with no continuous train of thought, but, certainly, without the least somnolency; as I am not subject to it in the afternoon, and had taken strong coffee after a light dinner. A strange sensation came over me, identifying the present moment with one which had been. 'Just so I have felt—all this I have acted and suffered before' Thus I thought, or rather, of this I was conscious. It was not that I accurately recognized any particular combination of existing images or sensations, as the doubles of those I had perceived at a previous point of time: but the strange consciousness was entire and irresistible, and was accompanied with a peculiar physical effect, not unlike the incipient terror of those who are affected by the dread of supernatural appearances. As my dog looked up

sleepily in my face, this singular hallucination grew more vivid. A lady, who was in the room, made some remark as she quitted it. I heard only as it seemed to me, a passing strain of music in the cadence of her sweet tones; and, as I looked upward, I felt that I knew all that was to follow.

But Beatrice stood before me, with her full, red-blossomed and angelic form, her bright and laughing eyes, and her luxuriant hair, with its clusters certainly yet classically confined in beautiful subordination; and she smiled as she was wont, when not to believe the language of her expression, would have been disbelieve in the existence of angelic intelligences. So I looked at her. I could not love her more than I had done or did, for love of her then occupied my soul, and was like the Hebrew, supposed to shadow forth the divine origin of that language—past, present and to come. The modifications of time had nothing to do with my feelings, to which Love, undivided, was the measure of duration as well as of space, matter, and sentence. Beatrice stood before me. "So," said she, "you are in a brown study again?"

"Our ideas will wander, dear Beatrice, at certain times, when we are not asleep, and cannot safely swear that we are awake." But now I am wide awake; and now I think of but one object."

"That is because you cannot help it. It is before you, and compels you to talk to it."

"Sit down by me, and do not be so mischievous. Why, you are almost in bridal apparel?"

"I am practising for the day after to-morrow. Do you think you will be ashamed of me?"

We sat together in a recess, a window which admitted a portion of the beautiful twilight scene; and the softened glory yet lingering in the west, mellowed but not yet all spiritual, as it irradiated her form and features, showed me the most delightful vision which prophet had ever seen, or poet pretended to behold. And it was no phantasm; for this exquisite image breathed and lived and panted responsively to the quick and full pulsations of my own heart: and as I looked down into her eyes, where the light of the soul illuminated each mysterious sun of expression, which shed its effulgence over the sweetly moulded world of her features, I seemed gazing into wells of unfathomable thought, and holiness and love. He who could have believed that truth did not lie at the bottom, would never have been healed at the pool of Bethesda. But what was *I* to believe? I only felt, strong as the consciousness of my own existence, that *we loved*. I saw my own miniature in each of those wondrous orbs; and did they not open into her heart?

"Beatrice!"—I murmured.

"Hierome!"—he whispered.

"Why is not to-morrow, the day after to-morrow?"

"Because, my friend, the almanack-makers will not

have it so. The day after to-morrow will come soon enough (And she sighed)

"But not too soon, Beatrice!"

"Oh no!—It is past seven o'clock, is it not?" (What a strange question!)

"I should think so; for the sun set some minutes ago."

"Well, Hierome, when the everlasting sun measures the days and nights; and the heart measures time by its own calendar, I wonder why they make almanacks, and watches. It seems to me as absurd as astrology. Did you ever believe in astrology?"

"Believe?—I believe nothing at this moment, but that I am, and you are;—and that I love you as my better existence. But, last night, I was gazing on the stars, and I will censure no one hereafter for having faith in their ordained connexion with the destinies of men—provided the proselyte is not honestly in love, and an accepted lover. If he cannot then defy augury, he ought to be discharged, by his mistress."

"I incline to the same opinion," said Beatrice. If he is frightened by looking at the quiet stars, a melon tied with a candle in it would be certain death to him."

"But you shall hear about my astronomical observations, nevertheless, dear Beatrice. I looked forth on the eternal, silent and mysterious heavens. Star after star, as it hung in the intensely blue abyss, arrested my glance, and then it wandered to another and yet another.

More millions of those extinguished lamps were raying out their influences than there have been individuals to be governed by them, among living men and the generations that have been on this planet since the morning stars sang together. I looked upon the milky way and with untaught eyes, that star studded pavement for the footsteps of Omnipotence. All was vague and undefined in the mirror that gave to my soul its images; or else my soul drank in only the lessons of Eternity and infinite Power, which the meanest peasant can read in that book of God. But presently my attention was fixed upon two pellucid and sparkling orbs distinctly shining near each other. Their spheres were as uniformly brilliant as the focal radiant eye of the diamond, save that their lustre seemed more liquid and that they appeared to oscillate in the ocean of immensity beyond our atmosphere, sprinkling or shooting forth portions of their own pure glory; and as they vibrated, they still seemed seeking to approach each other—

“Did you hold your fingers between your eyes?” said Beatrice, “because—”

“Pshaw!” said I, rather angrily—“I know it is all folly, but I did not hold my finger between my eyes. And to what do you think I likened those two beautiful stars?”

“Perhaps to Aretine’s two eyes.”

“No!” said I, still more vexed, “If I had wished to see any body’s two eyes in those stars, you might account

for it. But I *will* tell you all my vision. I likened them unto ourselves; and in the very sanctuary of my heart I offered up to them my orisons, and adopted them as the controllers of our destiny. The filmy drapery, which had floated round them, was withdrawn. In a certain space in heaven, they were alone; and therein they shone and radiated, and sometimes seemed almost to kiss each other. Whether it was a mere delusion of the sight or the imagination, or that some wandering meteor mocked me—it did seem that I saw a sphere of morbid aspect drop rapidly between those two goodly stars; and I was startled through the very marrow of my frame, with the rapidity of an electric shock, and with a cold sensation, which I felt through every pore. You need not laugh, Beatrice.. The yellow star fell. Some one then spoke to me, about I know not what; but when I looked again, a silvery curtain had been drawn over that portion of the firmament; and through it I only saw, as I thought, the heaven-rejected and sickly hues of that strange, interloping light. Now this made me melancholy, until I fell asleep; and then in my dreams I saw this unholy orb, moving about, like an ignis fatuus in a church-yard. At last I thought I was in our own cathedral, and that you were with me; and that the priest stood in the chancel with an open book; and that then this accursed and persecuting globe came, and hung right over the altar, whirling round, and round its dull, tainted and abominable fires, till I grew sick—”

"I don't wonder at it"

"But Beatrice I must tell you almost every thing. Have compassion on my dreams, though they are made, like those of other men, of incondite stuff—the leavings of reason."

"Strange stuff they are," said Beatrice, "and not worth remembering. You may look into the fire, or into the water, or among the stars until you can see what you please. And if you look upon the water or stars very long, you may see what does not please you. This was your case. I had much rather look at an honest wood-fire, or a grate full of good coals. There you may form Saracens, Knights, and whatever you like, and invest them with all the glorious poetry of obscurity, and then, like Circe, metamorphose them into what you will, and you do not feel dizzy or light-headed afterwards. But where do you think Frederick can be?"

Frederick was my friend, O Nemesis! and the cousin of my best beloved. I do not know why a convulsive shudder should have passed through my frame, when this simple question was addressed to me by Beatrice. He had dined with us, and was to return with her that evening to her father's house, a couple of leagues distant.

"I dare say he is merry enough, with the merrier party in the saloon."

"Do you know," said Beatrice, "I have thought it

"would be more delightful to give my father our intended present, now, than after—after—"

"After he has given *you* away, dear Beatrice. Do as you please about it."

"Oh! I will not thank you now; said she. And she kissed my cheek. To be sure, I would have given her every thing, save the fee-simple of my ~~grace~~, if she had then asked for it. I held a bond for a very large amount, which had been given by her father to mine, as security for which nearly all the property of the debtor was pledged. A release, drawn up with all due formalities, had been prepared and executed; and we had agreed to present it to her father, on the day of our wedding. It was in an *escritoire* on the table beside me, and I drew it out and gave it to her. She placed the parchment in her bosom; and, pressing her hand upon it, said, "It is all your's, nevertheless."

"*Ce qui est à toi est à moi.*"

"*Ce qui est à moi est à nous.* But there comes Frederick, at last," said Beatrice, gently withdrawing from me.

Another chill passed over me; and now it struck me more emphatically than before, that it was strange how the name of her best friend should have the effect of one of those charmed words, which being uttered will cause paralysis, fever, and other sudden diseases, in certain men, or the animals which are their property. I looked casually forward, in vacancy of thought, and my glance



fell on a large mirror of singular perfection, which, in the waning light, seemed to reflect objects with more distinctness than that in which the original images were directly presented to the eye. The picture of Frederick passed over it; and its polished surface became immediately overclouded with a rusty incrustation through which, shining with posthumous lustre, I thought I saw the dingy yellow star of my vision. Ashamed of such weakness, I half expressed my vexation in spoken words.

"I am getting to be a mere old woman. Frederick, I hope you have committed no deadly sin. They say that a true mirror is spoiled, when it has reflected the image of a contaminated person; and just now, I thought that the large looking glass was clouded when you passed it. And so it is still, if I see well."

"Your do; and the glass looks as if the servants had been keeping holiday," said Frederick, who stood looking earnestly at me. It afterwards occurred to me that his colour changed, and that a tremour passed over him.

"He is getting so superstitious," said Beatrice, that I am almost afraid of him. I almost believe that he keeps company with ghosts, and that some of his friends may come to see me, without knocking."

"Marrion will lay them," said Frederick.

"I hope so!" said Beatrice.

"I know it will," said I. But, while I said it, I felt

as if two separate processes of thought were going on in my brain, with inadequate machinery; and I wondered how I *did* know that I knew it!

"The coach is waiting," said Frederick: "it is later than I had supposed; and I shall take the liberty of doing now what I shall never have the right to do again—of parting you two."

"I must go then," said Beatrice, gliding her hand into mine while a quick look of singular intelligence passed between her and her cousin.

"No! by the God that made and redeemed me!" I exclaimed, starting forward furiously—"not this time! All this has been once before; and, oh! there was a horrible sequel of shameless fraud and perjury and infamy—and of idiocy, credulity, and forgiveness! But not again! Every syllable of all this I have heard before, Every sensation I have felt before. Every image, even to the twirling of that wretch's half-gnawed glove, I have seen before! But whether the eternal river of time has rolled backward, or I have slept and dreamed through a long interval of pain and joy, or nature is to stand still while this drama is played over again, for my indemnity and your confusion—now, miserable swindlers, you shall not go! Traitoress, I spit upon you! Liar and coward, take this token of my friendship!"

And I aimed a blow at the vanishing shadow, as my own wife, my dear Aretine, entered with a candle, which she had left the room to seek. She could not

have been absent two minutes; and I had not stirred from my position \*

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is a thousand times better, *as it is*," I exclaimed  
"But if I were a Mahometan, I could easily believe in  
~~the~~ the Prophet's pitcher; and as it is, I have  
entire faith in the tale of a tub, in the Arabian Nights  
Entertainments."

## EARLY SPANISH POETRY.

It is of small consequence to the reader to know by what means I was some years ago put in the possession of the originals of the two *Moiscari romances* or ballads introduced by me in the little poem of *Eva* which follows. The circumstances might not, it is true, be altogether unamusing, and if I should ever publish my travels, they shall appear in their proper place. At present I have no room for them. I allude to the ballads at this time merely, for the sake of excusing one or two passages marked by certain peculiarities of style, which I have preserved, not because they were in conformity with my own taste, but with a design to make my version as nearly as I was able a faithful copy of the original.

The first of the passages to which I refer, is near the close of the "*Alcayde of Molina*," and is as follows:

*These eyes shall not recall thee, though they meet no more thy own,  
Though they weep that I am absent, and I that thou art all alone*

This is the very expression of the original.

*No te llamaron mis ojos,  
Aunq te viendo en miseria  
Lloraran sin ver los tuyos,  
Mi soledad y tu ausencia*

The practice seems to have been early introduced into Spanish poetry of calling a lady by the name of the most brilliant and expressive feature of her countenance, her eyes—the principal weapon of her conquest, and in the silent language of whose glances the lover read his fate. This was a standing figure of speech among the poets. When one of them addressed a love song to his mistress, he styled her “ojos bellos,” beautiful eyes, “ojos serenos,” serene eyes. When he would intreat her not to weep, he begged the bright stars not to dim themselves with tears :

*Cesad hermosas estrellas, &c.*

Green eyes were anciently thought a feature of great beauty in Spain, and there is a very pretty ballad by an absent lover, in which he addresses his lady by the title of “green eyes,” supplicating that he may remain in her remembrance :

*Ay ojos verdes,  
Ay los mis ojos,  
Ay hagan los cielos  
Que de mí te acuerdes !*

In no civilized country of the present day, would a lady think herself greatly flattered by having the appellation of *Green eyes* conferred upon her

In the other Moriscan ballad the Death of Alhâtar, is one of those conceits which afterwards became so common in Spanish poetry when Gongora introduced he called the *estilo culto* or cultivated style a perpetual tissue of affectations and extravagances much like the Fophuism which at one time was so fashionable in England I am somewhat sorry to find it deforming so spoiled a composition as this old ballad It however makes a much worse figure in my English than it does in the original where its antique quaintness almost recommends it to favor I refer to the lines

Say Love—for thou dost see her tears—

Oh no he knows more tight

The blindin', fill to crush his lids,

To spare his eyes the sight

These lines stand thus in the original

\*

Dilo tu Amor, si lo viste ,

, Mas ay ! que de lastimado

Diste otro nudo a la venda

Para no ver lo que ha pasado.

With these remarks, partly by way of preface and partly by way of apology, I leave the poem in the hands of the reader

## EVA.

Spring had come, with light and showers,  
Over Cordova's bright vales;  
Tender leaves and founts and flowers  
Stirred and glittered in the gales,  
Seated in the almond shade,  
While her lover o'er her hung,  
Bright as Spring a Spanish maid  
Touched her light guitar, and sung

Call'st thou her a maid of Spain?—  
Aye—the Ave and the bead  
And the cross, that on its chain  
Hangs and sparkles, speak her creed.  
But her Eye!—the Desert there  
Gleams through many a jetty curl;  
That dark eye and raven hair  
Might become an Arab girl

' Plodando, musing long  
 On the Moors in ancient years,  
 On their glory and their wrong,  
 I am almost moved to tears  
 False their creed—misguided men—  
 Heaven their unbelief forgive !  
 Yet more gallant knights than these  
 Never on the Earth did live

" Life was light and worthless weighed  
 'Gainst the smile a bright eye gave,  
 And the ribbon's graceful braid  
 Bound the knight the lady's slave  
 Oh ! what words the air could say  
 To her lover kneeling low !—  
 Listen—tis a quaint old lay,  
 Framed and warbled long ago "

#### THE ALCAYDE OF MOLINA

To the town of Atienza, Molina's brave Alcayde,  
 The courteous and the valorous, led forth his bold  
 brigade  
 The Moor came back in triumph, he came without a  
 wound,



With many a Christian standard and Christian captive  
bound

He passed the city gate with a swelling heart and vein,  
And towards his lady's dwelling he rode with slackened  
rein.

~~Two circuits~~ on his charger he took, and at the third,  
From the door of her balcony Zelinda's voice was  
heard.

Now if thou wert not shameless, cried the lady to the  
Moor,

Thou wouldst neither pass my dwelling, nor stop before  
my door

Alas ! for poor Zelinda, and for her wayward mood,

That one in love with peace should have loved a man  
of blood !

Since not that thou wert noble I choose thee for my  
knight,

But that thy sword was dreaded in tourney and in fight :

Ah, thoughtless and unhappy ! that I should fail to see

How ill the stubborn flint and dissolving wax agree

Boast not thy love for me, while the shrieking of the life

Can change thy mood of mildness to fury and to strife .

Say not my voice is magic—thy pleasure is to hear

The bursting of the carbine and shivering of the  
spear

Well, follow thou thy choice—to the battle field away !

To thy triumphs and thy trophies, since I am less than  
they

Thrust thy arm into thy buckler, gird on thy crooked  
 brand  
 And call thy trusty squire, with thy arrows in his hand;  
 Lead forth thy band to skirmish, by mountain and by  
 mead,  
 On thy dappled Moorish barb, or thy fleet steed,  
 Go, waste the Christian hamlets, and sweep away their  
 flocks,  
 From Almazan's broad meadows to Sigüenza's rocks;  
 Leave Zelinda altogether, whom thou leavest oft and  
 long,  
 And in the life thou lovest forget whom thou dost wrong  
 These eyes shall not recall thee, though they meet no  
 more thy own,  
 Though they weep that thou art absent, and that I am  
 all alone  
 She ceased, and turning from him her flushed and angry  
 cheek,  
 Shut the door of the balcony, before the Moor could  
 speak

When the almond sprays o'erhead  
 Rang with that wild air no more,  
 "Thus," the dark-eyed Eva said,  
 "Ladies chide them knights of yore;  
 And the lover meekly heard,  
 Till the lady smiled again;

Oh ' an angry look or word  
Did not lose a lover then

“ But the heart, that in its pride  
Thus could prompt the cluding tongue,  
When the night in battle died,  
Keenly, cruelly was wrung :  
Bitter, bitter tears did stain  
Beauteous eyes that wept the bold—  
Listen to another strain,  
Sad and sweet, though quaint and old ’

#### THE DEATH OF ALIATAR

##### I

'Tis not with gilded sabres  
That gleam in baldricks blue,  
Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez,  
Of gay and gaudy hue—  
But, habited in mourning weeds,  
Come marching from afar,  
By four and four, the valiant men  
Who fought with Aliatar  
All mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum

## II

The banner of the Phoenix  
The flag that loved the sky,  
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,  
It flew so proud and high—  
Now leaves its place in battle field,  
And sweeps the ground in grief,  
The bearer drags its glorious folds  
Behind the fallen chief  
As mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum

## III

Brave Ahatar led forward  
A hundred Moors, to go  
To where his brother held Motril  
Against the leaguering foe  
On horseback went the gallant Moor,  
That gallant band to lead ;  
And now his bier is at the gate,  
From whence he pricked his steed  
While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum

## IV

The knights of the grand Master  
In crowded embush lay ,  
They rushed upon him where the reeds  
Were thick beside the way  
They smote the valiant Altair,  
They smote him till he died,  
And broken but not beaten were  
The brave ones by his side.  
Now mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum

## V.

Oh ' what was Zayda's sorrow,  
How passionate her cries '  
Her lover's wounds streamed not more free  
Than that poor maiden's eyes  
Say, Love—for thou didst see her tears ;  
Oh, no ' he drew more tight  
The blinding fillet o'er his lids,  
To spare his eyes the sight.  
While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum.

## VI.

Nor Zaida weeps him only,  
But all that dwell between  
The great Alhambra's palace walls  
And waves of Albuera  
The ladies weep the flower of knights  
The brave the bravest here ;  
The people weep a champion,  
The Alcaydes a noble peer  
While mournfully and slowly  
The afflicted warriors come,  
To the deep wail of the trumpet,  
And beat of muffled drum

## PHANETTE DES GANTÈLMES.

It happened a few months since, that I was one morning in the library of my old and excellent friend Mr. De Viallecour, at New Rochelle engaged in reading a favourite work—Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*. I was looking over his celebrated discussion of the question whether Pope was a poet. It struck me that our great English critic—for so we must call him, although to some of the offices of poetical criticism he was evidently unequal—had by no means said all that he might have done for this side of the question. He had omitted to adduce those felicitous sprinklings of rural imagery to be found in all the writings of his favourite author, not indeed gathered from a wide sphere of observation, but still vivid, true and striking, copied directly from nature, and showing him to have been no inattentive or unmoved observer of her beauties. I was startled in the midst of these reflections by the voice of my friend, who had entered the room without my perceiving it

every body, and who finally died of obesity occasioned by laughter and good living. Here is Boniface de Castellane, who, when tipsy, wrote with the inspiration of a prophet; and here is Giraud de Bournelh, the flower of Provençal poets, who drank no beverage more inspiring than water. Giraud declared that he never knew the passion of Love; but if you would read of a tender and devoted knight, turn to the life of Aymeric de Belvezer, and learn how he loved the fair Barbosse, a princess of Provence, ‘ a lady of eternal beauty, holy manners, and infinite graces;’ how he was permitted to assist her in drawing on her glove in the august presence of the Infanta Beatrix of Savoy; how the lady replied to the raileries of those around her, that too much honour could never be shown by ladies of high rank to those whose verses immortalized the renown of their beauty; and how the royal Beatrix approved of the answer. If you are merry, Nostradamus will divert you with the wicked waggery of Peter de Reuer, who personated a monk, and recited his own love songs in the pulpit, in place of the seven penitential psalms; if you are grave, he will edify you with the life of Bernard Ras-cas, who endowed a hospital for the poor of Jesus Christ.”

“ Poets were rather richer in those days than at present, I fancy, Mr. Viellecour,” said I, “ otherwise one of their tribe would scarcely have been able to endow a hospital ”

“ Right, Herbert, they were so. The art was then new,



wondered at and valued, now it is common, familiar and cheap. Why, our very schoolboys write almost as well as Byron's worst. Poetry was in that age like the earliest flowers, or the earliest figs that are brought to market—rare, and coveted, and paid for at a high price. Decayed gentlemen who cultivated the art of verse, restored their dilapidated fortunes by the munificence of princes; men of obscure parentage rose into celebrity and honour. Did not Raymond de Mirevaux recover his family castle by the gains of 'his beautiful and rich poetry,' as Nostriadamus calls it? Did not Guy D'Uzez, and Ebles and Pierre his brothers, and Helias their cousin—But I weary you with this muster roll of names. Lay by your Johnson and read the book. I pray you, and be amused. If you wish for any thing duller upon the same subject, there is the prolix history of the Abbé Millot\*; and if you choose to dip into the works of the old Provensal bards themselves, there is the collection of M. Raynouard, in six volumes, made a few years since—the only copy, I venture to say, on this side the Atlantic."

I promised my friend to read the book, and he left me. The new world of literature, manners, and in some degree of morals also, into which it introduced me, excited my curiosity to undertake the reading of the old Provensal poets themselves, which I attempted during

\* *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*, en 3 vols.

my stay with my friend, but found them so difficult, that after mastering a few of the ballads I desisted. It struck me in the course of my reading, that the history of Provençal literature showed a higher degree of refinement and education among the female sex, than had commonly been supposed to belong to so early a period as the twelfth century and the two succeeding ones. It is natural enough to suppose that the ladies would study what they valued so highly, and learn at least to read those verses of whose merit they were constituted the judges, and of which the emotions called forth by their charms were the principal subject; but we find they did more. They became poetesses, they vied with the other sex in contributing to the rise of modern literature, some of the first flowers of which were planted by the fairest hands in Provence. Indeed, if we consider both what they wrote and what their encouragement caused to be written, I am more than half inclined to think, that we should award to them the chief honour of the creation of a literature in the tongues of modern Europe.

Among the ladies whom Nostradamus mentions as distinguished by their poetic genius, is the Countess of Die, who flourished in the twelfth century, at the Court of Provence, where her verses were in much request. He mentions the titles of one or two of her compositions. He speaks also of a lady whose name he does not give, the mother of the Troubadour Marchebrusc, "of the house of the Cabots, a noble and very ancient race of

Poictiers, a lady learned and skillful in good letters, a most famous poetess in the Provensal and other modern tongues, and one of those who held a solemn court of Love at Avignon, whither repaired all the poets both gentlemen and ladies of the country, to hear the decisions in questions and disputations of love proposed there or sent thither by the lords and ladies of all the districts and provinces around." She flourished in the fourteenth century, while Clement VI. held the Papal Court at Avignon "Happy did the poet esteem himself," says old Nostradamus, "who succeeded in getting possession of a song or sonnet that she had made "

But by far the most extraordinary personage among these literary ladies of the middle ages, was Phanette or Stephanette or Estephanete des Gantelmes ; for by all these names was she called ; a noble lady of Romanin, and the aunt of Petrarch's Laura She was, says the Monk of the Golden Isles, quoted by Nostradamus, "passing excellent in poetry, and wrote with an enthusiasm and inspiration which were esteemed a true gift of God." By her was Laura instructed in all the learning of the time within the reach of her sex. Mrs. Dobson, in her voluminous and mawkish book about Petrarch and Laura, intimates that although the latter knew how to sew and to spin, she was never taught to read or to write. But Mrs. Dobson unluckily knew very little about either Petrarch or Laura. Hear the testimony of the great Nostradamus to the literary ac-

complishments of the inspired Phanette and her beautiful niece :

“ These ladies were humble in speech, wise in act, polite in conversation, flourishing and accomplished in every virtue, admissible in good manners and elegant form, and so well educated that every one coveted their love. Both composed ballads readily in every kind of Provencal metre, according to what the Monk of the Golden Isles hath written, whose works bear ample testimony to their learning. And as in past times Estaphanetta, Countess of Provence, Adalasia, Viscountess of Avignon, and other illustrious ladies, were esteemed for learning, so were also these ladies of Provence, whose renown filled all the country.” A little after he mentions Jehanne des Baux, Huguette de Forcalquier, Briande of Agoult, Countess of Lunc, Blanche of Flessans, surnamed Blancaflour, and a great number of other high-born and illustrious ladies of that time, residing in Avignon, while the Roman Court was held in that city. “ These,” says he, “ addicted themselves to the study of letters, holding public courts of love, and deciding the questions of love proposed there, by means of which and of their beautiful and glorious compositions, their renown spread into foreign countries ; into France, and Italy, and Spain.” The biographer then proceeds to name a multitude of Provencal poets, “ who wrote volumes of songs and of beautiful and pleasant ballads, to their praise and honour ”

Such were the literary ladies of that early age, whose rivals are scarcely to be met with even now, in this late autumn of our literature, when the seed scattered by their hands has sprung up and ripened into an abundant harvest all over the civilized world. Nor were they or their brethren in the art of verse, unfortunate in their biographer. A monk of the ancient family of Cybo in Genoa, better known as the Monk of the Golden Isles, having been appointed librarian of the monastery of St Honorius in the Isle of Lerins, undertook, about the close of the fourteenth century, just after the race of the Troubadours had passed away, the task of recording their lives and enumerating their writings. His work, which was written in the Provensal languages, and copies of which were eagerly sought for by the nobility and scholars of Provence, probably yet remains in manuscript among the archives of the ancient houses of that country. From him Nostadamus derived his principal facts, when he published in French his lives of the ancient Provensal poets.

The ecclesiastic seems to have been well fitted by his tastes and character for the work he had undertaken. It is the proper task of the tranquil and contemplative, to record the lives of the impassioned and enthusiastic Nostadamus, in his quaint old French, which I fear I shall ~~not~~ in my translation, says, that every year, "both in ~~spring~~ and in autumn, he was wont to retire for several days, accompanied by a religious friend, a lover

of virtue, to his little hermitage in the Isles of Hieres or the Golden Isles, where the monastery of St Honorius had for a long time a little church dependent upon it, whence it comes that the said Monk was surnamed of the Golden Isles. Thither he went to listen to the sweet and pleasant murmur of the little brooks and fountains, and the song of the birds, observing their various plumage, and contemplating the figures of the little animals, all different from those on this side of the sea. These did he copy and counterfeit to the very life, and made a fair collection thereof, which was found among his books after his death, wherein he had depicted beautiful landscapes, all the sea shore of the said Isles of Hieres and villages seated thereon, all rare and exquisite herbs and plants with their flowers and fruits, the trees which grow naturally in the islands, the beasts and other animals of every kind, the perspective of the mountains, meadows, and all those delicious fields watered with fair and clear fountains, fishes of the sea, and vessels which pass over it with full sails, all so well represented and imitated after nature that one might have imagined them to be the very same."

In this delightful retreat the Monk of the Golden Isles studied the Provensal poets, and sought out the meaning of passages, which, as he complains, were rendered obscure and difficult by the foreign idioms which the multitude of Italian, Spanish, and English Troubadours, had employed in their verses. But the spot had a charm

independent of its natural beauty . . . hallowed by recollections of the most renowned of the Provençal poetesses Phanette des Gantelmes had frequently visited the island where the Monk had his hermitage, and often passed the summer months at the castle of a relation commanding a view of the sea. The isles of Hieres are well called the Golden Isles, for they possess a softer and more genial climate than any other part of France, and produce the golden and fragrant fruits that are matured only in the lands of the sun. The Mediterranean the tideless waters of which embrace their rocky shores, gives to the atmosphere the voluptuous milk of the skies of southern Italy, and keeps from the soil the frosts of winter. The fountains of sweet springs and cheerful brooks, overlook hollows fragrant with the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the orange and the groves are full of the gay birds of a warm climate. It is a place where even those least tinctured with poetical enthusiasm might feel the charm of verse, and the duldest ear delight in listening long to the voice of music, so well do bright imaginations and sweet sounds harmonize with the beautiful scenery and the delicious softness of the air. Some of the learned have supposed that in one of these charming islands Calypso so long detained Ulysses, forgetful of his spouse and his native country.

Here Phanette des Gantelmes composed some of the most beautiful of her poems. One of the most successful efforts of the pencil of the Monk of the Golden Isles

or at least one which in those days excited most admiration, was a representation of this lady sitting at a window of ancient Roman construction in her cousin's castle, looking out over the blue Mediterranean, bluer than ever in the bright white moonlight, and meditating her impassioned verses. Her harp lay at her feet, a volume was in her delicate hand, but the painter, despairing to catch the expression of genius in her eyes, had represented her with her face turned towards the back ground, and showed only the round outline of her cheek. The picture is doubtless lost, and even if we could recover it, it would not probably, in the present state of the arts, be found worthy of the admmation bestowed upon it in that age. My friend Weir, at my particular request, has adopted the idea of the old artist, and produced what is no doubt a much better picture, preserving the harp, the volume, the averted face, enlivening the waters with distant sails, and, with his usual taste, mingling the dress of the Italian courts with something of the oriental costume, borrowed by the Provençals from their polished and courteous Arabian neighbours in Spain, whose manners and whose literature so strongly influenced their own.

It was in the fourteenth century, at the holding of one of those Courts of Love established at Avignon under the patronage of the Popes, and in which Phanette des Gantemes was one of the ladies who presided, that Bertrand de Rascasas, a poet of Avignon, was acknowledged to have excelled the renowned Pierre Vidal.



The court was held amidst the shades of a magnificent garden. The ladies-presidents, among whom were the Marchionesses of Mulespine and Saluces, Clarette des Baux, Laurette de St. Laurens, Aloette de Meolhus, and several others mentioned by the Monk of the Golden Isles, were seated on an elevated platform, and around them were ranged, sitting or standing, lords, ladies, gentlemen, poets, scholars, and the prelates of the Papal court. The *tençons* or arguments in rhyme on questions of love, submitted to the decision of the court, were opened by Phanette, who sat in the midst, and read aloud by a page standing at her right hand, and the judgment of the court, when agreed upon, was announced to the assembly by the strong voice of a herald.

Just as the ladies of the court were about to descend from their places, there appeared a gentleman somewhat fantastically dressed, but of a handsome face and graceful figure, who made his way through the courtly crowd, and kneeling before the platform, presented a paper, which he prayed might be read in open court. It was Arnaud Vidal of Castelnadaury, who claimed to be a descendant of Pierre Vidal, and to whom several years before the golden violet, instituted as a prize for the best Provensal poem, had been decreed at the Floral Games in Toulouse, for his song in honour of the Holy Virgin. The lady-president broke the seal of the paper, and the page read its contents in presence of the assembly. It was the famous allegorical description of Love, com-

posed in the fourteenth century by Pierre Vidal, in which the poet, ignorant or disdainful of the images appropriated by classical antiquity to the personification of that passion, had clothed it in new and striking forms and allusions, borrowed directly from the age of chivalry in which he lived. The poem was accompanied by a brief commentary on its merit from the supposed descendant of its author, and a challenge to all modern poets in the Provençal tongue, to produce, on the subject of Love, verses equally worthy of a noble gentleman to compose, and of a high-born lady to hear. The following were the lines :

The earth was sown with early flowers,  
The heavens were blue and bright—  
I met a youthful cavalier,  
As lovely as the light :  
I knew him not—but in my heart  
His graceful image lies,  
And well I marked his open brow,  
His sweet but tender eyes,  
His ruddy lips, that ever smiled,  
His glittering teeth betwixt,  
And flowing robe embroidered o'er  
With leaves and blossoms mixt.  
He wore a chaplet of the rose,  
His palfry, white and sleek,  
Was marked with many an ebon spot,  
And many a purple streak.

Of jasper was his saddle bow,  
His housings sapphire stone,  
And brightly in his stirrup glanced  
The purple calcedon.  
Fast rode the gallant cavalier,  
As youthful horsemen ride :  
Peyre Vidal, know that I am Love,  
The blooming stranger cried ;  
And this is Mercy by my side,  
A dame of high degree,  
This maid is Chastity, he said,  
This squire is Loyalty.

A murmur of applause rose from the assembly as the page finished reading. The lords and ladies praised the invention and spirit of the old bard, and spoke of the decline of the art of verse. The herald then came forward, and in a loud voice demanded if any one present chose to accept the challenge offered by Arnaud Vidal of Castelnadaury, in behalf of Pierre Vidal, his illustrious and incomparable ancestor. A man of grave demeanour was observed to beseech a tablet from one who stood next him. It was Bernard de Rascas, known as a learned jurisconsult, a skilful poet, and a relation of Clement VI who had then just ascended the Papal throne at Avignon. The eyes of all were turned upon him as he wrote a few lines on the tablet, and then handed it to a page, who laid it at the feet of the fair judges. The verses in-

scribed on it, the original of which is preserved by Nostradamus, were read to the assembly :

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,  
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.  
The forms of men shall be as they had never been,  
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green ;  
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,  
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long ;  
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,  
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills ;  
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,  
The wild boar of the wood and the chamois of the rocks,  
And the strong and fearless bear in the trodden dust  
    shall lie,  
And the dolphin of the sea and the mighty whale shall  
    die ;  
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,  
And they shall bow to death who ruled from shore to  
    shore ;  
And the great globe itself, (so the holy writings tell,)  
With the rolling firmament where the starry armies dwell,  
Shall melt with fervent heat : they shall all pass away,  
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

There was an utter and deep silence when the page had done reading these lines, which was broken at length by the voice of the herald proclaiming the de-

cision of the court, that Bernard Rascas had excelled Pierre Vidal, inasmuch as the love of God was nobler than the love of woman, and the verses of Bernard Rascas were of nobler invention than the verses of Pierre Vidal. The successful poet, amid the applauses of the company, was then admitted to the honour of kissing the hand of Phanette des Gantelmes, the chief president of the Court of Love, and the assembly was dismissed.

Five years afterwards, says Nostradamus, “Phanette des Gantelmes, the noble and notable lady of Romanin, and her niece Laurette de Sado, who yet seems to live in the poetry of Petrarch, died at Avignon, in the time of the great plague which lasted three years, and which many named *Lou flagel mortal de Dieu*, the deadly scourge of God, for the usuries and rapines, simonies and impieties, that reigned there.”

## THE MARRIAGE BLUNDER.

I HAVE never been able to understand the peculiar significancy of the old and often quoted maxim that *matches are made in heaven*, as if Providence had more to do with our marriages, and we ourselves less, than with the other enterprises and acts of our lives. The truth is, that nothing we do is transacted with more deliberation than our matrimonial engagements. The talk about rashness, precipitancy and blindness, in the parties between whom the union is formed, is all cant, and cant of the most ancient and stale kind. I wonder it is not exploded in an age when old theories and long established opinions are thrown aside with as little ceremony or remorse as a grave-digger shovels up the bones and dust of past generations. In almost every marriage that takes place, the bridegroom has passed by many a fair face before he has made his final election, and the bride refused many a wooer. The parties are united after a courtship generally of months—the fair

one defers the day of the nuptials from mere maiden coyness, and the lover must have time to provide her a habitation. Religious ceremonies, the forms of law, the preparations for the festivity of the occasion, all interpose their numerous delays. 'Even where the parties have nothing to do with the matter themselves, it is managed with great reflection and contrivance, with negotiations warily opened and skilfully conducted on the part of their relations. Why, the very making of these matches, which the proverb so flippantly affirms to be made without our agency, constitutes nearly half the occupation of civilized society. For this the youth applies himself diligently to the making of his fortune; for this the maiden studies the graces and accomplishments of her sex. I have known persons who for years never thought of any other subject. I have known courtships which lasted through four lustres. I have known mothers who for years made it the business of their lives to settle their daughters. The premeditation of matrimony influences all the fashions, amusements and employments of mankind. What a multitude of balls and parties, and calls and visits and journeys, are owing to this fruitful cause—what managing and manœuvring, what dressing and dancing, what patching and painting, how much poetry and eke how much prose, what quantities of music and conversation and criticism and scandal and civility that otherwise would never have had an existence!

The result justifies the supposition of deliberation ; and most marriages are accordingly made with sufficient wisdom. 'Talk of the risk undertaken by the candidate for the happiness of a conjugal life' The man who marries is not so often cheated as the man who buys a horse, even when the bargain is driven for him by the most knowing jockey. Ten are unfortunate in trade to one who is unfortunate in a wife. Marriages are comfortable and respectable things the world over, with a few exceptions. Illnatured people torment each other, it is true ; but if they were not married they would torment somebody else, unless they retired to a hermitage ; while on the other hand good tempers are improved by the domestic affections which the married state calls forth.

If marriage happened to a man without his knowledge or consent ; if it came upon one unexpectedly like a broken leg, or a fever, or a legacy from a rich relation, or a loss by a broken bank ; if young men and young women were to lay their heads on their pillows in celibacy and wake the next morning in wedlock ; if one were to have no voice in the election of a wife, but were obliged to content himself with one chosen for him by lot, there would, I grant, be some propriety in the maxim I have mentioned. But in a matter which is the subject of so much discussion and deliberation as marriage, not only on the part of the youth and the damsel but of all friends and acquaintances, and which is hedged round



with so many forms and ceremonies, it is nonsense to talk of any particular fatality. I recollect but two instances of people being coupled together not only without their knowledge or consent, but without even that of their friends. The marriages took place on the same day, in the same church, and from the misery in which the parties lived it might be inferred that the matches were made any where else but in heaven. I will relate the story, as it is rather a curious one, though I admit not at all romantic. I would make it more so if in my power, for the gratification of certain persons whose fair hands will turn these pages; but I have no skill in embellishing plain matters of fact.

Some years since when I was at Natchitoches, on the banks of the Red River, I became acquainted with a French cotton-planter of the name of La Ruche, whose house stood at a little distance from the village. He was a lively shrivelled old gentleman, dried almost to a mummy by seventy hot Louisiana summers, with a head white as snow, but a step as light as that of the deer he hunted. He loved to tell of old times, of the adventures of his youth, and of the history of his contemporaries, and the country. The novelty of these subjects stimulated my curiosity and kindled my imagination, and it may readily be supposed that he found me a most willing listener. For this quality of mine he took a vehement liking to me, and used to invite me to his plantation, where he would keep me in spite of all my excuses, for

days together. La Ruche was the descendant of one of the early settlers of Louisiana, the younger son of an ancient Gascon family who came out with La Harpe in the early part of the eighteenth century, and made one of the colony which he led to the banks of the Red River. The father of my friend, a wealthy planter, had sent him in his youth to be educated at Paris. After an absence of six years, in which he acquired a competent share of the graces and intelligence of that polished capital, he returned to complete his education in a different school, and one better suited to the state of the country at that period. He exchanged his silk breeches for leathern ones, learned to navigate the immense rivers of this region, to traffic and hold talks with the Indians, to breed and train packs of hounds, to manage the spirited horses of the country, to pursue and kill the deer in the merry and noisy hunt by torch light, and to bring down the fiercer bear and panther. Once he had penetrated over land to Mexico. Three times he had guided a skiff through the difficult channels of the Great Raft, as it is called, of the Red River, thirty leagues to the north of Natchitoches, where for eighty miles in length it drowns an immense extent of country, overlaying it with huge trunks of trees, above which wave the dwarf willows and gaudy marsh flowers, and around and under which creep sluggishly the innumerable and intricate currents.

My friend loved to make me ride out with him, and I believe he did it partly from a motive of vanity, that

I might see how much better a horseman he was than I. We were commonly mounted on two fine mares of the Andalusian breed, fleet, spirited, with prominent veins, and eye that shot fire like those of an Andalusian lady. Such rides as we had in the charming month of October!—for charming it is in every region of North America. We crossed the blood-coloured stream of the Red River, and visited the noble prairies between it and the Washita. Let no man talk to me of the beautiful scenery of the old world, I have seen it; it is beauty on a small scale, in miniature, in little spots and situations—but if he would see beauty in its magnificence and vastness, beauty approaching to sublimity, yet not losing but rather heightening its own peculiar character—let him visit the prairies of our south-western country. Let him contemplate the long sweeping curve of primeval forest with which they are bordered, where the huge, straight, columnar trunks are wound with gigantic blossoming vines, and upheave to an immense height a canopy of the thickest foliage and the deepest green. Let him look far over the immense grassy ocean spread before him—on the innumerable gorgeous flowers that glow like gems among the verdure—on the clumps of towering trees planted over them at pleasant distances, as if for bowers of refreshment—and the immense rivers draining territories large enough for empires, by which they are often bounded at one extremity. Here the features of the earth are in unison with those of heaven; with the sky

of tenderest blue, the edge of whose vast circle comes down seemingly into the very grass ; with the wind that bends all those multitudes of flowers in one soft but mighty respiration, and with the great sun that steeps the whole in his glory.

But the scene of my story lies on the western side of the Red River ; and I have no excuse for lingering thus between that stream and the Washita, save the surpassing amenity of these gardens of God, for such they are, laid out and planted and beautified by his own hand.

One day I rode out with my ancient host towards the Rio Hondo, a small river wandering through dark forests in a deep channel, up to which the Spanish government formerly claimed when they extended their pretensions to the west of the Sabine “ There,” said La Roche, pointing to a placid sheet of water, over whose border hung the peach-leaved willows of the country, “ there is the Spanish Lake, and in a little time we shall be in the old Spanish town of Adayes, about ten miles distant from Natchitoches. This country is the ancient debateable ground on which the two rival colonies of France and Spain met, and planted their first settlements by the side of each other.” A little farther on, my companion gave a wave of his hand—“ There,” said he, “ is Adayes—the inhabitants are a good sort of people, simple, hospitable, bigoted and ignorant ; but look well to that pretty silver-mounted riding whip of yours, or you may chance not to carry it back with you.”

I looked and saw a cluster of tall clumsy houses, plastered on the outside with mud, which peeling off in many places, showed the logs of which they were built. We entered the town at a round pace, and then checking our horses, passed slowly through it. The inhabitants were sitting at their doors, or loitering about in the highway, for the weather had that soft golden autumnal serenity which makes one impatient of being any where but in the open air. We entered into conversation with them—they spoke nothing but Spanish, but when I looked in their faces, and remarked the strong aboriginal cast of features, and the wild blackness of the eye in many of them, I expected every moment to be saluted in Cherokee or Choctaw. La Ruche directed my attention to their place of worship, which stood in the centre of the village. “Look at that little old church,” said he, “built far back in the last century. It has four bells, two or three of which are cracked, and on the religious festivals they express the public joy in the most horrid jangle you ever heard. The walls of the interior are adorned with several frightful daubs of renowned saints, which assist the devotion of the worshippers. Note it well, I beg of you, for you are to hear a story about it to-day at dinner.”

We left the village, and the lazy people that loitered about its old dwellings. On our way to Natchitoches we passed a fine cotton plantation, to which my friend called my particular attention. The mansion of the

proprietor, with three sharp parallel roofs, and a piazza in front, stood embowered in shades, its stuccoed walls, of a yellowish colour, gleaming through the deep-green leaves of the catalpa and the shivering foliage of the China tree. Back of it stood, in a cluster, the comfortable looking cottages of the negroes, built of cypress timber, before which the young woolly-headed imps of the plantation were gamboling and whooping in the sun. Still farther back, lay a confused assemblage of pens, from some of which were heard the cries and snuffling of swine, and around them all was a great inclosure for the reception of cattle, in which I saw goats walking and bleating, and geese gabbling to each other and hissing at two or three huge dogs that moved surlily among them. My companion stopped his horse, and called my notice to a couple of fine trees of the button-wood species, or sycamore, as they are called in the western country, planted near each other, before the principal door of the house. They had not yet attained the full size, and swelled with a lustiness and luxuriance of growth that bespoke the majesty and loftiness they were yet destined to attain. My friend gave me to understand that there was some romantic association connected with these trees. "*Ce sont les monumens d'un pur et tendre amour du bon vieux temps,*" said he, laying his hand on his heart, and looking as pathetically as a Frenchman can do—"but you shall hear more about it, as well as about the little old church, when we are more at leisure."

That day my venerable friend dined with more conviviality than usual. He made me taste his Chateau Margaux, 1<sup>er</sup> Medoc his Lafitte, &c for these plants keep a good stock of old wines in their cellars and insisted on my doing mine reason in a glass of Champagne. I had never seen him in such fine spirits. He told me anecdotes of the French court at the close of the reign of Louis the XIV. and the beginning of that of his successor, and sang two or three Vandevilles in a voice that was but slightly cracked, and with a sharp monotony of notes. His eye sparkled from beneath his grey eyebrows, to speak fancifully, like a bright fountain from under frostwork; and I thought I could detect a faint tinge of red coming out upon his parchment cheek, like the bloom of a second youth. Suddenly he became grave. "My friend," said he, solemnly, rising and reaching forward his glass, and touching the brim to mine, as is the custom of the country—

I rose also, involuntarily, awed by the earnest gravity of his manner.

"My friend, let us pledge the memory of a most excellent man now no more, the late worthy curate of Adayes, and my ancient friend, Baltazar Polo."

I did as I was requested. "Sit down, Mr. Herbert," said the old man, when he had emptied his glass; "sit down, I pray you," said he, with an air which instantly showed me that he had recovered his vivacity—"and I will tell you a pleasant story about that same

Baltazar Polo I have been keeping it for you all day

“Baltazar Polo was a native of Valencia, in old Spain, and I have heard him boast that old Gil Polo, who wrote the *Diuna Enamorada*, was of the family of his ancestors. He was educated at the University of Saragossa. Some unfortunate love affair in early life, having given him a distaste for the vanities of the world, he entered into holy orders, quitted the country of his ancestors, came to New Mexico, and wandered to the remote and solitary little settlement of Adayes, where he sat himself down to take care of the souls and bodies of the simple inhabitants. He was their curate, doctor, and schoolmaster. He taught the children their *aves*, and if willing their alphabet, said mass, helped the old nurses to cure the bilious fever, proposed riddles to the young people, and played with them at forfeits and blind man’s buff. There his portrait hangs just before you—look at it Herbert—a good-looking man, was he not?”

“It is a round, honest, jolly face,” said I, “and not devoid of expression. There is a becoming clerical stoop in the shoulders, and his eyes are so prominent that my friend Spurzheim would set him down for a great proficient in the languages. But there is a blemish in the left eye, if I am not mistaken.”

“It was put out by a blow from an angry Castilian, whom he had accidentally jostled in the streets of Madrid, and whom he was coaxing to be quiet. He



was the gentlest and most kindly officious of human beings, full of good intentions, and ever attempting ;

works though not always successful. He was very absent, and so near-sighted with the only eye he had, that his sphere of vision was actually, I believe, limited to the circle of a few inches. These defects kept him continually playing at a game of cross-purposes. Had if the tranquil and sleepy lives of the people of Adaves had ever been disturbed by any tendency to waggersy they might have extracted infinite amusement from his continual blunders. I have known him address a negro with an exhortation intended for his master recommending courtesy to his inferiors, and good treatment and indulgence to his slaves, enlarging upon the duty of allowing them wholesome food and comfortable clothing, and of letting them go at large during the holidays. I doubt whether this black rogue was much the better for this good counsel. The next moment perhaps he would accost the lazy proprietor himself with a homily on the duty of obedience and alacrity in labour. He would expostulate feelingly with some pretty natural coquet of the village, whose only pride was in her own graceful shape, lustrous eyes, and crimson petticoat, and whose only ambition was to win the heart of some young beau from Natchitoches on the folly of staking her last rag at the gaming table, and I once heard of his lecturing an unshaven, barefooted, shutless old Spaniard, in a poncho and tattered pair of breeches, the only ones he

had in the world, on the wickedness of placing his affections on the vanities of dress.

But alas, there were no wags in that primitive little village, and there was no wit. The boys never stuffed with gunpowder the *segar's* which the worthy Valencian used to smoke after dinner, nor did the men, to make him drunk, substitute brandy for the wholesome *vino tinto*, of which, from mere absence of mind, he would sometimes in the company of his friends partake rather too genially. They never thought of making any man's natural oddities of manner or peculiarities of temper the subject of merriment, any more than the cut of his face. If ever they laughed, it was at what would excite the laughter of children—at palpable rustic jokes and broad buffoonery at the *Pruchinda*, as the Spaniards call Punch, from Mexico, and at the man from New Orleans who pulled so many yards of ribbon from his mouth. On the contrary, they had as high an opinion of the Reverend Father Polo's sagacity as they justly had of his goodness. Whenever there was any thing in his conduct which puzzled them, as was often the case, they ascribed it to some reason too deep for scrutiny, and only became the more confirmed in their notion of his unfathomable wisdom. Far from comprehending any ridicule on the subject of his mistakes, they would look grave, shake their solemn Spanish heads, and say they would warrant Father Polo knew very well what he was about. This confidence in his superior understanding, fortunately

served to counteract in a good degree the effects of his continual mistakes. But it was not only among the people of Adayes that he was loved and respected. The neighbouring French planters found in him an agreeable and instructive companion, and were glad of a pretext to detain him a day or two at their houses, nor was his reputation confined to this neighbourhood alone for I remember to have heard my friend Antonia de Sedilla, the venerable bishop of Louisiana, speak of him as a man of great learning and piety, and once in my private benevolent Poydras took occasion to extol his humanity.

At the time of which I am speaking, the prettiest maiden of Adayes was Teresa Paccard, the daughter of a Frenchman, who had taken a wife of Spanish extraction and settled in the village. Teresa inherited much of the vivacity of our nation, and was likewise somewhat accomplished; for her father had made her learn a tolerable stock of phrases in his native language, and often took her to visit the families of the French planters; and the good Baltazar had taught her to read. At the age of sixteen she was an orphan, without fortune, and but for the hospitality of her neighbours, without a home. Not far from the village lived a young Frenchman, who had emigrated thither from the broad airy plains of the Avoyelles, some hundred miles down the Red River, where he had followed the occupation of a herdsman. He had grown weary of watching the immense

droves of cattle and horses belonging to others, and having collected a little money, emigrated to the parish of Natchitoches, bought a few acres, and established himself in the more dignified condition of a proprietor, with his old father, in a rude cabin swarming with a family of healthy brothers and sisters. Richard Le-moine, then in his twentieth year, was one of the handsomest men of the province, notwithstanding his leathern doublet and small clothes, the dress of the prairies. He was of Norman extraction, fair haired, blue eyed, ruddy in spite of the climate, broad shouldered, large limbed, with a pair of heavy Teutonic wrists, of a free port and frank speech, and such a horseman as even in this country of fine horsemen is seldom seen. He saw Teresa—

“And fell in love, of course,” said I, interrupting my host.

“And fell in love, of course,” resumed he, “and Teresa was not averse to his addresses. They first agreed to be married, and then the young lady consulted Baltazar Polo.”

“Yes, my daughter,” said he, “with all my heart. The young man is not rich to be sure—and you are poor—but you are both industrious and virtuous—you love each other I suppose, and I ought not to prevent you from being happy.”

About the same time another courtship, not quite so tender, perhaps, but more prudent and well-considered, was going on between a couple of maturer age and more

easy circumstances. You cannot have forgotten the thrifty looking plantation I showed you this morning, and the neat mansion, with the two young sycamores before its door. There lived at the period of my story, and there had lived for eighteen years before, Madame Labedoyère, the widow of a rich planter, childless, and just on the very verge of forty. She was a country-woman of yours, an Anglo-American lady, whom Labedoyère found in one of your Atlantic cities, poor, proud and pretty, and transplanted to the banks of the Red River to bear rule over himself and his household, while he contented himself with ruling his field negroes. The honest man, I believe, found her a little more inclined to govern than he had expected, but after a short struggle for his independence, in which he discovered that her temper was best when she was suffered to take her own way, he submitted with that grace so characteristic of our nation, to what he could not remedy, endured the married state with becoming resignation, and showed himself a most obedient and exemplary husband. Ten years passed away in wedlock, at the end of which my friend Labedoyère regained his liberty by departing for another world, where I trust he received the reward of his patience. Eight years longer his lady dwelt in solitary widowhood, as the sole inheritor of Labedoyère's large estates, and the features of the demure maiden had settled into those of the imperious matron—a full square face, dark strong eyebrows, and steady bold black eyes,

while her once sylphlike figure had rounded into a dignified and comfortable corpulency, and her light youthful step been exchanged for the stately and swimming gait of a duchess.

This lady had contrived to receive the addresses of a rich old Frenchman, who lived two or three miles distant from her house, and still further from the spot where the young Richard Lemoiné had established himself with his old parents, and their numerous progeny. Monsieur Du Lac was a little old gentleman, of sixty years of age, an inveterate hypochondriac, and the most fretful and irritable being imaginable, with a bilious, withered face, an under lip projecting so as to be the most conspicuous feature of his countenance, and the corners of his mouth drawn down with a perpetual grimace of discontent. No subject could be more unpromising for a woman of the disposition of Madame Labedoyère; but she was weary of having nobody but servants to govern; besides, she was a lady of spirit, and felt herself moved by a noble ambition of taming so intractable a creature as Monsieur Du Lac. She therefore began to treat him with extreme civility and deference, inquired, with the tenderest interest, the state of his health, sent him prescriptions for his maladies, and good things from her well-stored pantry, and whenever they met, accosted him with her mildest words and softest accents, and chastised the usual terrors of her eye into a catlike sleepiness and languor of look. The plan

succeeded, the old gentleman's heart was taken by surprise—he reflected how invaluable would be the attentions, the skill and the sympathy of so kind a friend and so accomplished nurse as Madame Labedo. In the midst of his increasing infirmities, he studied a few phrases of gallantry, and offered her his hand, which, after a proper exhibition of coyness, hesitation and deliberation, on a step so important to the lady's happiness, was accepted.

Thus matters were arranged between the mature and between the youthful lovers; they were to be married and to be happy, and honest Baltazar Polo, the favourite of both young and old for leagues round, was to perform the marriage ceremony. The courtship of both couples had been in autumn, and now the chilly and frosty month of January was over, and the rains of February had set in, flooding the roads and swelling the streams to such a degree that nobody could think of a wedding until finer weather. The weary rains of February passed away also, and the sun of March looked out in the heavens. March is a fine month in our climate whatever it may be in yours, Mr. Herbert; it brings bright pleasant days, and soft airs—now and then, it is true, a startling thunder-shower; but then, such a magnificence of young vegetation, such a glory of flowers, over all the woods and the earth! You have not yet seen the spring in Louisiana, Mr. Herbert, and I assure you it is a sight worth a year's residence in the country.

March, as I told you, had set in; the planters began to intrust to the ground the seeds of cotton and maize; fire flies were seen to twinkle in the evening, and the dog-wood to spread its large white blossoms, and the crimson tufts of the red<sup>\*</sup>bud to burst their winter sheaths, and the azalea and yellow jessamine, and a thousand other brilliant flowers, which you shall see if you stay with us till spring, flaunted by the borders of the streams, and filled the forests with intense fragrance, and the prairies were purple with their earliest blossoms. Spring is the season of new plans and new hopes—the time for men and birds to build new habitations, and marry—the time for those who are declining to the grave with sickness and old age, to form plans for long years to come. I myself, amidst the freshness and youthfulness of nature, and the elasticity of the air at this season, white as my hair is, sometimes forget that I am old, and almost think I shall live forever. Mons. Du Lac grew tenderer as the sun mounted higher, the air blew softer, and the forests looked greener; he became impatient for the marriage day, and entreated the widow to defer their mutual happiness no longer.

“ Ah, my dear madam ” said the withered old gentleman, in a quaking falsetto voice, “ let us gather the flowers of existence before they are faded—let us enjoy the spring of life ” It was impossible for the gentle widow to resist such ardent solicitations, and she consented that the nuptial rites should be delayed no longer.



Nearly at the same time that this tender scene was passing, Richard Lemome also, in phrase less select, but by no means less impassioned, proposed the lovely Teresa, and not in vain, to a speedy marriage. But it was already near the close of the carnival, and but two or three days intervened before the commencement of Lent, that long melancholy fast, in which, for the space of forty days, the Catholic church forbids the happy ceremony of marriage. I have often thought, that if the observances of our church had been regulated with a particular view to the climate of Louisiana, the fast of Lent would have been put a month or two earlier in the calendar, but I am no divine, and do not presume to give my profane opinion upon this delicate and sacred subject. Neither did the four lovers; but it was agreed by them all, that they could not possibly wait until Lent was over, and the only alternative was to be married before it began.

In the mean time it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the parish of Natchitoches, who had the misfortune to be single, had formed the resolution of entering into the state of wedlock before the carnival ended. They came flocking in couples of various nations, ages and complexions, to the church of Adames, to be married by the good Baltazar Polo, and that year was long afterwards remembered in the parish of Natchitoches, under the name of *l'un des noces*, the year of weddings.

"Do you know, Richard," said Teresa to her lover, on his proposing that the wedding ceremony should

take place the next day, "do you know that Father Polo has promised, on the day after to-morrow, which is the last of the carnival, to begin at four o'clock in the morning, and to marry at the same mass all who shall present themselves at the church of Adaves? It is so awkward to be married with every body staring at one!—but if we are married in company with a dozen others, they cannot laugh at us, you know. Let it therefore be the day after to-morrow, dear Richard, and as early in the morning as you please, for the earlier we go to the church, the darker it will be, and I should like, of all things, to be married in the dark." Richard could not but assent to so reasonable a proposal, and departed to make his little arrangements at home for the reception of his bride.

It is somewhat remarkable that Madame Labedoyère, notwithstanding she was as little liable to the charge of excessive timidity and superfluous coyness as any of her sex, should also have insisted on being married on the morning of the last day of the carnival. Her gallant and venerable suitor contended most tenderly and perseveringly against this proposal, urging the propriety of their being united in broad day light, with the decorums and ceremonies proper to the occasion; but he was forced to yield the point, at last, as the lady declared that unless the marriage took place at the time she proposed, it must be delayed until after Lent; and to this alternative Mons. Du Lac was too gallant and impatient a lover

to agree. I believe that Madame was sensible of the queer figure he withered, weak-legged, and sour-visaged Adonis would make, as principal in a marriage ceremony, and was willing he should escape observation among the crowd of bridegrooms whom she expected the last day of the carnival would bring to the church of Adnyes.

At length the day arrived. At half-past three in the morning, the sexton threw open the doors of the little log church, and awoke the village with a most furious and discordant peal on the cracked bells. The good Baltazar Polo appeared at the appointed hour, and the building began to fill with the candidates for matrimony and their relatives. Couple came flocking in after couple. Here you might see by the light of lanterns which the negroes stood holding at the door, a young fellow in a short cloak and broad-brimmed palmetto hat and feathers, with a face in which were mingled the features of Spain with those of the aborigines, walking with an indifferent and listless air, and supporting a young woman whose rounder and more placid, though not less dark countenance, was half covered by the *manto* or thick Spanish veil, which, however, was not drawn so closely over her forehead as to hide the cluster of natural blossoms she had gathered that morning and placed there. There you might see a simpering fair one, with a complexion somewhat too rosy for our climate, and a wreath of artificial flowers in her hair, step-

ping briskly into the church on pointed toe, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, whose liveliness of look and air needed not the help of his cocked hat and powdered locks and long-skirted coat of sky blue, to tell that he was a Frenchman. In others you might remark a whimsical blending of costume, and a perplexing amalgamation of the features of different races, that denoted their mixed origin. Nearly all came protected with ample clothing against the inclemency of the weather, which, lately mild and serene, had changed during the course of the night to cold and damp, with a strong wind, driving across the sky vast masses of vapour of a shadowy and indistinct outline. Fourteen couples at length took their place in the nave of the church, in two opposite rows, with a sufficient space between them for the priest to pass in performing the marriage ceremony. Back of these rows stood the friends and relations of the parties, waiting for the moment when the rite should be concluded, to conduct the brides to the houses of the bridegrooms. The interior of the church was dimly lighted by two wax tapers that stood on the altar. A storm was evidently rising without, the sky seemed to grow darker every moment as the day advanced, the wind swept in gusts round the building, and rushed in eddies through the open door, waving the flame of the tapers to and fro. As the flickering light played over the walls, it showed on one side of the altar a picture of our Lady of Grief, *La Virgen de los Dolores*, the very

caricature of sorrow, and on the other a representation of the holy St. Anthony tempted by evil spirits, in which the painter's ingenuity had been exerted so successfully as to puzzle the most sagacious spectator to tell which was the ugliest, the saint or the devils—or indeed to distinguish the devils from the saint. Farther off were one or two other pictures, whose grim and shadow faces, in the imperfect and unsteady glare of the tapers, seemed to frown suddenly on the walls, and then as suddenly shrink into the shade. The horses which the company rode, and which stood about the door, held by negroes, or fastened to posts and saplings, pawed and neighed, and champed their huge Spanish bits, as if to give their riders notice of the approaching tempest. Father Polo saw, or rather was informed by the friends of the parties, that there was no time to be lost, if he intended that the brides should reach their new habitations that morning in comfort and safety. He therefore passed between the rows of the betrothed, performing the ceremony rapidly as he went, and handing over each of the ladies, as he put the wedding ring on her finger, to the friends of her husband, who conducted her out of the church. Close together stood Mons. Du Lac and Richard Lemoine, and opposite them Madame Labedoyère and Teresa Paccard. The latter were both in cloaks, a circumstance sufficient in itself to cause them to be mistaken for each other by a person so absent and near-sighted as Baltazar Polo. He put the ring of Mons.

Du Lac on the hand of Teresa Paccard, and that of Richard Lemoine on the hand of Madame Labedoyère, and as they drew their cloaks over their faces, preparing to face the wind without, handed them to those whom he supposed to be the friends of their respective spouses. Madame Labedoyère was given in charge to the relatives of Lemoine. They placed her on a fleet horse, brought by the young man from the Avoyelles, and went off at a quick pace, attended by two or three of his brothers and sisters. Teresa was seated on a soft-footed ambling nag, bought by Du Lac expressly for the use of his widow, and departed in company with an old planter, a cousin of Du Lac, a negro who rode after them on horseback, and three or four more who trotted on foot behind them.

In consequence of the high wind, the roaring of the woods, and the haste made to escape the storm, there was little conversation between the brides and their attendants, and nothing occurred to make them suspect the mistake, until they reached the habitations of the bridegrooms.

Teresa arrived with her escort at the place of her supposed destination, just as the clouds had settled into a solid mass all over the sky, and were shedding down the first drops of rain. By the imperfect light—for although the sun was rising, the thickness of the gathering storm still maintained a sort of twilight in the atmosphere—she could distinguish a sort of vastness in the walls of the

building she was approaching, that did not agree with her ideas of the cabin of Richard; and the shrubs and trees about it, waving low and sighing heavily in the violent wind, betokened the seat of an ancient dwelling. She had, however, no time to speculate upon the matter; and the temporary misgiving which these appearances forced upon her, was forgotten in her eagerness to obtain a shelter. Her ancient attendant, with more briskness than the stiff formality of his figure would have warranted her to expect, alighted and assisted her from her pony; the negro had flung himself from his horse and opened the door, and Teresa in an instant was within the house. Here she was met by half a dozen domestic negroes, with shining jetty faces, grinning and welcoming their new mistress with bows and courtesies. One took her cloak, another ushered her into a spacious apartment, a third sprung before her and placed a chair, and a fourth presented a looking glass, by which to adjust her hair, disordered in the haste of her ride. She threw a hurried glance at her own image, but the furniture of the room, so different from what she expected to see, more strongly attracted her attention, and she quickly handed back the mirror. She saw that she was sitting on an arm chair, with a seat and fringes of crimson silk, and the back and legs ornamented with a profusion of heavy carving and tarnished gilding. Several others of the same description were scattered around, and a large comfortable looking sofa, covered with faded

damask, stood under a huge looking glass, carved and gilt after the same fashion with the chairs, but unluckily cracked in its voyage from France. The glass leaned majestically forward into the room, so as to reflect every inch of a floor smoothly paved with French brick, the fashion of the day. On another side of the wall hung two family portraits, in big wigs and bright armour. This magnificence was curiously contrasted with the stout cedar table in the middle of the room, with half a dozen coarse wooden chairs scattered about, and a clumsy chest of drawers, the work of some rude artificer of the country. The table, however, presented a most sumptuous *dejeuner à la fourchette*, coffee, claret, the delicate bar-fish, trout, duck-pies, the favourite dishes of the country, with others, which I will leave you who know something of French cookery to imagine to yourself, served up on massy old plate.

"Ah!" said Teresa to herself, "this surely cannot be Richard's house. Or is it possible that he has been amusing himself with my simplicity, and that he is a rich man after all!" \*

Her doubts were of short duration. The door opened, and a vinegar-faced old gentleman, with an olive complexion, shrunk legs, and attenuated figure, presented himself. The solemn gentleman who had hitherto attended Teresa, arose, and with infinite solemnity announced Mons. Du Lac, the bridegroom, to Madame Du Lac, the bride. The poor girl turned red, and then pale,



and seemed ready to sink into the earth with embarrassment and anxiety. The old gentleman himself stood for a moment motionless with surprise, and then appearing to recollect himself, he advanced and took the hand of Teresa, who felt almost afraid to withdraw it from a gentleman so aged that he reminded her of her grandfather.

"Ah, madam," said he, coughing, "forgive my awkwardness—but I was so surprised! How much you are changed since I saw you last evening—you are more than twice as young, and ten times more beautiful."

"Indeed, sir," interrupted Teresa, eagerly—"there is no change, I can assure you—I am the same that I ever was—there is some error here—something very extraordinary."

"Extraordinary! my princess; well may you call it so; it is one of the most extraordinary things I ever witnessed in the course of my life, and I have seen fifty years"—here the old gentleman told the truth, though by no means the whole truth; "nothing less than a miracle could have produced—and yet it may be a miracle, my dear madam, the Saints are so good!"

"Ah, sir," said the poor girl, "do not mock me, I pray you. I perceive here has been a sad mistake—let me go to my Richard, I intreat you, let me go to my Richard."

As she spoke, she rose, and made an effort to withdraw her hand, of which, however, the ancient swain

retained obstinate possession. Much as he was struck with her beauty at first sight, he grew more charmed with it as he gazed upon her round youthful figure, her polished forehead, her finely-moulded cheeks, now flushed with an unusual crimson, and her full black eyes, in each of which a tear was gathering. He determined not to give up so fine a creature without an effort to retain her.

"May I take the liberty of inquiring," said he, "whom you call your Richard?"

"It is Richard Lemoine," answered the young woman, "who lives down by the Poplars. I married him this morning."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madam, but you married *me* this morning, and here is my ring on your finger—my grandmother's wedding ring, with the finest diamonds in the colony, and the pretty motto, *jusqu'à la mort*, which I hope is a great way off, at least I am sure it is, if I can get rid of this troublesome cough. Ah, my adorable princess, we may both imagine that there is a mistake in this affair, and yet it may be all right—indeed I am confident it is. The kind heavens have destined us for each other. I certainly expected to marry a different person, but providence has willed it otherwise, and I am most happy to submit to its dispensations. I hope you will have as little reason to complain of them as I. We are united, I trust, for a long and happy life, and the marriage knot, you

know, is indissoluble; marriage is too solemn a thing, madam, to be trifled with, as I presume you are sensible—”

Here Mons Du Lac was obliged, by a violent fit of coughing, to break off his discourse; but Teresa had sunk back into the chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, was sobbing violently. The old man tried every method he could think of to reconcile her to what he called her destiny, in which he was zealously seconded by his friend, the old planter. He made her presents of necklaces and jewels, and various other fineries which he had intended as nuptial gifts to the fair widow; he enlarged on the comforts of his mansion, the extent of his plantation, the ease and opulence she would enjoy; vowed that his existence should be devoted to her service, and that her slightest wish should be the law of his conduct; and, finally, hinted that Richard doubtless knew very well what he was about in the affair, that he had probably intrigued with the widow, and that the perfidious beings were now in some snug corner, congratulating themselves on the success of their wicked stratagem. Monsieur Du Lac's grave old cousin reinforced this last argument, by declaring his solemn belief that it was true, and it effected what none of the others could. How could Teresa refuse to believe two such old and apparently honest men? The offended beauty dried her tears, consented to look on the rich adornments for her person presented by her venerable lover, and

finally suffered herself to be led to her seat at the head of the breakfast table.

The widow, in the mean time, was more rapidly conveyed to her place of destination, on the fine fleet animal which Richard had brought from the Avoyelles, a gentle but spirited creature, broken by him for the use of his sisters. They rode so rapidly that they seemed to leave the huge low-hung clouds behind them; and although Richard's habitation was at a considerably greater distance from the church than that of Monsieur Du Lac, they reached home quite as soon. What was the surprise of the lady on entering the house! The room into which she was ushered was floored with loose planks, a huge naked chimney yawned in the midst, where two or three cypress logs were smouldering, the naked rafters of the ceiling were stained with smoke, and a few old chests, a dozen joint-stools, and two clumsy arm-chairs, were the only furniture of the apartment. A flaxen headed girl assisted her to take off her cloak, and as she stood in the majesty of her rustling silk and glittering jewels, an elderly couple, a white bearded man of sixty, in a leathern doublet, and a thin matron of ten years' younger, in a coarse white cotton cap, and blue cotton short gown and petticoat, who had risen upon her entrance, began to bow and courtesy with an involuntary and profound respect.

"What a fine lady she is," said the old woman to her husband.

"What an old wife Richard has got," whispered to one of her brothers the flaxen haired girl who had helped her off with her cloak.

In the mean time the stern lady stood regarding the group with a look of unutterable disdain. Her bold black eyes flashed fire, as she pushed aside the big arm-chair that was offered her. "Where am I?" she exclaimed, "why am I brought to this place? I am sure this is not my husband's house; take me thither, instantly."

"Where is my wife?" said Richard, who just then entered the door. "Who is that lady?"

"That is your wife," answered one of the boys, "that is the lady the minister handed us."

"And a fine lady she is," added Richard's mother, "I warrant the whole country cannot show a finer."

"But I am not your wife," said madam Labedoyère, fixing her resolute eyes on Richard. "I demand to be taken back to my husband. I will not remain another moment in this miserable hut."

"You say true," replied Richard, "you are not my wife. I married a younger and thank heaven a prettier woman; but you must consent to play the hostage here madam, till I get her. There is some cursed blunder in this business. You claim your husband, I claim my bride—my Teresa. I declare that you shall not stir from this house until she is restored to me."

"Ah, I see how it is, my son," interrupted Richard's

mother, "the good one-eyed Baltazar has made a mistake, and given you the wrong lady."

"Then the good one-eyed Baltazar must give me the right one," retorted Richard. "What right had the old blunderer to rob me of my pretty Teresa? What business had he to give her to another man, and fob me off with this fine lady as you call her, who is old enough to be my mother? But I will go after him, and force him to make restitution—if I do not, I wish I may never mount a horse again. Brothers, look well to that lady, with her silks and jewels, and do not let her leave the house till I come back."

So saying, Richard flung out at the door, though the rain drove in heavy torrents against the windows: and his mother screamed out to him that he would certainly catch his death by venturing forth in such a storm. He sprang upon his horse and was soon at the curate's, where he was admitted to an instant conference with Baltazar Polo. The good man tried at first to convince him that it was impossible for any mistake to have been committed, as he was very confident that he had put every particular ring upon the hand of the lady for whom it was intended, and accurately handed the brides to their respective bridegrooms. This, however, only served to work up into fury the exasperation of Richard, who asked him if he supposed that every body was as near-sighted as himself, and whether he thought he could not tell a woman of forty

from a girl of eighteen. The clergyman then inquired of the young man if he knew the name of the person whom the lady he had left at home intended to have married, as it was probable that Teresa might have been carried to his house by mistake. On this point Richard was wholly ignorant, having neglected to inform himself before he set out, nor did he even know the name of the lady. He saw, however, that there was a good deal of reason in Baltazar's suggestion, and departed with a determination to make the necessary inquiries of the unknown matron.

It occurred to him, however, that he would not leave the village of Adayes, in which Father Polo resided, without first calling at the late home of Teresa, to see if its inmates could tell what had become of her. They could give him no information. They had neither seen or heard any thing of her, since she left them that morning at an early hour, dressed for the marriage ceremony. He then ran to the church, which he entered with a vague hope that he might yet find her within it. Nobody was there but the sexton, and the grim, bearded, unsympathising saints on the walls, who seemed to stare in the most unfeeling manner on his anguish. There, too, was the Virgen de los Dolores, still occupied only with her own ancient griefs, regardless of his newer and keener distress. He felt as if he could have torn them from the walls where they hung. Leaving the church, he put his horse to its full speed, and came home

wet to the skin, amidst a cloud of vapour arising from the perspiration of the animal.

Madame Labedoyère, in the mean time, had borne her detention at Richard's house more patiently on account of the storm which was raging without, and which infallibly would have spoiled, or at least sadly disordered her wedding dress, had she ventured to encounter it. Richard found her at his return, seated somewhat sulkenly in the arm-chair, which she had accepted on his departure, and his mother and sisters busied in their usual occupations, though somewhat more silent than usual; for they were awed by the strange lady's imperious manner, and that splendour of costume which had never before been seen within those walls. The lady's reflections, in the mean time, however, had not been much to Richard's disadvantage. If he recovered Teresa, she was sure to have Monsieur Du Lac restored to her; but if otherwise, it struck her that the young fellow's manly frame and blooming face were no inadequate compensation for the loss of the old gentleman's possessions. He was poor, it is true, but she was in fact rich enough for both; and she began to think that after all she might not be so very wretched in his society.

Immediately on entering, Richard inquired of the lady her name, and that of the gentleman whom she went to the church to marry; and a family council was held to consider what should be done, at which the stately widow graciously condescended to assist. It was



finally settled that Richard should proceed with his father to the house of Monsieur Du Lac, to induce him to restore the young bride, who had doubtless been conducted thither by mistake; and in case of the success of the embassy, Madame Labedoyère received an assurance that she should be duly conveyed to the mansion of her venerable lover. Some time elapsed in making these arrangements, but at length the old gentleman and his son set off together. The father was a slow rider, and often did Richard find himself far before him on the road, and heard himself called upon to slacken his pace. Du Lac's house lay in a direction from the church of Adayes exactly opposite to that of Richard, and consequently at a considerable distance from the latter. In vain the young man represented to old Lemoine, that at the rate they were travelling, it would be impossible to reach the place before night-fall.

"No matter, Richard," replied the old man, "if we get there before bed-time, it will be time enough, I take it. You know I have never ridden any faster these ten years, and I hope you would not have your father turn jockey, and break his neck in his old age. Rein in your horse, can't you, and stop kicking him in the side, and keep back along with me."

Oh, what a long journey that was for poor Richard! They arrived at Du Lac's house, however, while the twilight was yet in the western sky. The rain was over, and the thin vapoury clouds were crimson with

the latest of those hues which foretel a fair day on the morrow. They knocked at Du Lac's door, and it was opened by a negro, who told them that his master was just gone to bed with his new wife.

"And who is his wife?" asked Richard, quickly.

"A very handsome, and very young woman," said the negro, in his Creole French, "whom master brought home with him to-day."

Richard's heart sunk within him, when he heard this answer, nor had he the voice or the courage to ask any more questions; but his father pursued the inquiry. The black informed them that the bride was a beautiful creature, about eighteen years of age, that his master was married to her that very morning, that he understood her name was Teresa, that she was from the Spanish village of Adayes, that she wept very much when she first came to the house, but that before night she seemed very happy and contented.

Richard, in the mean time, listened with feelings that are indescribable. "Let us go home," said he to his father, "I see how it is; the girl has tricked me." The old gentleman commanded him to stay, and, turning to the servant, said, "I must speak with your master."

"You cannot," answered the negro, "he gave strict orders not to be disturbed."

"Don't tell me I cannot, you black rascal," said the old Louisianian, in a terrible voice, his blood begin-

ning to warm in behalf of his son ; " go and tell your master that I must speak with him immediately."

The black went, and soon returned with a civil message from Mons. Du Lac, giving the Messieurs Lemoine to understand that this was his wedding night, that he had retired to rest, and begged not to be disturbed ; but that on the next morning he would be exceedingly happy to wait upon the gentlemen, and execute any commands with which they might please to honour him.

The ancient herdsman, while this message was delivering, drew himself up to his full height, which exceeded six feet, and presented a figure of weather-beaten strength, such as we have few examples of at the present day—tall, bony, grim, and broad-shouldered : " Go," said he, in a voice which thundered through the half-open door, and resounded along the passages of the dwelling, " tell your master I *will* speak to him, or I will batter down his house about his ears."

The domestic again disappeared, and in a moment afterwards an upper window opened, a head covered with a woollen night-cap was thrust out, and a sharp-keyed infirm voice demanded what they wanted at that time of night ?

Old Lemoine answered that he thought it a very proper time of night, and proceeded to state the nature of his errand ; spoke of the mistake that had occurred, and the desire of his son to rectify it ; said that Richard

had come with him to claim his betrothed bride, and that he stood ready to restore to Mons. Du Lac the lady whom he had intended to marry.

"There is no mistake whatever in the matter," answered D'u Lac from the window. "I am well satisfied with the match as it is, and I can answer for the young lady that she makes no objections. She is my wife, regularly married to me at the church, and wears my ring on her finger at this moment. As for the widow Labedoyère, I am sure the young man is perfectly welcome to her, and I wish them a great deal of happiness."

"But he does not want the widow, and is come for the young lady."

"Oh, he wants my wife, does he; he is come to steal her from my bed on the wedding night? Young gentleman, you have set out upon this errand a little too soon. It is not the custom for gallants like you, to run away with other people's wives, until the lady has lived with her husband a few days at least. And you, Mons. Lemoine, as I think you call yourself, I wonder you are not ashamed of abetting your son in such a wicked business. No, no, gentlemen, my wife is my wife, and I shall keep her. I have the honour to wish you a very good night." Saying this, he shut the window, and the negro at the same instant fastened and bolted the door below.

What was to be done. Old Lemoine was in a great rage, and talked of bursting open the door, and pene

trating to Du Lac's chamber, to ascertain from the young woman herself the truth of his story. Richard was inclined to abandon all further pursuit of one who had proved herself fickle, ungrateful, and worthless. As a sort of middle course, it was finally agreed to go to Baltazar Polo, to rate him soundly for what he had done, and to see if he had any counsel to offer.

The good pastor received them with his usual benignity, and listened mildly to their complaints. "My friends," said he; "I should the more regret the error I have committed, did I not see in it a particular and benevolent providence. I cannot alter what heaven has done; Madame Labedoyère is your wife, and Teresa is united to M. Du Lac; but come to me to-morrow morning, I will send for the other couple, and will endeavour to adjust the matter to your satisfaction."

The next morning early the four newly married people were at the house of Baltazar Polo. You know, perhaps, Mr. Herbert, that by the marital law of Louisiana, neither the husband has any title to the real or personal property of the wife, nor the wife to that of the husband; and therefore, although both M. Du Lac and Madame Labedoyère were rich, yet if they had died the next day, or after ten years of matrimony, both their young spouses would have been as poor as they were before the marriage.

"We have made a great blunder," said the curate, "by which the original intentions of all parties have

been frustrated. You," said he, addressing himself to the old people, "have been the gainers by this accident, and these young folks have been the losers. You must therefore make them a compensation. Let Mons. Du Lac settle half his large estates on his young wife here, and you, Madame, half yours on your young husband, and on this condition the marriages shall remain as they are."

None of the party seemed at first exactly pleased with this arrangement, but the curate was peremptory. Du Lac could not think of giving up Teresa, and Madame Labedoyere, when she saw the handsome Richard by the side of his withered and crooked competitor, could not help congratulating herself fervently on the exchange; a notary, therefore, was sent for, the instruments of settlement were executed on the spot, and the parties withdrew—Teresa with Du Lac, and Richard with Madame Labedoyère, now become Madame Lemoine, in whose house he was to establish himself.

That very evening both the young persons had a sample of the disposition and temper of their spouses. You know something of the custom of *Charivari*, which prevails in all the French colonies of North America. It is a way we have of celebrating odd, unequal, unsuitable matches. It was hardly dark when the tumult of the Charivari was heard from a distance by the inmates of Madame Lemoine's dwelling. Horns winded. whistles blown, tin kettles beaten with sticks, a jangle

of bells, and a medley of discordant voices was heard on the wind, and when the crowd came in sight torches were seen flaming and smoking over their heads. As the procession drew near, it was observed to be headed by two grotesque masked figures, the one representing a fat, staring, bold-faced old woman, and the other a lubberly foolish looking young bumpkin, who at intervals kissed and embraced each other lovingly, and with abundance of awkward gesticulations. A broad-chested fellow, marching after them, thundered out a halting ballad, with a chorus in which the whole procession joined, and in which the names of Richard and his spouse were duly commemorated. That fearless lady, however, took her measures with her usual spirit; she posted her negroes at the windows, gave them their orders, and was fully prepared for the arrival of the party. The procession at length reached the house, and came to a halt before the door, when immediately one dressed in a fantastic garb, much like that of a clown at a theatre, and who acted as marshal of the ceremonies, stepped forward, and with a wand which he carried in his hand, gave a most furious rap on the door. That was the signal for the besieged to ply their weapons of defence; the windows were suddenly opened, vessels of dirty water were emptied into the faces of the procession, sticks, rotten eggs, and other missiles, were thrown at them, and a couple of fowling pieces were discharged over their heads. They fled precipitately.

leaving on the field their instruments of music, which the servants afterwards picked up and brought in, as trophies of the victory they had obtained

Whether it was by the same party or not, I cannot say, but the wedding of Mons Du Lac was celebrated with similar honours and under more lucky auspices for those by whom they were rendered. The old gentleman submitted to the custom with so bad a grace, that they were encouraged to take the greater liberties, the serenaders entered his house, deafened his ears with their horrid music, drank gallons of his best wine, and one of them a strapping young fellow, had even the impudence to snatch a kiss from the bride. It was one o'clock in the morning before these rude waspulers left the house and then the vexation of old Du Lac, which had been so long restrained by their presence broke forth into fury. He stormed at his negroes, cursed the neighbourhood, railed at every body whose name was mentioned, or who came into his presence, nor did he even spare his wife. He told her he wished he had married Madame Labedoyère, and then none of all this trouble could have happened.

Teresa was never destined to see him in good humour again. He had broken on that evening through that reserve of first acquaintance which produces civility even in the peevish and morose, and ever afterwards he treated her as he did the other inmates of the family, with an intolerable and perpetual ill-humour. In three



years he fretted himself into his grave, notwithstanding all the pains which the gentle Teresa took to keep him alive, leaving her the owner of half his possessions, and the mother of two children who inherited the other half.

As for the mother, with whom Richard was pained so much against his inclination, she could never reduce the young man to that state of obedience which she esteemed the proper relation of a husband to the wife of his bosom. Richard insisted firmly on maintaining his parents in comfort, and educating his sisters, and she insisted as strongly that he should not. He carried his intentions into effect, at the expense of a daily quarrel with his wife. This vain contest for the supremacy preyed upon her spirits and impaired her health, her portly figure wasted visibly, she went into a deep decline, and died at the end of five years from the time of her marriage, having also borne two children to her husband.

And now, Mr. Herbert, you anticipate the conclusion of my story. You are right—Richard and Teresa were united at last, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the little old church at Adaves, by the benevolent curate, my right worthy friend Baltazar Polo; and never did those cracked bells ring a merrier peal than at that wedding. It was performed with more than usual precaution, for the good minister declared that no second mistake should be committed, if it was possible to guard against it by human means. It took place at broad

noon, in a clear bright day, and the curate wore a new pair of concave spectacles, which he had procured from New Orleans expressly for the occasion

The worthy couple are now like myself grown old They live on the fertile plantation which formerly belonged to Madame Labodoyere, where I showed you the two fine young button-wood trees before the mansion The children of the first marriages are provided for on the ample estates of the deceased parents, and Le moine and his wife live surrounded by their numerous offspring in the serene old age of a quiet and well acted life Some years since a French botanist, travelling in this country, claimed the hospitality of their roof He showed them, among other matters connected with his science, how the leaf of the button tree hides in its footstalk the bud of the next year's leaf Richard told his wife, that this was an emblem of their first unfortunate marriage, which, however, contrary to their expectations, contained within itself the germ of their present happy union, and their present opulence They adopted the tree as their favourite among all the growth of the forest, and caused two of them of equal size and similar shape to be planted before the door "

## PICTURE OF A CHILD.

[See Frontispiece ]

SEMBLANCE of Beauty ! budding fresh and free,  
As the young rose, baptized in the night-dews,  
Fragrant and crisp, and sparkling in its glee,  
When bathed in crimson morning's softest hues '

Sure such a creature I have seen before,  
In all its lovely lineaments the same ;  
And thou, the counterfeit, dost but restore  
Some fairy image that I once could name.

It is not so—for thou art but the shade  
Of thoughts that in the painter's mind had birth ;  
It never *was* by form incarnate made.  
Nor ever *may* its copy live on earth '

Of all the family of flowers, no two  
 Are undistinguished in their shape and dies,  
 No perfect pair man's lineage ever knew,  
 With one soul beaming from their kindred eyes

Thou hast no other self—yet such a thing  
 Might live, and laugh, while nature laughed around:  
 Why dost thou then to baffled memory bring  
 A likeness of what is not to be found?

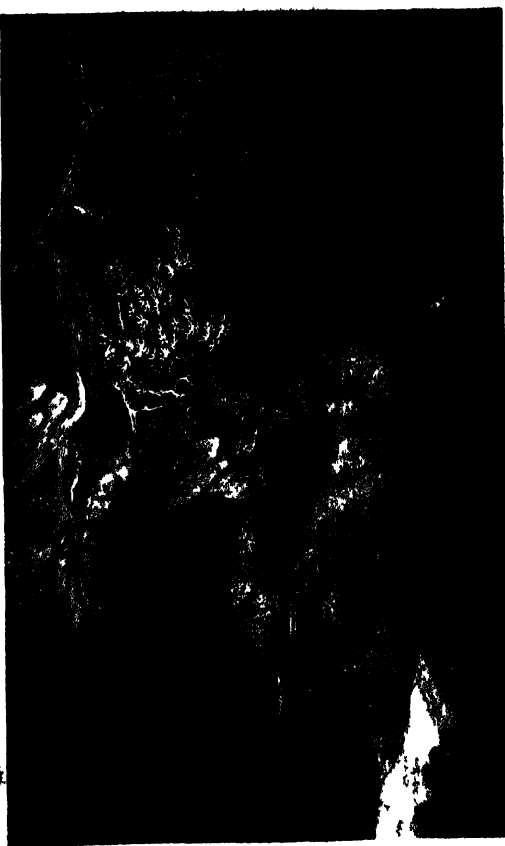
It is, that in the once unclouded mind,  
 The original of loveliness was graven;  
 Nor lost, when on the parents of mankind  
 Cherubim shut the eastern gate of Heaven

## GELYNA;

A TALE OF ALBANY AND TICONDEROGA,

SEVENTY YEARS AGO

In the course of my printed lucubrations, since the demon of authorship has seduced me into the vanity of writing and publishing under my own name, I have taken occasion to speak of our good state capital of Albany as being rich in historical recollections and even in romantic associations. For this candid expression of honest opinion, I have been laughed at by some of my friends, and perhaps by many of my readers—but with how little justice they best know—who know most of Albany. Most of my older and most acquainted throughout the State, and even of those who have visited or passed through Albany a hundred times, think of it only as the legislative capital of the great state, where laws are enacted, and where the great men and patrons of the state are gathered.





rangements are adjusted, where ~~conventions~~ and caucuses are periodically held, and where new constitutions for the state, new great men for the union new banks and chartered companies of all sorts and sizes for all sorts of people are regularly made according to order. The younger set of fashionables and semi-fashionables know Albany or affect to know it merely as a big city-looking place full of huge taverns and hotels, where they land from the steam-bent on their way to Saratoga, Niagara, or Quebec. Another set of less locomotive good-fellows, especially in New-York and Philadelphia, have no notions about it, but those derived from the old traditional jokes upon its ancient Schencks and Schencks, its burly Bargomasters, its seventeen-patticaped beauties, its lofty spires glittering with tin, and its hospitable boards smoking with sturgeon."

But in honest truth, there are few cities of the size any where, which can exhibit a greater or a more agreeable variety of society and manners. In Albany may be found talent and learning, accomplishment and beauty. The towns of Europe of the same size and relative importance, (and it has been my lot to pass some dull, dull weeks in divers of these ~~large~~ old provincial capitals) can in no

"I quote large for comparison with the cities of Europe, which were once the great centres of civilization, but now they are all dead, and the only one that is left is Albany." F. H.



respect bear no sort of comparison with it. What a brilliant contrast, for example, does the society of Albany present to that of old York or Worcester, of Tours, Turbes, Auch, Agen, or Autun, of Bruges or Utrecht, and (always excepting what relates to the elegant arts) to that of Mantua, or Parma or Pisa. Then, too, its situation, the prospect from its higher grounds and streets, the walks and rides in all directions about it, are full of beauty, and abound in scenes meet for romantic fiction, for tales of "fierce wars and faithful loves." Albany is rich also in more sober but equally interesting recollections of our national history. There, (to use the once familiar personification in which Indian oratory delighted to speak of the French and English governments) Corlaer and Ononchio were wont to meet, and plant the tree of peace, or else extinguish their council fire and part in wrath. There the ancient governors of New-York and New-England, and the military chiefs of the British forces in America, used to receive and negotiate with the Ononchio of the French possessions, the gallant De Nonville, or Dieskau, or Montcalm. There Corlaer met the chiefs of the Six Nations, not then the degraded race we now see, but men worthy of the epithet applied to their nation by a late distinguished statesman\*—"the Romans of the western world"—the haughty and jealous republican tyrants of a hundred subject tribes.

\* De Witt Clinton—Historical Discourse

There the eloquent Garangula, the Onondaga chief, the Pericles of the Iroquois confederacy, proclaimed aloud the wise and proud neutrality and independence of his nation—"We are born free—we depend neither on Corlaer nor Ononthio." \* There, about the middle of the last century, (1751,) the governors of the several provinces met the chiefs of the Six Nations, and the ambassadors of the Catawbas and other southern tribes, and buried the hatchet between the whole Indian race on this continent and planted the tree of peace in Fort Orange \* There, three years after, was held that first general Congress, in which the earliest arrangements for national defence were made, and where, by one of those remarkable coincidences with which the hand of Providence has legibly inscribed the evidence of its own workings in every part of our national history, upon the Fourth of July, 1754, Benjamin Franklin, and other patriots destined to the highest honours of their country, signed the first plan of American Union, and proclaimed to the colonies that they were one people, fit to govern and able to protect themselves. Why need I speak of the events of the revolution? At Albany, in the most eventful periods of that struggle, Montgomery and Schuyler and Gates, and the elder Clinton, in turns planned or directed the operations of war, while the civil

\* On the spot where now stands the house occupied by the present venerable Surveyor General of the state.

wisdom and moral courage of Jay gave new confidence to public spirit, and fresh vigour to our councils.

Yes—Albany and its recollections ought to be duly illustrated; and should I not be anticipated by some abler hand, I may perhaps do it myself in a *Waverly*-like novel or two, which I have determined to write. I mean to write them, as the young lady in the farce resolved to read Shakspeare through—"some summer afternoon." At present, however, all that I can do, is, to fill up a few of the remaining pages of this little volume with a story connected with one of my own Albany recollections. It is but a brief and simple tale, yet it touched me when I heard it, and so it did my friend Cole, when I afterwards related it to him, so much that he introduced its main incident into one of his exquisite landscapes of our northern mountain scenery.

When I was a very young man—I will not say precisely when that was, for, like most gentlemen, and some ladies, who are no longer young and do not choose to grow old, I do not care to be very specific and chronological on the subject of my age—but in truth it was about a quarter of a century ago. At that time I frequently visited Albany, sometimes on business in the city, more frequently in passing to and fro to visit some western lands of my family. On these occasions I repeatedly observed a person whose appearance and behaviour I was about to describe; but as it occurs to me that that would be anticipating the whole interest of my

story, I must postpone it for the present, and, following the sage precept of the methodical giant in *Count Hamilton's* fairy tale—"non ami le Belier, commencez toujours au commencement"—will begin at the beginning.

About the middle of the last century, the province of New York could boast of no beauty more admired than Gelyna Vandyke. She was an heiress, it was true for her father who had died in her childhood, had left an estate, such as in those days of economy and simplicity was deemed a very splendid one, to be divided between her and an elder sister. But she must have been admired anywhere with or without fortune. Her figure had, in an uncommon degree that light and graceful slenderness peculiarly characteristic of American female beauty. Her boldly marked and prominent yet delicately formed features, her face glowing with intelligence and animation, vividly expressing every passing change of thought or sentiment, from wild girlish gaiety to pensive contemplation, her sparkling dark eye, and rich profusion of glossy black hair; her graceful deer-like motion, and her attitudes and gesture, which, whether grave or pensive, were never common-place—all harmonized to give her an air of romantic and original beauty, delightful and fascinating, even to the blunted feelings of the man of the world; whilst to the young and romantic, like herself, she seemed all that "youthful poets fancy when they dream."

She was such a being as the young artist delights to paint; such as the young minstrel could not look upon without beholding in her the Armida, the Juliet or the Emily of some favourite bard. And poetic and romantic in fact, she was as well as in seeming. Her mother, the daughter of a learned English clergyman, had given her all the advantages of early instruction and accomplishment which her own excellent education and the means of the colony could furnish, whilst such acquirements and accomplishments as Albany could not teach, were supplied by a New-York boarding-school, directed by a lady of that same Huguenot race, which my readers well know I delight to honour, and to which in those days New-York owed, together with most of its commercial knowledge and wealth, all its manners, elegance, and and literature \*

Under Madame La Rue's care, Gelyna read Corneille and Racine, as well as the best English poets, whilst (as

\* My friend (and I trust by this time the reader's also) Mr De Vilecour, the other day pointed out to me, with great exultation, the following passage in the recently published second part of Smith's History of New York, with which he was the more gratified, as that Herodotus of New-York's early history is not very partial to Delancy and some of the more distinguished Huguenots. "The persecuted refugees from France brought money, arts, and manners into our city and figured as the chief men in it. They were almost the only merchants in it from the commencement of the century."

happens in more modern times) her private reading ranged widely over the whole field of amusing fiction. She devoured the stately old romances in French and English, which at that time had not yet quite been driven from ladies' reading, and mused and yawned and sighed over the long and faithful loves of bold knights and bright princesses, and their deeds of arms, and tears and long speeches, and all the metaphysics of the heroic tender passion in Amadis, and Clelia, and Pharamond :

Offspring of other times—ye visions old,  
Legends no more by gentle hands unrolled,  
Magnanimous decreits ' where favoured youth  
Found short repose from formidable truth.

There, too, when Richardson began the new era of novel-writing, and taught his followers to paint from living nature, she wept over the woes of the stainless Clarissa Harlowe, sympathized with the persecutions of the prim Pamela, and made a third with Clementina and her rival in sighing for the peerless Grandison. When, therefore, she returned from school to Albany, though she had too much natural good sense, and had been taught too good manners to betray any portion of her secret thoughts, it is quite certain that in her eyes the young burghers and wealthy landholders compared very poorly with the Alexander, the Titus, or the Cid of the classical French drama, or with Dryden's noble Anthony, who lost the world for love, and thought it well

lost, or with the invincible Almanzor, the knightly Palemon, the faithful Arcite, or the gracefully bowing Grandison. Nay, sometimes, in her merrier moods, she would mentally contrast the rough gallantry and clumsy politeness of her semi-rustic beaux, to the gay Will Honeycomb, whom the Spectator had introduced to her acquaintance in all the resistless fascination of his janty air and his fifty guinea periwig.

Thus, like many a more modern girl of cultivated taste and excited imagination, Gelyna walked and moved through our every day world as one in it, but not of it, looking around anxiously but vainly for some such beings as peopled the elysian world of her fancy. Had she been a mere creature of sickly fancy, she would in all likelihood have had no more difficulty than many other novel-reading ladies, in finding what she sought for, by clothing her common acquaintance or her clumsy beaux with the romantic forms and graces and glories of heroes and beauties borrowed from the rich wardrobe of her own imagination. But it was not so—great natural sagacity, and a quick and keen sense of the ridiculous in life, manners and character, obliged her when she looked on the world to see it as it was; and she turned gladly from its coarse realities to the gay and verdant fairy-land in which she loved to rove. Thus passed her early youth, until in her twentieth year she accepted an invitation to spend the winter with a relation in the city of New-York, whose husband filled a high official sta-

tion there. She had before known the capital of the province only as a school girl; but she now found in it a society more in unison with her feelings and congenial to her taste than she had yet seen. New-York was then, it is true, but a humble colony, with little general refinement of manners or splendour of living, but many of the governors had been men of taste, education and rank, their families had figured in high life in England, and they had gradually diffused over a small official circle much of the same taste and habits. Large detachments of the British army were constantly collecting there or passing through to other posts, in consequence of the war with France, and the threatening aspect of the Canada frontier, which then in effect extended to within a hundred miles of Albany.

The favour which military men commonly find with the ladies, is an old theme of thread-bare satire. If this be a mere fancy for gold lace, fine colours, and fine feathers, it deserves to be laughed at; but in sober truth, I cannot conceive any combination of character, which can well be more fascinating to an intelligent young woman, and which within the bounds of ordinary prudence may more deserve to be so, than that which may be sometimes found in a soldier—good principles and good sense, graced by a union with courage, polished manners, observation of life, and the elegant manners which various society, travel, and military habits seldom fail to bestow.



All this our heroine found in Major Rutledge, and found it without borrowing any help from her own imagination. Edward Rutledge was a young and handsome Carolinian, of large fortune, who, according to the usage of the wealthy southern planters, had been educated at one of the English great public schools, and afterwards at Oxford. When very young, he had been smitten with a passion for military glory, and had purchased a commission. After serving with reputation abroad for a year or two, he returned home, and there exchanged his commission in the regular service for a majority in one of the newly raised provincial corps, the — of the Royal Americans. He had distinguished himself the summer before he met Gelyna, in the brilliant little affair of the repulse of the French and Indians on the Onondaga River, under General Bradstreet, as well as in the first repulse of Montcalm from Fort William Henry, at the foot of Lake George; and having fortunately been ordered elsewhere soon after, he had escaped losing his life or tarnishing his laurels by being included in Gen. Webb's disgraceful capitulation of that Fort.

Why need I relate what followed? In the laughing, agreeable, handsome Major of the — Royal Americans, Gelyna found, first the scholar and the gentleman, and very soon after, the hero of her visions. The first discovery every body had made before her, and it certainly needed very little aid or embellishment of her fancy to

enable her to make the second. Rutledge on his side saw in her those graces and accomplishments which he had often admired in the high-born of Europe, but which were then rare indeed among our own countrywomen. These graces and accomplishments elsewhere he had merely admired, but in her he loved them, because he found them in company with American simplicity and frankness—or, to speak more accurately, with that American peculiarity of female manners, at once frank and confiding, and at the same time modest, delicate, retiring—"a combination and a form indeed"—for which an American word must be coined, as no language within my acquaintance possesses one to express it adequately. After this, I am sure I need not relate the progress of their loves, from the first formally bowed and courtesied introduction, and the no less formally bowed and courtesied minuet which followed it at the City Assembly, to their morning walks in early spring through the winding elm and locust planted streets and garden-skirted lanes and roads of this then village-like city, or afterwards to their more sweet and silent evening rambles along the banks and shores of the moon-lit Hudson 'Tis but a little change of time and scene and names, and 'tis the story of the youthful loves of the brave, beautiful, and true-hearted of our own times, and of all times.

All seemed auspicious to their faithful vows—not a single angry cloud was to be seen in the horizon threat-

oning to ruffle the smooth current of their loves. Fortune, friends, youth, happiness, all smiled upon their union. Mutual faith was plighted, and an early day in the spring was fixed for the nuptials. A week before that day arrived, the — Royal Americans were ordered with the rest of the British forces at New-York to rendezvous at Albany, in order to join the expedition to the north against the French fortress Carillon, at Ticonderoga. The young Lord Howe, the pattern of English soldiery, though not the first in nominal command, was to be the real chief of the expedition, and he was followed by the best and most splendid European army ever seen in North America. His march was to a certain and quick and glorious victory, and it was settled by the lovers and their friends, that after gathering new laurels under this young Marlborough of England's hopes, he should return to lead his betrothed bride to the altar at Albany in the next month, after resigning, as he might then do without dishonour, his military rank, and all those dreams of fame which could henceforth interfere with domestic happiness. In the latter part of the month of June, they parted at Albany. They parted as lovers part, with tears on her cheeks, with a momentary sadness on his brow; but there was no heaviness or sad foreboding in the heart of either.

It was with a bright and triumphant expression that her black eyes gleamed through their tears, as she raised her head proudly from her shoulder when they parted

“On the eighth of July, Gelyna,” said he—“On the eighth of July, Edward,” she murmured in reply. Her mother’s house was situated at one of the curves of that broad and winding street, now called Market street, and commanded a long view of the river, (for the river side was not then built up.) and far up the street, and along the road to the north which continues it through the *Colonie* towards Rensselaerwyck, the present residence of the *Patroon*. She stood at the window, and with looks of proud affection followed her beloved hero as he rode gallantly along. By her side stood another, who too strove to catch the last, lingering, view of one upon whom all her hopes of earthly happiness were fixed. It was the fond, timid, gentle Martha, her elder sister by a year or two, who, with sinking heart and flowing tears, gazed on the departure of her young husband, Herman Cnyler. Cnyler was a plain, brave, clear-headed, true-hearted youth, who, without any special inclination for military life, had cheerfully determined to do his duty in the defence of the province, and had with that view alone accepted a lieutenancy under his friend Rutledge in his own battalion. The two young soldiers had, in the short time they had known each other, become intimate and attached, much more so than could be accounted for solely by their intended connexion. It is not easy to say what common attraction could so closely unite the gay and profuse, the cultivated, literary, and elegant Carolinian, with the

plain, industrious, sober-minded, prudent, practical New Yorker, who knew and cared little about books, and less for fine people. Probably each of them (as frequently happens in the most lasting and useful friendships) was struck in the other with the qualities he knew himself to want, and in one point they were perfectly alike—in candour, frankness, and entire freedom from all envy or self-conceit.

The forces of General Abercrombie and Lord Howe rendezvoused at the southern extremity of Lake George, where now stand the pretty village of Caldwell and the hotels for the reception of travellers and tourists, and not far from where the ruins of Fort William Henry, which had been destroyed the year before, may still be seen. There, a few days after, they embarked upon the lake, in order to land in the neighbourhood of Ticonderoga, and attack or besiege that fortress. Often when I have been gazing on the transparent, deep, smooth waters of that beautiful lake, and its banks, always picturesque, sometimes rich and verdant, more frequently wildly romantic, with its hundred islets covered with pines and hemlocks, my imagination has startled me by suddenly filling up the lovely view with the brilliant expedition of 1758, as I have heard it vividly described by some brave actors in the scene still living. Upon that now still and peaceful shore, on a mild and calm summer morning, was arrayed under arms the largest and best appointed British army which had ever been seen in this

country, and which has perhaps not since been surpassed. There upwards of seventeen thousand men, well armed, equipped and officered, in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war," were embarked in more than a thousand boats, drawn up along the shore for their reception.

Soon the larger batteaux moved in regimental order, with an even front, their oars keeping time to the loud strain of martial music, which ever and anon the echo of the mountains prolonged and reverberated with a sweet but spirit-stirring confusion of animating sounds. Behind are towed rafts, heavy with the bright brass field-pieces, and their martial accompaniments. A hundred and fifty light whaleboats, filled with officers and the advanced guard, glided ahead, apparently self-moved, like so many white sea-birds, over the smooth translucent lake. The whole pompous array proceeds, now darkened by the broad shade of the high mountain bank, now broken and overshadowed by the rocky or woody islets, and then again shooting forward into the wide, bright sunshine gleaming upon the gaudy streamers and painted ours of the boats, and the scarlet and gold of the regiments, or glancing in broken streams of light from their polished arms.

Yes, in my lonely rambles of other days along and around the shores of that sweet lake, or when in my solitary skiff floating over those ever pellucid waters, formerly so appropriately selected by the Catholics of

Canada for the holiest rites of the church, to be at once the emblem and the vehicle of "the mystical washing away of sin,"\* how often has this magnificent scene risen as in clear vision before me, presenting in no unimpressive contrast the lasting beauty and grandeur of the Creator's works, with the perishable pomp and folly of human pride—the sweet peace of nature with the bloody wrath of man. There, too, I seemed to see, in a light whale-boat, skimming far ahead, the gallant and amiable Howe, a young hero of whom history preserves nothing but the name. But the still fresh traditions of his true chivalry, his meek bearing of the highest faculties, his generosity, his talents, his thirst for honourable distinction, and his untimely fall, I know not how or why, early fired my youthful imagination, and have not lost their hold upon it yet.

That was a day of splendour for England's arms; the darker events that followed, are matter of history. The plan of the commanding generals was to land some distance south of the peninsula of Ticonderoga, and then invest and carry by general assault the fort and works in which Montcalm, (he who in the very next year died with his conqueror Wolfe, on the plains of Abraham,) had entrenched himself with a few battalions of French

\* Lake George is called by the French St. Sacrament, and its waters were formerly used at Montreal and Quebec for the services of the Catholic church.

troops, and a considerable force of Canadians and Indians. His regular fortifications were slight, but he had supplied their weakness by an abattis of trees felled thickly and promiscuously, with their boughs pointed outwards, and so interlaced and projecting as to render the entrenchment within almost inaccessible. This was lined by a force undisciplined in European tactics, who could not have met Abercrombie in the open field, but as skillful and terrible in the use of fire-arms as our own men of Kentucky and Tennessee. They were further protected by swamps and morasses, thick forests and underwood on all sides. In an early skirmish shortly after landing, Howe was killed, and with his life fled away the genius that directed and the confidence that invigorated the British army. An attack on the French lines was however ordered, pursuant to his plan. The details of that bloody action may well be spared. The military and the historical reader well know that in all respects it singularly resembled the still more decisive and terrible repulse of the English from the lines at New-Orleans. The British and provincial troops of 1758, marched to the assault with the same undaunted gallantry which was shown at New-Orleans in 1815 by the veterans of the peninsular war, and they met a similar reception. Their front was again and again mowed down like grass by the unerring fire from behind the entrenchments. At the first fire Major Rutledge found himself the senior officer of his brigade left unhurt, and



took the command. Four times were his men broken and driven back, and as often rallied by his ardour and led again to the charge. They endeavoured to cut their way through the various impediments, and at length even scaled the abattis and mounted the interior parapet. But courage and perseverance were alike useless; the carnage grew more and more horrible, and at length the confusion in the British and provincial ranks became universal. Then arose loud and shrill the war-whoop of the Indians—a sound contemptible in the ears of the victorious soldier, but always terrific to the defeated. It struck fear to the hearts of all the English and foreign troops. Abercrombie, ever infirm of purpose, and now alarmed and disheartened, ordered an immediate retreat, which he effected to his former camp, leaving nearly two thousand of his bravest men on the field. There he left one half, and those the best and bravest, of Murray's superb Highland regiment, there was left to bleed and die, many a youth for whom the wealthiest and proudest families of Great Britain and her provinces long mourned. And the fearless, the adventurous Rutledge—where was he? He had been wounded in the arm slightly at the beginning of the action, and again more severely in the thigh, but had resolutely refused to listen to the solicitations of his friends to leave the ground, persisted in rallying his men as they repeatedly fell back in disorder, and in person led them again up to the deadly fire. He had advanced once more,

and was mounting the work, when the sure aim of a Canadian rifleman again reached him, and he fell helpless upon the ground. His troops now broke altogether, and fled in confusion, leaving him to die on the field. One alone remained. It was his friend Cuyler. He knelt by the side of Rutledge, whilst the balls rained thick around him, and raised him from the ground. Perceiving that though dangerously and severely, he was perhaps not mortally wounded, the vigorous young man lifted him up in his arms, and plunging into the forest, carried him out of the reach of the fire from the entrenchment. He now endeavoured to rejoin the regiment or some other portion of the retreating army, but active and powerful as he was, the weight of his wounded friend hindered him from overtaking men retreating, flying under the influence of a contagious panic—that mysterious sympathy which masters the skill of the veteran and the courage of the hero. Now he heard the war-whoop break through the forest, and perceived that a sortie of Indians must have been made between him and the retreating troops. He remembered the massacre at Fort William Henry two years before, when the savages had been let loose upon a capitulated army, to do that work of blood which the laws of war would not permit to their civilized victors; and alarmed at this circumstance, he hurried further on in the opposite direction. “Lay me down here,” said Rutledge—they were the first words he had spoken—“lay me down here,

and leave me to my fate—take care of yourself, Herman ” That it was not in Herman’s nature to do. He had resolved to save his friend, if possible, and his steady purpose was not to be shaken. He answered not a word, but taking a moment’s breath proceeded to bear him on through the morass, until he reached some rough, rocky ground, where a few steps more brought him to the water’s edge. He found himself on the bank of that noisy creek or stream which connects Lake George with Champlain, separating the Ticonderoga peninsula from that on which Mount Defiance rises, dark, steep and frowning. It was now nearly night-fall, but Chyle’s practised hunter’s eye, in his rapid glance up and down the lake, perceived among some logs and fallen trees, a canoe hauled up the bank a little distance below. A single moment’s silent deliberation was enough—he hurried his friend down to it, placed him in the canoe, pushed it into the water, and jumping in, steered it with its paddle down the swift current to the opposite shore. Once there, he would feel comparatively safe, and had he known that the feeble and alarmed Abercrombie was just then embarking his army a few miles south of him to return to the other end of Lake George, he would have been so in effect.

The swift current carried him rapidly to the opposite bank, where he sprung ashore, and after hastily reconnoitering the ground, bore his faint and still bleeding friend up a wild ravine, to a dry sheltered spot among

the rocky cliffs of the mountain. There he staunched and bound up his wounds with his own linen, and quenched his thirst, and bathed his head with the pure water trickling down the moss covered rocks. "What day of the month is this, Herman?" faintly asked Rutledge. "The eighth, I think—yes, the eighth of July." "This evening should have seen a very different scene—but be it so. Poor Gelyna—how will she bear the news of my death?" "Nay, it is not so—Major—Edward—Brother—it *shall* not be so—all will yet be well—you are young and vigorous—this night once over, to-morrow's sun will bring us relief, or enable me to find it."

During that long and dismal night, Cuyler became convinced that his friend's wounds admitted of no longer delay in procuring surgical aid; neither could he be carried down to the water's edge by himself alone, without most imminent and instant peril. He accordingly resolved to leave him as soon as the dawn began to break, to recross the river, and if he did not immediately find his own countrymen, to surrender himself to the French, and claim from them that assistance they could not refuse to an officer of rank. All this might easily be done in two or three hours, and with this promise of aid he left Rutledge, after doing all that was in his power to provide for his momentary ease. It was painful, indeed, thus to tear himself away; but Cuyler was one of those practical, useful men, who, after viewing any matter of importance on all sides, and making up

their minds as to what is best to be done, go on to execute their decision steadily and coolly, at whatever sacrifice of feeling or inclination. He again threw himself into the little canoe, and using the paddle only to throw it towards the opposite bank, was soon carried thither by the strong current. Almost immediately upon reaching the shore, he encountered a sergeant's guard of Canadian militia, who had been stationed at that point for some special service. He surrendered himself without hesitation, and requested aid for a dying officer on the other side the creek. His sword was received, and the soldiers set themselves diligently to examining his pockets, and dividing his watch, money, and epaulets among them, all which he gave up without defence. But to his inexpressible alarm, he found himself wholly unable to make them comprehend the only thing he had at heart. In an agony of anxiety which carried before it even his habitual calmness, he implored, he entreated to be taken to the general or some superior officer. The men understood neither English nor Dutch, nor he French, and his gesticulations and signs were as unintelligible as his language. Probably, too, after the hard service of the preceding day, they found themselves very well as they were, and had no desire to return to camp. Besides, they had doubtless no authority to leave their station until relieved. Hour after hour passed on, and Cuyler was not allowed to stir. They were long, long, long hours, every minute of them filled with intense and

bitter anxiety Rutledge dying alone for want of ordinary assistance, perhaps for want of food, and he himself in some sort the cause—the innocent cause certainly—but still a cause of his present sufferings. And then, savages and beasts of prey might by this time be adding new tortures to his last moments. Amidst these horrible reflections, came on a violent storm of wind and rain, and as Cuyler felt it drive in his face, he shuddered at every drop to think on what his poor friend was exposed to. At last the hours of torturing suspense ended. After eight such hours, the French party returned to the fort, and Cuyler was brought in with them. Breaking from his guard, he addressed himself to the first officer whom he saw—he stated in impassioned words the condition of his friend, an officer of rank, and claimed immediate succour. It happened to be the Chevalier Valette, a French colonel of the old school of military courtesy, the commandant of Fort Carillon; and the request was granted without delay. A young officer, with a surgeon and some soldiers, was ordered to accompany Cuyler in one of the large *bateaux* of the fort, with every thing that could contribute to assuage the sufferings of the wounded officer. The storm had passed, and the clouds were breaking away, and as Cuyler sprung on the other shore, near the ravine where he had ascended the night before with his beloved and honoured burden, the afternoon sun, scattering the clouds and throwing open a broad circle for his rays, shed a wide stream of light over

the wet and glittering forest, and the distinctly marked outlines of the distant mountains. Herman rushed on at the head of his party, breaking through the tangled under-wood, and bounding over and up the rocks till he reached the spot where he had left Rutledge. Rutledge was not there! Horror struck, he called, but with a faltering voice—and then again, his native steadiness returning, he called with a firmer tone. No answer. A bloody track caught his eye—he followed it round the cliff—a few hasty steps led him on to a bare, open space of high and solid rock, near the extremity of which lay a British officer. It was Rutledge—he was dead. That rock commanded a view of Lake George and its creeks and islets, and the opposite shore; and thither Rutledge had doubtless dragged himself to wait for the promised succour, and there, overcome with pain and loss of blood, he had died.

Herman Cuyler returned sadly with the body of Edward Rutledge, whose obsequies were honoured by the French army, as brave men should honour the brave. Some weeks after, Captain Cuyler was exchanged, and returned to Albany, and thither, at length, returned any narrative.

Gelyna, as has been said, parted from her betrothed hero with some natural tears of affection, but with no desponding fears of the future. Her naturally sanguine temperament and strongly excited imagination, did not permit her to dwell for an instant upon any passing

doubt or apprehension which could overshadow her hopes. She looked forward with assured certainty to the day when "her beautiful, her brave," should return covered with glory, to clasp her to a victor's breast, and lay his trophies at her feet. It was observed that not only in general society, but even at home among her friends and family, never had she been so uniformly gay, so overflowing with exuberant high spirits, as from the moment Rutledge left her. Those who knew her intimately were astonished at the buoyancy of her animal spirits, the frolic extravagance of her mirth, and the unflagging animation and excitement of her whole manner and conversation. Never had she looked more beautiful, never was her society more delightful or more courted; and as it happened that Albany was filled with the wives and families of the regular officers of the expedition, she was in a continual round of gay company.

\* The news from the army came in slowly. In the present days of steam-boats and mail-coaches, lovers sigh as well as bills of exchange can be whisked, if not literally "from India to the Pole," certainly from Maine to New-Orleans, more speedily and regularly than either could be in 1758 to Albany. From any two or three hundred miles in the interior, yet Gelyna received from Rutledge notes, letters, messages, every day or two, by some military courier or Indian express bearing despatches of the military operations to New-York, and now



and then by a special messenger. All of them spoke of health and success, love and glory, and Gelyna believed with a true faith in every word of their predictions. Next, Albany heard of the gorgeous embarkation on the lake, and every Albanian breast swelled with pride in that splendid pomp, wherein their sons and brothers and lovers and husbands had borne a part. Then came a long pause of intelligence—then a rumour, quickly followed by the authentic news, that Lord Howe had been killed soon after landing at the foot of the lake. Howe, during his residence at New-York and Albany, had been the adquired of all beholders, the idol of the soldiery and militia, the universal favourite of the young and gay, and the hope and confidence of the wise and experienced. His death spread general gloom. Maidens wept and the old shook their heads, doubting whether Abercrombie alone would prove equal to this enterprise, and half intimated their dread of some sad reverse.

The eighth of July had come and was past, and on the ninth Gelyna's brow had been saddened and her spirits depressed by unwanted heaviness. But she rallied them again, and to such a degree that her sober-spirited and gentle sister shrunk from the wildness and fierceness of her gaiety.

That morning came a rumour, as such rumours often come, far outstripping the course of the military express and couriers, not to be traced any where, against all calculations of time, place, and probability, but

minute, particular, consistent, appalling History is full of such instances, and something similar must have been observed by every one who has been attentive to the events of his own day I have heard ingenious attempts to account for such facts, but as they were never at all satisfactory to me, I have been willing to believe that in this matter, as in many others, there may be much more "than is dreamt of in our philosophy" This rumour told that the English and provincial troops had been repulsed from the French lines, leaving the flower of the army dead upon the field, and the rocks of Ticonderoga red with the best blood of New-York and New-England The usual business of life was suspended. All that day the elder male citizens (for most of the younger were with the army) were gathered in restless small groups about Pearl and Market streets, or in one larger one in front of the old Dutch Church which anciently stood in the middle of that broad ascent where is now State street. In the evening, a bright summer evening, until midnight males and females were to be seen in knots throughout the city, most of them on the seats in front of their street-doors, with their heads leaning towards one another, conversing the news, and talking in a low and an anxious tone; whilst others wandered from street to street, in total ignorance of the groups at every door. The more experienced old people, the newsmonsters and politicians, and the mayor, clergy, and all persons in authority, argued and calculated, and

proved from maps and dates that the story could not be possible, whilst they and all Albany in their secret hearts dreaded lest it were true.

Not so Gelyna. When she heard that Howe was killed, she sighed, nay wept; in sympathy with the general grief for the fallen hero. But what then? There was another hero in that army, for whose exploits his fall but made a more easy opening. When the rumours of more dreadful disasters came to her ears, she smiled contemptuously, and was of course at once satisfied with the unanswerable arguments that proved them false. Now succeeded a long interval, in which not a word was heard from the army. At last the truth came in all its naked horror. Abercrombie and his routed army were at the south end of the lake. The French and Indians were in full march to sweep the whole of the northern settlements before them even to Schenectady and Albany. These towns, and New-York itself, were in danger. The long list of "killed, wounded, and missing," had been received by the mayor, and was to be seen at the court-house. Among the "killed or missing," were the names of Rutledge and Cuyler. The tidings were soon brought to Cuyler's house, where Martha heard them first.

She sank upon the ground, as one deprived of all strength or motion—but rose again of herself in an instant. "The will of heaven be done," said she, and flew to her chamber to pray and weep. Hers was not

the sorrow of this world, and in solitude and prayer she found comfort. Doubtless her prayers were heard, for they were prompted by faith and sanctified by resignation. Gelyna now heard the news of the action, of the defeat, that Rutledge was missing, and probably killed. "It is *not so*—I will *not* believe it," said she, and half frantic with the strong struggle between obstinate self-willed disbelief, and horror of the truth, burst into wild laughter. "I will not believe it. It is false, it is false," she repeated, nor would she seem to believe it.

In that room where she had parted with her Edward, at that window from which she had gazed upon his manly form to the last as he set forth to join the expedition, she used to sit the whole day, and much of the star-light nights, eagerly looking out on the river for the descending batteaux and sloops of the army, or up the long winding street and road for the troops themselves, and Edward high on horse among them.

On the seventh evening after this intelligence was received—a mild, hushed and breathless summer evening in the beginning of August, after a long hot day, the sisters were sitting together in that room, Gelyna in her usual dress, Martha in deep mourning. Gelyna was as usual talking in a tone of forced and wild animation, of desultory matters, yet with her eyes still straining in that same direction, watching every traveller coming from the north, and every white sail moving on the river. Martha, calm, pale, placid, composed, silent,

with upturned eyes and clasped hands, was seated as in mental prayer or sorrowing meditation in a dark corner of the spacious room. A traveller, mounted on a jaded horse, which seemed to have been hard ridden and nearly broken down by the day's journey, came on a forced and broken gallop down Market street. He seemed to wear a uniform. Gelyna sees him. He alights at her mother's door. He enters—Gelyna flies to meet him. It is Herman—Herman safe and unwounded. "I told you so, sister," cried Gelyna in ecstasy; "they were liars—liars who brought us that news—where is Edward—where is Rutledge?"

Herman turned and clasped his wife to his breast; what a moment of silent bliss to her, long and duly remembered in many a yearly devout thanksgiving to the Lord of life. But Cuyler had yet a painful task to perform, and he could not give loose to his own happiness with that weight upon his heart. He slowly unclasped the close embrace of his wife, and with a fond kiss upon her lips, and a brotherly one on those of Gelyna, he solemnly bade them prepare themselves for the worst.

He told it. "Ah," shrieked Gelyna. "It is not so—I will not—cannot believe it,"—and sank lifeless at his feet. He raised her up, and carried her to her bed. She woke from insensibility to delirious fever. The attack was long and unrelenting for many weeks, and when at last she began to recover, the same fixed delu-

sion continued. She would not mourn for Rutledge—she would not credit his death, and every recollection of him excited her into loud and frenzied mirth.

Time and an excellent constitution prevailed. She was at length restored to her usual health. After some months she mixed again in the family circle, engaged herself in household occupations, read, conversed, and even visited as before, though among the near friends of the family only.

After a year or two her health and beauty were perfectly restored and her mind seemed to have recovered itself in all respects but one. To her, Rutledge still lived and was her betrothed husband—soon to return—‘on the eighth of July,’ she believed, ‘but it might not be quite so soon.’ Still she watched at that window for the northern sails and the returning army. This constant anxiety, privation and uneasiness, mixed with the obscure and doubting sense of grief and widowhood, sobered and saddened her manner and disposition. She refused to go into any gay society or to partake of anything like show or public amusements; otherwise her character seemed to receive no other change than those accompanying advancing age. Cuyler and his wife lived long, happy, and honored, and Gelyna remained in their family. Her sister’s children grew up around her, and she became warmly attached to them, and employed herself much in their education. The war of Independence began and ended. Partaking warmly of

the patriotic feelings of her own family and of the city of Albany, her whole heart was with her country. Yet at morning and evening she continued to watch at that same window, and in the very breath with which she used to ask the news from Saratoga, of Burgoyne, and Gates, and Schuyler, she would inquire of her brother about Abercrombie's army, Howe, and Rutledge.

When I saw her last, just half a century had expired since that disastrous assault upon the lines at Ticonderoga. She was residing in the same house, then occupied by a favourite nephew. She had become a venerable old lady, a little infirm though unbent by age, retaining the dress of her own younger days, with a profusion of gray hair, her eyes black and sparkling as ever, her face as animated, her manner as graceful and her conversation as elegant and refined. She talked willingly and cheerfully of the events of other times, dwelt with enthusiasm upon the heroic dignity of Washington, and related agreeable and characteristic anecdotes of good old Baron Steuben. She pleasantly contrasted the manners of the present day with those of her youth, and partook in our exultation at the splendid growth and improvement of our own state and its cities. In the midst of such and other interesting conversation, a sudden thought would cross her mind. The past was forgotten. It was again July, 1758. She would fly to the window, throw a hurried glance up the street and towards the river, and then return to her seat murmur-

ing, "They have not come yet—though he promised to be here before the eighth of July "

I have told the story with scrupulous adherence to the facts as they were related to me; for I have feared to mar my narrative by adding any decoration of invention to the touching simplicity of its truth. But it is worthy of some more eloquent pen. Oh Campbell, Irving, Allston! had I your genius, I could desire no higher subjects for the canvass, for poetry or pathos, than might be drawn from this simple story of faithful, unflinching, undoubting love, running on through infirmity, insanity and old age, through half a century of separation and sorrow.



## SONNET.

TO COLE THE PAINTER ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

THINE eyes shall see the light of distant skies :  
Yet, Cole, thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand  
A living image of thy native land,  
Such as on thine own glorious canvass lies.  
Lone lakes—savannahs where the bison roves—  
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—  
Skies where the desert eagle wheels and screams—  
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.  
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,  
But different—every where the trace of men,  
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen  
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.  
Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight ;  
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

## REMINISCENCES OF NEW-YORK

### No. II.

AMONG the numerous and unexpected testimonies to the success of the previous volumes of this work, which in one way or another have been brought to my knowledge, none have been more grateful to my feelings than the praises bestowed upon the article entitled, *Reminiscences of New-York*. I am not so vain as to attribute the favour with which it was received to any talent of my own, but rather ascribe it to the interesting lectures themselves. I confess that I value much less any reputation which I might gain as a writer of romance and poetry, and as a painter of manners, than the fame to be derived from the less ambitious but perhaps more useful office of faithfully gathering up and preserving those fragments of tradition and biography, which give to history its living interest, and embody with the objects which we behold around us the memory of the good or wise who once lived among them. Even the traditions

of more frivolous personages, as they may perhaps appear to some readers, are not wholly without their value, as being even more than the boasted stage, the "mirrors and brief chronicles of the time." In this city especially, it is of more importance to preserve the recollection of these things, since here the progress of continual alteration is so rapid, that a few years effect what in Europe is the work of centuries, and sweep away both the memory and the external vestiges of the generation that precedes us.

I was forcibly struck with this last reflection when not long since I took a walk with my friend Mr De Viellecour, during his last visit to New-York, over what I recollected as the play ground of myself and my companions in the time of my boyhood, and what Mr De Viellecour remembered as the spot where his contemporaries at an early period used to shoot quails and wood-cocks. We passed over a part of the city which in my time had been hills, hollows, marshes, and rivulets, without having observed any thing to awaken in either of us a recollection of what the place was before the surface had been levelled and the houses erected, until, arriving at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, we came to an edifice utterly dissimilar to any thing around it. It was a wooden building of massive architecture, with a lofty portico supported by Ionic columns, the front walls decorated with pilasters of the same order, and its whole appearance distinguished by that Palladian character of

rich though sober ornament, which indicated that it had been built about the middle of the last century. We both stopped involuntarily and at the same moment before it

"If I did not see that house on a flat plain," said Mr. De Villecour, "penned in by this little gravelly court yard, and surrounded by these staveled catalpas and horse-chesnuts, I should say at once that it was a mansion which I very well remember, where in my youth I passed many pleasant hours in the society of its hospitable owner, and where, afterwards, when I had the honour of representing my county in the Assembly, which then sat in New-York, I had the pleasure of dining officially with Vice President Adams. That house resembled this exactly, but then it was upon a noble hill, several hundred feet in height, commanding a view of the river and of the Jersey shore. There was a fine rich lawn around it, shaded by large and venerable oaks and lindens, and skirted on every side by a young but thrifty natural wood of an hundred acres or more."

Perceiving it to be a house of public entertainment, I proposed to Mr. Villecour that we should enter it. We went into a spacious hall, with a small room on each side opening to more spacious apartments beyond. "Yes," said Mr. Villecour, "this is certainly the house I spoke of." He immediately, with the air of a man accustomed to the building, opened a side door on the right, and began to ascend a wide stair-case with a heavy

mahogany railing. It conducted us to a large room on the second story, with wide Venetian windows in front, and a door opening to a balcony under the portico. "Yes," said my friend, "here was the dining room. There, in the centre of the table, sat Vice President Adams in full dress, with his bag and *solitaire*, his hair frizzed out each side of his face, as you see it in Stuart's older pictures of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs Adams, with her cheerful intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count Du Moustiers, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr Van Birkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. There too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence and information, that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

"Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the Count. The dinner was served up after the fashion of that day, abundant, and as was then thought, splendid. Du Moustiers, after taking a little soup, kept

an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef down to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the Count could dine, when at length his own body cook, in a clean white linen cap, a clean white *tablier* before him, a brilliantly white damask *serruette* flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters, and placed it before the Count, who, reserving a moderate share to himself, distributed the rest among his neighbours, of whom being one, I can attest to the truth of the story, and the excellence of the *pâté*. But come, let us go, and look at the fine view from the balcony."

My friend stepped out at the door, and I followed him. The worthy old gentleman seemed much disappointed at finding the view he spoke of confined to the opposite side of Varick street, built up with two-story brick houses, while half a dozen ragged boys were playing marbles on the side walks. "Well," said he, "the view is gone, that is clear enough; but I cannot, for my part, understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly."

I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the Corporation, by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which I presumed this house had been abased to a level with its

humbler neighbours, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren.

“ This is wrong,” said the old gentleman ; “ these New-Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and of depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations. This house should have been continued in its old situation, on its own original and proper eminence, where its very aspect would have suggested its history. It was built upwards of seventy years ago, by a gallant British officer, who had done good service to his native country and to this. Here Lord<sup>4</sup>Amherst was entertained, and held his head quarters, at the close of those successful American campaigns which by the way prevented half the state of New-York from being now a part of Canada. Here were afterwards successively the quarters of several of our American generals in the beginning of the revolution, and again after the evacuation of the city. Here John Adams lived as Vice President, during the time that Congress sat in New-York ; and here Aaron Burr, during the whole of his Vice Presidency, kept up an elegant hospitality, and filled the room in which we stand with a splendid library, equally indicative of his taste and scholarship. The last considerable man that lived here was Counsellor Benzon, afterwards governor

of the Danish islands—a man who, like you, Mr. Herbert, had travelled in every part of the world, knew every thing, and talked all languages. I recollect dining here in company with thirteen gentlemen, none of whom I ever saw before, but all pleasant fellows, all men of education and of some note—the Counsellor a Norwegian, I the only American, the rest of every different nation in Europe, and no two of the same, and all of us talking bad French together.

“There are few old houses,” continued Mr. De Vielécour, “with the sight of which my youth was familiar, that I find here now. Two or three, however, I still recognize. One of these is the house built by my friend Chief Justice Jay, in the lower part of Broadway, and now occupied as a boarding house. It is, as you know, a large square three-story house, of hewn stone, as substantially built within as without, durable, spacious, and commodious, and, like the principles of the builder, always useful and excellent, whether in or out of fashion.”

“I believe he did not reside there long,” said I.

“No, he soon afterwards removed into the house built by the state for the governors, and then to Albany, so that I saw little of him in that house beyond a mere morning visit or two. No remaining object brings him to my mind so strongly as the square pew in Trinity Church, about the centre of the north side of the north aisle. It is now, like every thing else in New-York, changed. It is divided into several smaller pews, though



still retaining externally its original form. That pew was the scene of his regular, sober, unostentatious devotion, and I never look at it without a feeling of veneration. But, Mr Herbert, can you tell me what is become of the house of my other old friend, Governor George Clinton at Greenwich?"

"It is still in existence," I answered, "although in very great danger of shortly being let down, like the one in which we now are."

"When I was in the Assembly," pursued Mr. De Villecour, "the Governor used to date his messages at 'Greenwich, near New-York.' Now, I suppose, the mansion is no longer *near*, but *in* New-York."

"Not quite," I replied, "but doubtless will be, next year. In the mean time the house looks as it did."

"I remember it well—a long, low, venerable, irregular, white, cottage-like brick and wood building, pleasant notwithstanding, with a number of small low rooms, and, one very spacious parlour, delightfully situated on a steep bank, some fifty feet above the shore, on which the waves of the Hudson and the tides of the bay dashed and sported. There was a fine orchard too, and a garden on the north; but I suppose that if not gone, they are going, as they say in Pearl street."

"It is even so—were you often there?"

"Not often, but I had there too divers official dinners, and at one of them I recollect sitting next to old Melancthon Smith, a self-taught orator, the eloquent opposer

of the adoption of the federal constitution, and the Patrick Henry of the New-York Convention of 1788, who for weeks successfully resisted the powerful and discursive logic of Hamilton, and the splendid rhetoric of Robert R. Livingston. On my other side, and nearer the Governor, sat Brissot de Warville, then on a visit to this country, whose history as a benevolent philosophic speculatist, an ardent though visionary republican, and one of the unfortunate leaders of the Gironde party in the French National Assembly, every body knows."

"But you say nothing of the Governor himself?"

"Oh, surely you must have known him! If you did not, Trumbull's full length of him in the City Hall here, taken forty years ago, and Ceracchi's bust, of about the same date, will give you an excellent idea of his appearance."

"Oh yes—his appearance was familiar to me, and I knew him personally too; but when I was in his company, I was too young to have much conversation with him, and afterwards, when he was last Governor, and during his Vice-Presidency, I was, you know, out of the country."

"His conversation and manners in private, corresponded exactly with his public character and his looks. His person and face had a general resemblance to those of Washington, but though always dignified, and in old age venerable, he had not that air of heroic elevation which threw such majesty around the father of the

republic. There was a similar resemblance in mind. If he had the calm grandeur of Washington's intellect, he had the same plain, practical, sound, wholesome common-sense—the same unpretending but unerring sagacity as to men and measures, the same directness of purpose, and firmness of decision. These qualities were exerted as Governor during our revolution with such effect that the people never forgot it, and they witnessed their gratitude by confiding to him the government of this state for twenty-one years, and the second office in the union for eight more. His behaviour in society was plain but dignified, his conversation easy, shrewd, sensible, and commonly about matters of fact—the events of the revolution, the politics of the day, the useful arts and agriculture.”

“Is Hamilton's house still standing?”

“Not that in which he laboured as Secretary of the Treasury to restore the ruined credit of the nation, and reduce our finances and revenue laws to order and uniformity—where he wrote the *Federalist*, and those admirable reports which now form the most luminous commentary upon our constitution. That was in Wall street; it has been pulled down, and its site is occupied by the Mechanics' bank. His last favourite residence was the Grange, his country-seat at Bloomingdale, which, when I last saw it, remained much as he left it.”

Mr. Viellecour and myself ordered some refreshment, as a kind of apology for the freedoms we had taken with

the old mansion. On leaving it we walked down Greenwich street, moralizing as we went on the changes which time was working so much more visibly in this little corner of the world than in any other part of it which I had seen—where the flight of years seemed swifter than elsewhere, and to bring with it more striking moral lessons. After an absence of thirty years from the great cities of Europe, I beheld when I revisited them, the same aspect, venerable still, yet neither newer nor older than before, the same order of streets, the same public buildings, the same offices, hotels and shops, the same names on the signs, and found my way through their intricacies as if I had left them but yesterday. Here, on the other hand, when I returned after an absence of two years, every thing was strange, new and perplexing, and I lost my way in streets which had been laid out since I left the city.

My companion often stopped to look at houses and sites of which he had some remembrance. "There," said he, pointing to a modest looking two story dwelling in one of the cross-streets—"there died my good friend Mons. Albert, a minister of our French Protestant Church about twenty years ago, a very learned and eloquent divine, and the most modest man I ever knew. He was a native of Lausanne, a nephew of D'Yverdon, the friend of Gibbon, who figures in the correspondence and memoirs of the historian. Mons. Albert was much in the society of Gibbon, and has related

to me many anecdotes of his literary habits and conversation."

"I must not suffer you to monopolize all the recollections of the city," said I to my friend. "Observe, if you please, that house on the corner opposite the one to which you have directed my attention. There lived for a time my old acquaintance Collies, a mathematician, a geographer, and a mechanic of no mean note. He was a kind of living antithesis, and I have often thought that nature made him expressly to illustrate that figure of rhetoric. He was a man of the most diminutive frame and the most gigantic conceptions, the humblest demeanour and the boldest projects I ever knew. Forty years ago, his mind was teeming with plans of western canals, steam-boats, rail-roads, and other public enterprises, which in more fortunate and judicious hands have since proved fruitful of wealth to the community, and of merited honour to those who carried them through. Poor Collies had neither capital to undertake them himself, plausibility to recommend them to others, nor public character and station to give weight and authority to his opinions. So he schemed and toiled and calculated all his life, and died at eighty, without having gained either wealth for himself, or gratitude from the public. The marine telegraphs in this port are a monument of his ingenuity, for he was the first man of the country who established a regular and intelligible system of ship

My friend stopped at some of the shops to make inquiries concerning the ancient inmates. At length I heard him asking for Adonis. "Pray," said I, "who is this modern Adonis for whom you are inquiring? some 'smooth rose-checked boy' doubtless, like him of Mount Libanus." "This Adonis," replied Mr. Viellecour, "is neither a 'smooth nor rose-checked boy,' being in fact a black old man, or rather gentleman, for a gentleman he is every inch of him, although a barber. I say is, for I hope he is still alive and well, although I have not seen him for some years. In this sneaking fashion-conforming, selfish world, I hold in high honour any man who for the sake of any principle, important or trifling, right or wrong, so it be without personal interest, will for years submit to inconvenience or ridicule. Adonis submitted to both, and for principle's sake."

"Principle's sake!—upon what head?"

"Upon his own, sir, or upon Louis the Sixteenth's, just as you please. Adonis was an old French negro, whom the convulsions attendant in the West Indies upon the French revolution, threw upon our shores, and who held in the utmost horror all jacobinical and republican abominations. He had an instinctive sagacity as to what was genteel and becoming in manners and behaviour, as well as in the cut of a gentleman's hair, or the curl of a lady's. He had attended to the progress of the French revolution with the greatest interest, and his feelings were excited to the highest pitch when he

heard of the beheading of the French king, and the banishment of the royal family. He then deliberately renounced the French nation and their *canaille, parvenu* rulers, and in testimony of the sincerity of his indignation and grief, took off his hat and vowed never to put it on again until the Bourbons should be restored to the throne. This vow he faithfully kept. For twenty one years, through all weathers, did he walk the streets of New-York, bare-headed, carrying his hat under his arm, with the air of a courtier, filled with combs, scissors, and other implements of his trade, until his hair, which was of the deepest black when he first took it off, had become as white as snow. For my part, I confess I never saw him on my occasional visits to the city, walking to the houses of his customers without his hat, but I felt inclined to take off my own to him. Like all the rest of the world, I took it for granted that the loyal old negro would never wear his hat again. At length in the year, 1814, the French named schooner —, with the white flag flying, arrived in the port of New-York, bringing the first intelligence of the return of the Bourbons to their throne and kingdom. Adonis would not believe the report that flew like wild-fire about the city; he would not trust the translations from the French gazettes that were read to him in the American papers by his customers, but walked down to the battery, with the same old hat under his arm which he had carried there for twenty years, saw the white flag with his own eyes,

heard the news in French from the mouth of the cook on board the vessel, and then waving his hat three times in the air, gave three huzzas, and replaced it on his head, with as much heart-felt pride as Louis the 18th could have done his crown."

I could not help smiling at the earnest gravity of the old gentleman's eulogy upon Adonis. "I fear," said I, "that your chivalric *coiffure* owes a little of his sentimental loyalty to your own admiration of every thing generous and disinterested. When you are excited on this head, sir, you often remind me of what old Fuseli, in his energetic style, used to say of his great idol Michael Angelo—'All that he touched was indiscriminately stamped with his own grandeur. A beggar rose from his hands the Patriarch of poverty; the very hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity.' I suspect you have been unconsciously playing the Michael Angelo in lighting up such a halo of consecrated glory round the bare and time-honoured head of old Adonis. I am afraid I cannot do quite as much for another tonsorial artist of great celebrity who flourished here in our days, but whom, as at that time you were not much in the habit of coming to town, perhaps you do not remember. He made no claim to chivalry or romance, his sole ambition was to be witty and poetical; and witty he certainly was, as well as the vehicle and conduit of innumerable good pleasantries of other people. I mean John Desborus Huggins."



"Huggins—Huggins," said Mr De Viellecour "I knew a young lady of that name once, she who is now Mrs. —, the fashionable milliner "

"Oh, yes—that incident of your life cannot easily lose its place in my memory But John Desborus Huggins was no relation of hers. He was of pure English blood, and had no kindred on this side of the Atlantic At the beginning of this century, and for a dozen years after, he was the most fashionable, as well as the most accomplished artist in this city for heads, male and female He had a shop in Broadway, a low wooden building, where now towers a tall brick pile opposite the City Hotel • This was literally the head-quarters of fashion, and fortune, as usual, followed in the train of fashion But Huggins had a soul that scorned to confine its genius to the external decoration of his customers' heads He panted after wider fame; he had cut Washington Irving's hair, he had shaved Anacreon Moore, and Joel Barlow on his first return from France; from them, when he was here, he caught the strong contagion of authorship. One day he wrote a long advertisement, in which he ranged from his own shop in Broadway to high and bold satire upon those who held the helm of state at Washington, mimicked Jefferson's style, and cracked some good-humoured jokes upon Giles and Randolph. He carried it to the Evening Post. The editor, the late Mr. Coleman, you know, was a man of taste as well as a keen politician. He pruned off Huggins's exuberances,

corrected his English, threw in a few pungent sarcasms of his own, and printed it

"It had forthwith a run through all the papers on the federal side of the question in the United States, and as many of the others as could relish a good joke, though at the expense of their own party. The name of Huggins became known from Georgia to Maine. Huggins tried a second advertisement of the same sort, a third, a fourth, with equal success. His fame as a wit was now established, business flowed in upon him, in full and unebbing tide. Wits and would-be wits, fashionables and would-be fashionables, thronged his shop; strangers from north and south had their heads cropped, and their chins scraped by him, for the sake of saying on their return home that they had seen Huggins; whilst during the party-giving season, he was under orders from the ladies every day and hour for three weeks ahead. But alas, unhappy man! he had now a literary reputation to support, and his invention, lively and sparkling as it had been at first, soon began to run dry. He was now obliged to tax his friends and patrons for literary assistance. Mr Coleman was too deeply engaged in the daily discussion of grave topics to continue his help. In the kindness of my excellent friend, the late Anthony Bleecker, he found for a long time a never-failing resource. You were not much acquainted with Bleecker. I think—the most honourable, the most amiable, and the most modest of human beings. Fraught with talent,

taste, and literature, a wit and a poet, he rarely appeared in public as an author himself, whilst his careless generosity furnished the best part of their capital to dozens of literary adventurers, sometimes giving them style for their thoughts, and sometimes thoughts for their style. Bleeker was too kindly tempered for a partisan politician, and his contributions to Huggins were either good-natured pleasantry upon the fashions or frivolities of the day, or else classical imitations and spirited parodies in flowing and polished versification. Numerous other wits and wittings, when Bleeker grew tired of it, some of whom had neither his taste nor his nice sense of gentlemanly decorum, began to contribute, until at length Huggins found himself metamorphosed into the regular Pasquin of New-York, on whom, as on a mutilated old statue of that name at Rome, every wag stuck his anonymous epigram, joke, satire or lampoon, on whatever was unseemly in his eyes or unsavoury in his nostrils in this good city. I believe he was useful, however. If his humanities had not been too much neglected in his youth to allow him to quote Latin, he might have asked with Horace—*Ridentem dicere verum*—”

“My dear sir,” interrupted the old gentleman, “if you will quote, and I see you are getting into one of your quoting modes, you had better quote old Kats, my maternal grandmother’s favourite book, the great poet of Holland and common-sense. He has said it better than Horace: ‘Haar lagehend coysheid laert, haar spelend

vormt ter deuyd' You ought always to quote old Kats, whenever you can, for I suspect that you and I, and Judge Benson, are the only natives south of the Highlands who can read him. But to return to your barber-author.

"Huggins became as fond and as proud of these contributions as if he had written them all himself, and at last collected them and printed them together in one goodly volume, entitled, *Hugginiana*, illustrated with designs by Jarvis, and wood-cuts by Anderson. He was now an author in all the forms. Luckless author! His 'vaulting ambition overleaped itself.' He sent a copy of his book to the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the zenith of its glory, and the receipt was never acknowledged. He sent another copy to *Dennie*, whose *Port Folio* then guided the literary taste of this land, and *Dennie* noticed it only in a brief and cold paragraph. What was excellent in a newspaper *jeu d'esprit*, whilst events and allusions were fresh, lost of course much of its relish when served up cold, years after, in a clumsy duodecimo. Besides, not having been able to prevail on himself to part with any thing which had once appeared under his name, much very inferior matter was suffered to overlay those sprightly articles which had first given him eclat. Then the town critics assailed him, and that, 'most delicate monster,' the public, who had laughed at every piece, good, bad and indifferent, singly in succession, now that the whole was collected,

became fastidious, and at the instigation of the critics aforesaid, pronounced the book to be 'low.' Frightful sentence! Huggins never held up his head after it. His razors and scissors lost their edge, his napkins and aprons their lustrous whiteness, and his conversation its soft spirit and vivacity. His affairs all went wrong thence forward, and whatever might have been the immediate cause of his death, which took place a year or two after, the real and efficient reason was undoubtedly mortified literary pride. "Around his tomb," as old Johnson says of Archbishop Laud—

"Around his tomb, let arts and genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye block-heads, hear and sleep."

We had now got far down into the old part of the city, when, turning up Vesey street from Greenwich, Mr. De Viellecour made a sudden pause. "Ah," said he, "one more vestige of the past. There," pointing to a common looking old house, "there, in 1790, was the *atelier* of Ceracchi, when he was executing his fine busts of our great American statesmen."

"Indeed!" answered I—"I have often thought of it as a singular piece of natural good fortune, that at a time when our native arts were at so low an ebb, we had such an artist thrown upon our shores to perpetuate the true and living likenesses of our revolutionary chiefs and sages. Ceracchi's busts of Washington, Jay, Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, and others, are now as mere

ports its above all price to this nation, and they have besides a classic grace about them, which entitle the artist to no contemptible rank as a statuary."

"It was not a piece of mere good fortune," said my friend. "We have to thank the artist himself for it. Ceracchi was a zealous republican, and he came here full of enthusiasm, anxious to identify his own name in the arts somehow or other with our infant republic—and he has done it. He had a grand design of a national monument, which he used to show to his visitors, and which he wished Congress to employ him to execute in marble or bronze. Of course they did not do so; and, as it happened, he was much more usefully employed for the nation in modelling the busts of our great men."

"He was in Italy, I believe a Roman, and had lived some time in England where he was patronized by Reynolds. Sir Joshua (no mean proof his talent) sat to him for a bust—and a fine one I am told it is. Ceracchi came to America enthusiastic for liberty, and he found nothing here to make him change his principles or feelings. But the nation was not ripe for statuary—a dozen busts exhausted the patronage of the country, and Congress was too busy with pounds, shillings and pence, fixing the revenue laws and funding the debt to think of his grand allegorical monument. Ceracchi could not live upon liberty alone, much as he loved it, and when the French revolution took a very decided character, he went to France and plunged into politics. Some years

after he returned to Rome, where he was unfortunately killed in an insurrection or popular tumult, growing out of the universal revolutionary spirit of those times "

" May his remains rest in peace," added I " Whatever higher works of art he may have left elsewhere—and he who could produce those fine classic, historical busts, was undoubtedly capable of greater things—whatever else he may have left in Europe, here his will be an enduring name As long as Americans shall hold in honoured remembrance the memory of their first and best patriots—as long as our sons shall look with reverent interest on their sculptured images, the name of Cefacchi will be cherished here :

" And while along the stream of time, their name  
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame,  
Still shall his little barque attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale "

We had now finished our long walk, and as the old gentleman was going into his lodgings, I took leave of him, saying, that " I was this morning endeavouring to collect a few anecdotes and historical recollections associated with New-York localities, to fill up the remaining pages of this year's Talisman Our afternoon's walk has furnished me with the materials, and I am now going home to record our conversation as a chapter of Reminiscences of New-York, No. II."















